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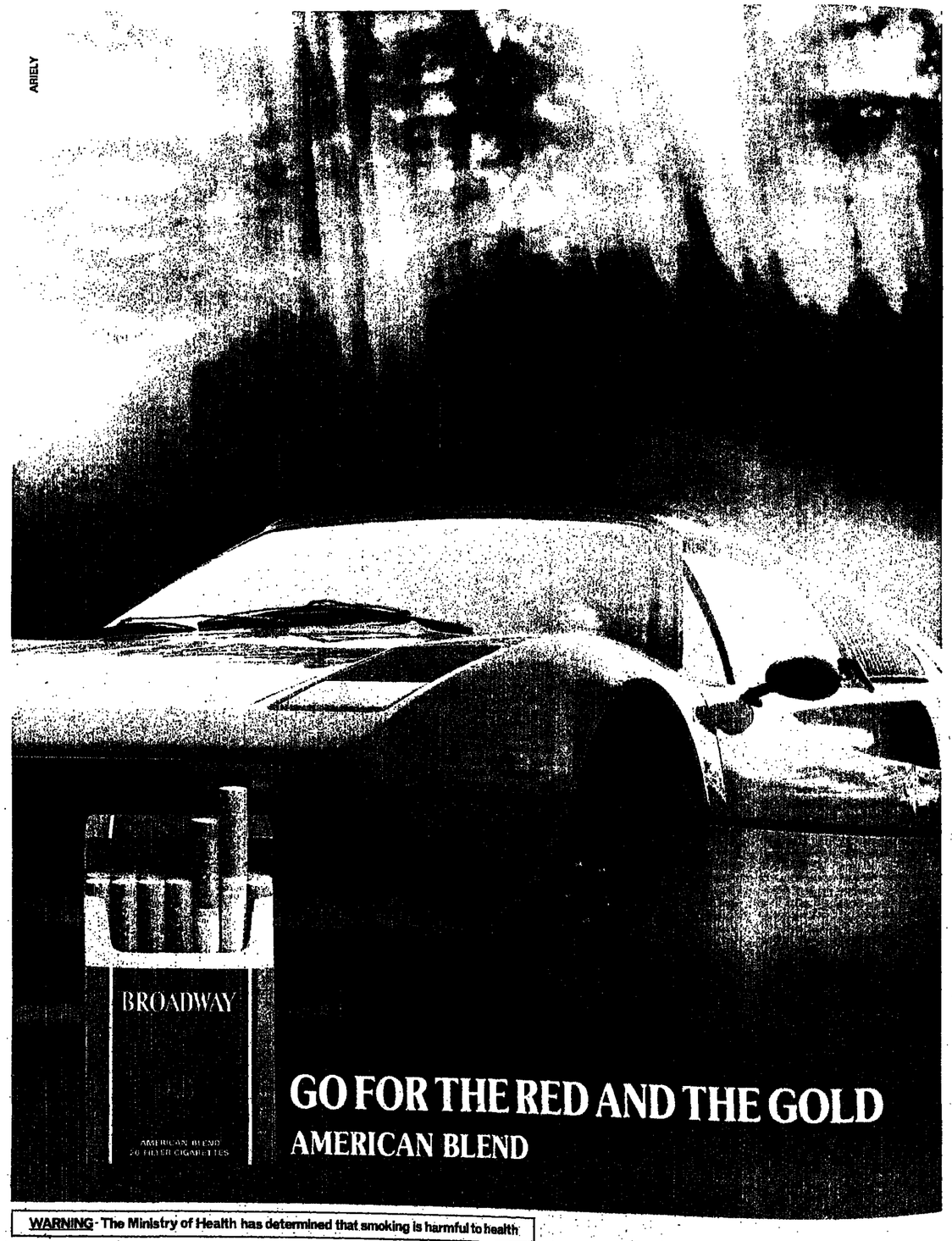

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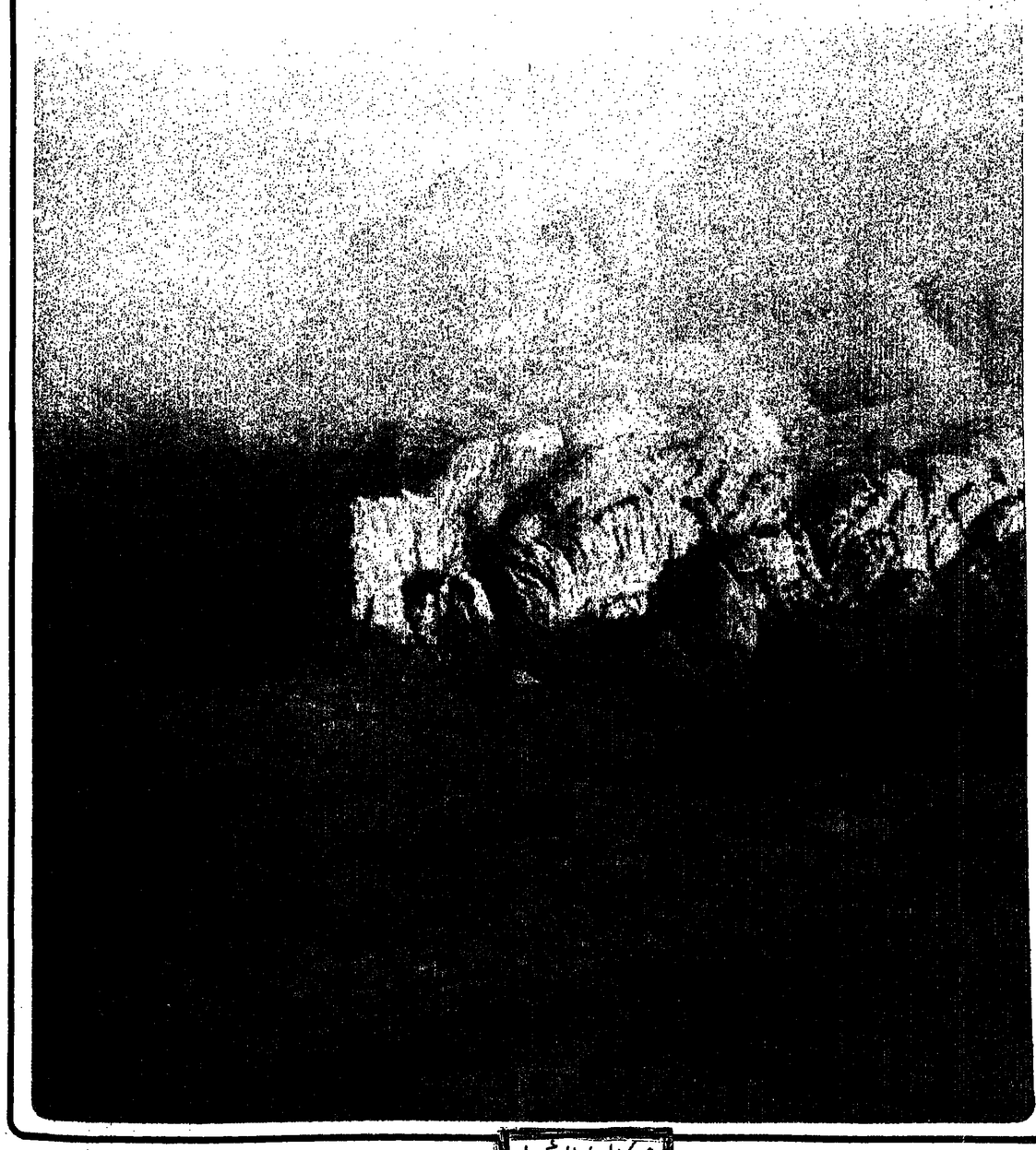
THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Summit cliffhanger

Friday, September 12, 1986



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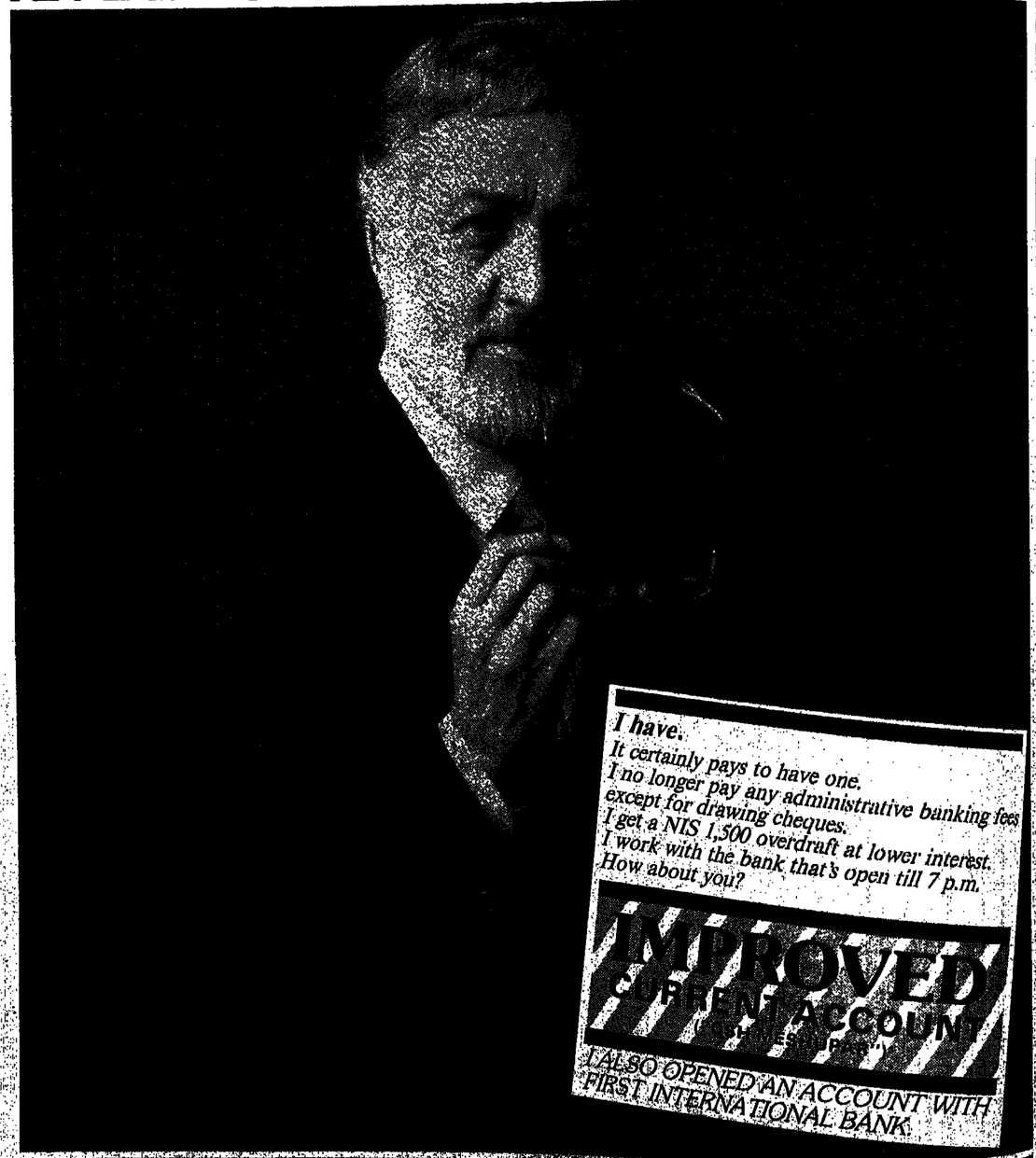

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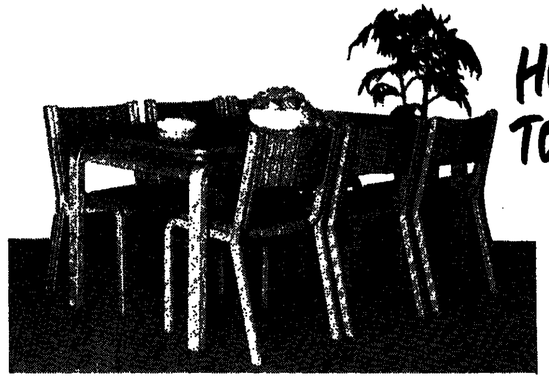

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Cover: Dawn on Mount Sinai. Will they, won't they? In Israel and in Cairo, attention was focused on the on-off summit meeting. Hirsh Goodman writes from Cairo, see page 5. On page 12, there's a report on three days in the Sinai.
Photo by Leora Cheshin.

(Liss Pleskow)

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The Jerusalem Post Weekend Magazine
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This week's negotiations between the Israelis and Egyptians prior to the proposed Mubarak-Peres summit constituted a litany of frustrations. The Jerusalem Post's Hirsh Goodman reports from Cairo, before the final decision.

SUMMIT CLIFFHANGER

ON WEDNESDAY morning, Prime Minister Shimon Peres and Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak were supposed to have met for the first time in Alexandria to discuss substantive issues pertaining to the future of the Middle East. Instead, Israeli and Egyptian negotiators were scheduled to meet yet again in the ornate conference room of the Mena House Hotel in the shadow of the pyramids to discuss the placement of border marker number 91 in the Taba area.

Despite dozens of meetings, involving the highest levels of government in Israel, Egypt and the United States, no solution to this seemingly simple problem could be found. Instead, the talks constituted a litany of frustrations, with each side giving a little, but not enough to make the summit a reality.

The look of absolute dejection on the faces of the Israeli negotiators as they left the office of Egyptian Foreign Minister Esmat Abdel Maguid in Cairo close to midnight on Tuesday told it all. Almost 15 hours of talks had failed to break the deadlock. The chances of Peres meeting Mubarak before the prime minister left for Washington seemed very slight. A sense of failure, despite the optimistic pronouncements from officials on both sides, hung heavy in the air.

THE SAGA of failure was quite unexpected by the Israeli delegation. On Sunday night, the director of the Prime Minister's Office, Avraham Tamir, had flown to Cairo convinced that he was coming to finalize the agenda for the summit. He was not concerned with Taba, he said. Of course that would be resolved.

His job, he explained, was to deal with the "larger picture" – to ensure that when the two leaders met later in the week, they would be able to announce the establishment of working committees that would advance the Middle East peace process. Taba was a marginal issue, and not one that should concern him.

But Tamir was wrong. On Monday morning, he found out that no senior Egyptian government official would meet with him on the summit agenda. Until Taba was resolved, it was made clear, there was no need to discuss an agenda, for there would certainly be no summit.

Tamir consoled himself by spending the morning at the Mena House swimming pool while the Israeli team headed by Foreign Ministry Director-General David Kimche, and the Egyptian negotiators under Nabil el-Arabi, put the final touches to the two outstanding issues on Taba: border marker number 91 and the names of the three acceptable arbitrators.

He had no reason to suspect that a solution would not be found within a few hours.

Israeli predictions that the Egyptians would have to bend as the hours remaining before the scheduled summit slipped away, were equally wrong. The assessment had been that the Egyptians would play cat-and-mouse for as long as possible in order to extract as many Israeli concessions on Taba as possible, but that they would not resist the heavy American pressure that was being exerted on Egypt to hold the summit.

By Wednesday morning, however, it became clear that Egyptian refusal to complete the Taba agenda was not a tactical move to extract concessions, but part of a larger scheme that Israel did not fully understand.

When those involved in the negotiations go back and try to analyse what actually happened, why an issue as seemingly marginal as the placement of a marker in Taba jeopardized Israel-Egyptian relations, they will probably discover that President Mubarak was never very keen on a summit, and that Taba, rather than being an impediment to a summit, was in fact a tool to prevent it. At the heart of the opposition, was Mubarak's senior adviser, Osama el-Baz, who believed that for the president to meet with Peres could damage Egypt's relations with the Arab world, and serve very little positive purpose in terms of Egypt's overall national interests.

It was el-Baz, insiders assert, who made sure that no solution to Taba was found, preferring to keep the flash-point in Israel's relations with Egypt alive.

The resolution of Taba, in his view, would mean a Peres-Mubarak meeting. A meeting would necessarily bring with it demands for normalization, the return of an Egyptian ambassador to Tel Aviv, and active Egyptian involvement in a Middle East peace process that, by definition, could only lead to friction between Egypt, the Palestinians, the Jordanians and the Arab moderates who want the perpetuation of the *status quo*.

As a result, the Egyptian negotiating team was given very clear instructions: stick to your position, accept no compromise and make it as difficult as possible for the summit to be held on time. Peres, it was reasoned, had but a month left as prime minister, and was thus not capable of following through in any meaningful way on diplomatic moves initiated a summit – so why hold one?

IT TOOK the Israeli delegation several days and many hours of talks to understand that it was not the resolution of Taba that was holding up the summit, but rather an Egyptian lack of desire for the summit that was holding up Taba.

The moment of realization came, according to one of the senior participants in the talks, on Monday night, when Israel presented its "red line" position and made it absolutely clear that there could be no further compromise. The area of dispute between the sides had been narrowed to a mere 60 metres (down from 140); the question of arbitrators had, to all intents and purposes, been resolved; and it seemed highly unlikely that the Egyptians could continue to refuse to agree. But they did.

It was at this point, at a late night meeting of the Israeli delegates, that is was decided that to continue talking would bring only more frustration and no results. One of the participants said that the process had become insulting and demeaning to Israel, with Israel virtually on its knees begging Mubarak for a summit.

A new strategy was adopted: the delegation demanded to meet with Foreign Minister Meguid in the hope of circumventing the "obstructionism" of el-Baz and el-Arabi (who, incidentally, resigned from the Foreign Ministry in 1978 in protest against Sadat's visit to Jerusalem) and open a new channel of communication to the president.

It was also decided to enlist more active help from American special envoy Richard Murphy to stress to Mubarak and his ministers that the U.S. considers the summit vital before both Peres and Mubarak visit the U.S. later this month.

Finally, it was decided to embark on diplomatic brinkmanship. To this end the Prime Minister's Office in Jerusalem on Tuesday morning issued public instruction to the Israeli delegation to return if no progress were forthcoming by that evening. Maguid was impressed, but indecisive.

The Egyptian foreign minsiter was reluctant to cross el-Baz, the last remaining member of Sadat's inner circle still active in the mainstream of Cairo's policy-making, and possibly the most influential member of Mubarak's cabinet. After listening to the Israelis for two hours, Maguid referred them to el-Baz, whose office is in the same building as his. It was clear that no matter what Maguid may think privately, trying to arrange a solution to Taba and a summit "behind el-Baz's back" was unthinkable.

It is ironic that by Tuesday night it also became clear to the Israelis that even if they were successful in arranging a summit, the meeting would be devoid of any real meaning. Peres is due to leave for the U.S. on September 15, making the last date the two leaders could meet before the Moslem and Jewish Sabbaths, September 11. No agenda had been arranged and thus nothing of substance could be discussed.

At best, the meeting would provide Peres with the photo opportunities he needed, and Mubarak with a meeting he did not need. It was clear that even if it were to take place, it would probably cause more harm than good.

The summit, it seemed, had come to symbolize yet another in a long list of lost opportunities in the Middle East. The Palestinian issue Mubarak wanted to address would go by the board. Peres would hand over to Shamir in less than a month and, essentially, stalemate would replace whatever hope there had been for advancing the peace process in any significant way.

LOOKING BACK at the events of the past week, one is led to wonder about the manner in which Israeli policy-makers went about planning the summit, and whether they did not overestimate their chances of achieving it.

It was assessed in Israel that, given Mubarak's economic problems and the fact that Peres was off the U.S., the Egyptian president would not be able to avoid a meeting, even if he wanted to. It was also believed that Mubarak would have to meet with Peres before the rotation, lest he find himself in the position of having to meet Yitzhak Shamir when the Taba problem is resolved.

Peres's advisers, notably Avraham Tamir, seemed naive in their belief that Mubarak would meet with Peres as a gesture to the outgoing premier.

It was clear to the Egyptians that despite his good intentions, Peres was simply in no position to deliver anything meaningful enough to justify the summit.

Few of his advisers apparently took into account the tremendous pressures on Mubarak from the Arab world. Saudi Arabia, which recently sent Egypt 50,000 tons of grain and promised all sorts of economic aid despite the drop in oil revenue, made it plain that it would have to reconsider its position if the meeting went through. Other Gulf states sent similar messages, including threats to accelerate the expulsion of Egyptian workers.

These arguments came across loud and clear.

"In the final analysis," one senior Egyptian official said on Tuesday night, "What could we hope to gain from such a meeting. Israel cannot deliver anything real in terms of the Palestinians, the Jordanians were refusing to join the process the Arab states, even the moderates among them, were totally opposed to the meeting, so why hold it?"

THIS PAST week has not been a triumph in the history of Israel's international relations, even if, by some miracle, the summit is held. What we have seen is not only a basic Israeli misreading of the situation, but also a manifestation of the infighting between the prime minister and the foreign minister that has made Israel look divided and weak to its friends and enemies alike.

During Tuesday's crucial meetings at the Egyptian Foreign Ministry, it was both comic and sad to watch how, during breaks in the talks, Avraham Tamir would run out to phone the Prime Minister's Office, and David Kimche, the chief Taba negotiator, his boss, Yitzhak Shamir.

Not only were the Israelis arguing against the Egyptians, but even more intensely it seemed, against themselves.

"You know the story of two Jews' three opinions," one senior foreign journalist mused as he watched the process. "How you Israelis manage to achieve anything is quite beyond me."

However, that seemed beyond the grasp of the Israeli negotiators. This is true whether there is a summit or not. The events of the past few days have not been events that we shall want to be remembered in the annals of Israeli foreign policy.

Only the naive will believe that what has happened is because of a difference of 60 sq.m. of sand in the area of marker number 91 in the Taba area. The difference was used to disguise far deeper differences between the sides: two countries that are at peace, but essentially very far apart in their perception of their own future.

What has been surprising is the way the Egyptian press has handled the issue. Unlike in the past, it has reported the facts and refrained from comment. There is little recrimination against Israel, and absolutely no uncomfortable feeling about being an Israeli in Cairo.

The question remains, however, if whether on this trip, we will also have the opportunity to be an Israeli in Alexandria, and how uncomfortable an experience that is likely to be. □

(David Rubingear)

Obstructive: Osama el-Baz (above). Unsuspecting: David Kimche.

(Z. Ackerman)

President Mubarak: a gesture to outgoing Premier Peres?

A LIVING SYMBOL

Forty years after the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal announced its verdicts, only one prisoner is still in prison. John Dornberg reviews the case of Rudolf Hess.

IT WAS the afternoon of September 30, 1946 when a panel of judges from four countries – the U.S., the Soviet Union, Great Britain and France – began announcing the verdicts and sentences at the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal.

The trial, first of its kind in history, had lasted more than 11 months. The 21 defendants, accused of being the architects of World War II and the Holocaust, were the highest ranking survivors of the Nazi leadership. Adolf Hitler himself, his propaganda minister Joseph Goebbels, and Heinrich Himmler, head of the dread SS, had committed suicide in the spring of 1945. The 21 men on trial at Nuremberg had been indicted on four counts dealing with crimes against world peace and humanity.

Three, including Franz von Papen, chancellor of Germany before Hitler, were acquitted. One, Hermann Goering, committed suicide the night before he was to be taken to the gallows. Ten were executed. The remaining seven Nazi leaders were sentenced to prison terms ranging from 10 years to life.

Forty years later, only one of them – Rudolf Hess, 92 – is still alive and in prison. At one point he had been designated as Hitler's deputy and successor.

He remains incarcerated in Spandau Prison, a 19th century jailhouse originally intended for around 600 inmates, that is located in the British sector of Berlin. Since 1966 he has been the only prisoner in the huge complex. His guards are platoon-sized detachments of American, Russian, British and French soldiers

who rotate the duty on a monthly basis. The cost of maintaining the prison and its only prisoner is born primarily by the West German government.

Though he is in fairly good physical health, considering his age, Hess's sanity has often been in doubt – ever since May 10, 1941 when he flew in an Me-110 fighter from the Messerschmitt Aircraft Company's proving ground at Augsburg to the United Kingdom, bailed out over Scotland, and offered to negotiate peace between Germany and Britain.

The real motive for Hess's defection, which ended with his incarceration as a prisoner-of-war in England, remains obscure.

AT NUREMBERG he was convicted only for the role he had played in the Third Reich before that flight: helping to consolidate Hitler's power, the annexation of Austria, the occupation of Czechoslovakia, and the attack on Poland in 1939 that triggered the war.

During the past decade there have been numerous appeals – by Hess's wife Ilse, his son Wolf-Rüdiger, his lawyers and the Bonn government – to release him. Pressure has again been mounting in recent months. On July 21, Chancellor Helmut Kohl sent a letter to Ronald Reagan, Margaret Thatcher, François Mitterrand and Mikhail Gorbachev asking for Hess's freedom on "humanitarian grounds." Describing Hess as a "sick old man," Kohl pleaded that he should be "mercifully released to the circle of his family" and argued that this would be "in no way synonymous with exoneration for his crimes."

Moreover, goes the argument, since the other two Spandau lifers – Nazi Economics Minister Walter Funk and Grand Admiral Erich Raeder – were freed on health grounds decades ago, why should Hess, whose guilt was never as great, be left to languish in prison until his death?

Rudolf Hess at the time of his trial (top left and right); (above) *after years of imprisonment.*

Though the Western Allies are reportedly willing to release him, the Soviets are not. One can only speculate on their reasons. One may be that they have always suspected that Hess's flight to Britain was a top-level Nazi conspiracy to get England out of the war before Hitler launched his invasion of Russia a month later.

Another reason for the Soviet obduracy may be that they regard Hess and his continued incarceration as symbols of Nazism and its defeat in World War II.

Certainly if the Soviets had got their way at Nuremberg 40 years ago, Hess would also have been executed. Whereas the chief French judge, H. Donnedieu de Vabres, originally voted for a 20 year sentence, and the American and British justices – Francis Biddle and Geoffrey Lawrence – for life imprisonment, the Soviet judge, I.T. Nikitchenko, called for the death penalty. Sentencing depended on a majority of three of the four judges. They finally compromised on life.

OF THE men tried at Nuremberg, no one had played a greater role in Hitler's rise to power, or been associated with him as long and as closely, as Rudolf Hess. Their political collaboration began in 1920 and it was Hess who helped Hitler write *Mein Kampf*, his blueprint for power, when both were imprisoned at Landsberg Fortress following the abortive Munich beer-hall putsch in November 1923. Hess was also one of the few men who addressed Hitler by his first name and with the familiar *du*, used only by the closest of friends in German.

He was born in Alexandria, Egypt, the eldest son of a wealthy German merchant family from northern Bavaria that had been in the export-import business in Egypt since the middle of the 19th century. Commerce was also what Hess's father had in mind as a career for Rudolf. But despite training in business schools and apprenticeships in merchant houses, "bookkeeping remained a mystery to me," as he was to write many years later.

At the outbreak of World War I, Hess, then 20, enlisted as an infantryman in the royal Bavarian army, one the elite forces of the German war machine. He was in the thick of the fighting in Flanders and France, and later on the Romanian front. He was wounded several times and rose in the ranks from private to lieutenant.

Having read romanticized reports about air battles and heroic flyers such as Manfred von Richthofen, the "Red Baron" – and a certain Captain Hermann Goering, he applied for transfer to the aircorps and pilot training in the summer of 1916. The assignment did not come through until the spring of 1918.

BEFORE reporting to duty at the flying school in Augsburg – the same airfield from which he was to make his mysterious flight to England 23 years later – Hess stopped in at Munich's 19th Infantry Regiment where he first met Hitler, then a lance corporal and orderly at the regimental headquarters. The encounter was casual and brief but apparently memorable enough for both men to remember years later.

It was not until November 1 – 10 days before the armistice – that Hess arrived at the 35th Fighter Squadron on the Western Front. He was in flying action for only a week before the war ended.

Back in Munich, after abortive attempts to enlist as a pilot with Free Corps units fighting left-wing revolutionary governments in the Baltic countries, Hess, then 25, enrolled at the University of Munich to study economics. Like many other student-veterans who felt betrayed by the loss of the war, the Kaiser's and Bavarian king's abdications, and the leftist democratic governments ruling Germany, he soon got involved in radical rightist politics. He was drawn to the little, extremist German Labour Party, which Hitler had joined in September 1919 and had begun forging into his personal instrument on the road to power.

Hitler, who was turning the party from a debating club into a feared political movement, was also making a name for himself in Munich as a passionate orator whose beer-hall rallies were drawing bigger crowds with each performance. Hess heard him speak the first time in May 1920 and was almost in a trance afterwards, telling his wife-to-be: "He made everything sound so logical, so clear."

He immediately joined Hitler's party and became one of the founders of its private army – the brown-shirted SA storm troopers – whose "student company" he commanded.

HESS MADE his first imprint on history during the beer-hall putsch of November 8-9, 1923.

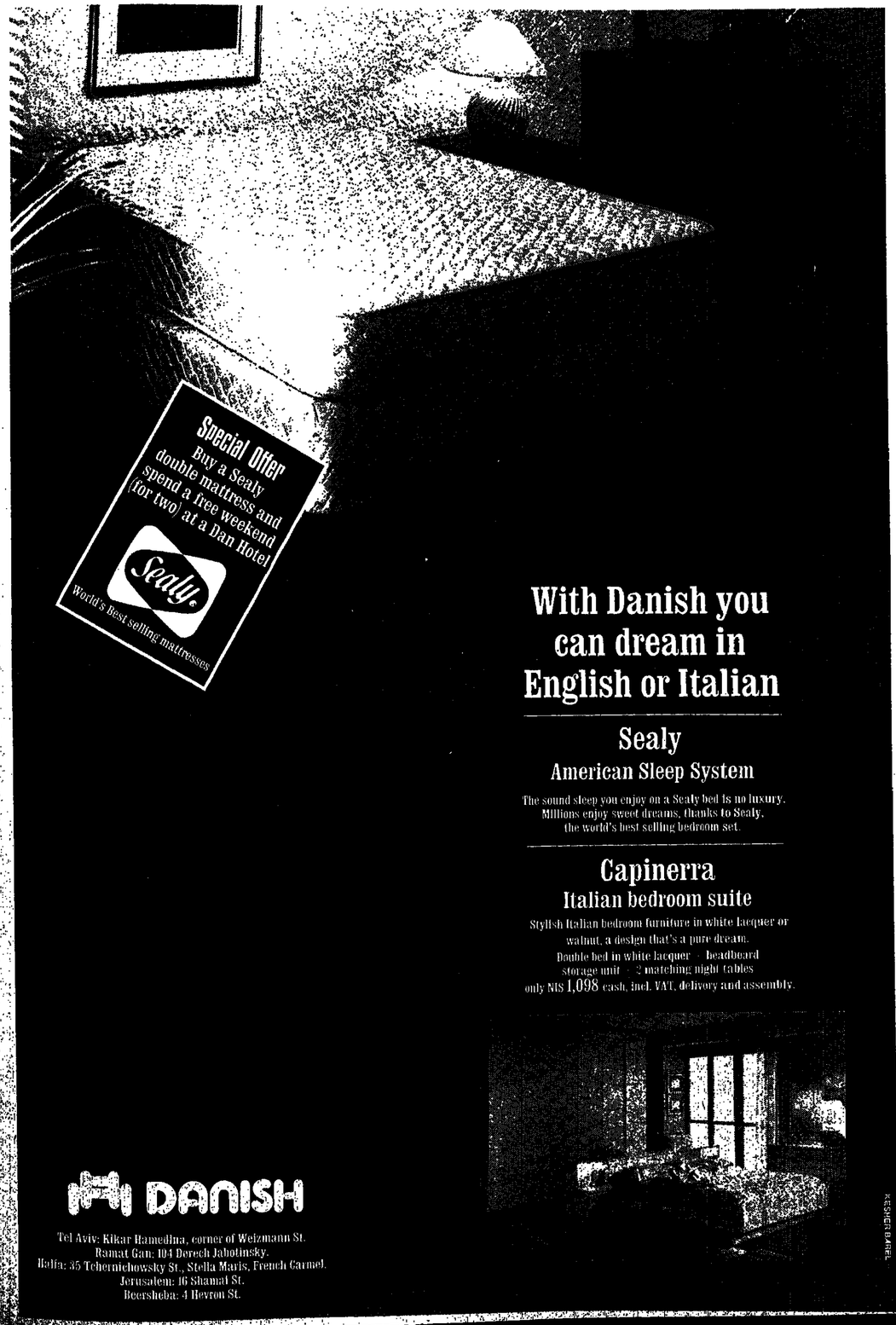
For some weeks prior to the failed coup, Bavaria had been in a state of emergency and was being run by a triumvirate of men with virtual dictatorial powers: Gustav von Kahr, a former Bavarian prime minister, who had been named general state commissioner; Colonel Hans von Seisser, chief of the division-sized Bavarian State Police; and Lt. Gen. Otto von Lossow, commander of the German Army's 7th Division and of the Bavarian Military District, who was refusing to take orders from the German central government in Berlin. A state government, with an elected prime minister, cabinet and parliament, still existed, but was virtually powerless.

Kahr was an outspoken monarchist and for weeks there had been rumours that he hoped to restore the Bavarian crown prince to the throne and secede from the German republic. Lossow was so disillusioned with the Berlin government that he was sympathetic to Kahr's alleged plans.

Mixing into the turmoil were Hitler, whose party had become the strongest political force in Bavaria and whose private army numbered 15,000 men, and Erich Ludendorff, the World War I chief-of-staff, who was living in Munich in retirement.

On the night of November 8, Kahr was scheduled to deliver a major policy speech to some of Bavaria's and Munich's leading citizens in the Buergerbraukeller, one of the city's largest beer-hall auditoriums. The rumour was that he would announce Bavaria's secession. Seisser and Lossow were due to be on the platform with him, and most members of the elected Bavarian government at the

(*Continued on page 8*)



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Living symbol

(Continued from page 6)

head table in the audience.

Hitler's plan was to surround the beer-hall with his troops, occupy the city's key military and communications centres, take the Bavarian prime minister and other cabinet members prisoner, and, together with General Ludendorff, proclaim a new Bavarian and German government with Kahr, Seisser and Lossow in key slots. Then, using Lossow's division, Seisser's state police and his own storm troopers, he planned to "march on Berlin," the way Benito Mussolini had "marched on Rome" the year before, and proclaim a right-wing regime, deposing Reich President Friedrich Ebert and Chancellor Gustav Stresemann.

RUDOLF HESS'S role in this drama, which started when Nazi storm troopers, commanded by Goering, surrounded the beer hall and Hitler clambered up to the platform in the midst of Kahr's speech, was to take Bavarian Prime Minister Eugen von Knilling, members of his cabinet and other state officials prisoner and to hold them as hostages until the coup had succeeded.

Hitler handled the coup, his first attempt to grab power in Germany, amateurishly, at times even operetta-like. It collapsed when Kahr, Seisser and Lossow turned against him. And it ended in bloodshed on November 9 when the Nazis, with Hitler and Ludendorff in the lead, marched through downtown Munich and engaged in a gun battle with Seisser's state police.

But Hess played his part with professional precision. While Hitler was negotiating with the triumvirs in a side room of the beer hall, Hess rounded up his hostages in the auditorium.

Guarded by 20 heavily-armed storm troopers, he loaded the prisoners onto a couple of trucks that had been requisitioned and took them to the suburban mansion of a right-wing publishing house owner, Julius Lehmann. Hess's storm troopers commandeered the house as a prison and fortified it by setting up machine guns in the garden and the entry hall.

Repeatedly threatened with execution by Hess and his men, the hostages were held throughout the night and into the next day. When news reached the villa in the early afternoon of November 9 that the putsch had failed and that there had been a shootout, with 19 dead, on Munich's Odeonsplatz, Hess was in a quandary about what to do with his prisoners: kill them in revenge or let them go and flee to safety across the Austrian border, 50 miles south of Munich.

HE DECIDED on a compromise ploy. He told his men to wait another hour or so, and then free the prisoners and flee before police arrived at the mansion. Meanwhile he would take two of the prisoners – Franz Schweyer and Johann Wutzelhofer, the ministers of interior and agriculture – as personal hostages.

"I decided to take them into the mountains somewhere," he was to testify later at his own trial. "I hoped to hide them in some hut or keep them as hostages as long as possible – in a ski hut or cowherd's shack, high up."

For ransom? As bargaining chips? The question was never answered. But for Schweyer and Wutzelhofer it was the start of a harrowing ordeal that they never forgot.

Selecting two of his storm troopers to accompany him, Hess ordered the two politicians, both men in their late 50s, into a chauffeur-driven touring car that he had commandeered the night before, and set off on a terrifying journey, exacerbated by his own sadism.

(Top) *The wreckage of the plane in which Hess made his dramatic flight from Germany to Scotland in 1941.* (Above) *Hess's son Wolf makes an appeal for his father's freedom, in 1975.*

At least four times on the trip to the mountain town of Bad Tolz, where Hess hoped to meet up with another Nazi official who was to guide them to a secluded hut in the craggy Alps, Hess ordered the driver to stop in dense dark woods and leave the headlights on. Then he and one of the storm troopers left to explore, as if searching for a convenient spot to hang or shoot Schweyer and Wutzelhofer.

"It was uphill and downhill and through one dark, eerie grove after another," as Schweyer described the trip later. "Each time they disappeared for several minutes, obviously hunting for a place to do us in, Wutzelhofer and I were certain the end was imminent."

For nearly four hours, Hess drove crazily through the mountains in a blinding snowstorm, looking for places to hide his prisoners who were nearly frozen and frightened to death. Around 7:30 p.m., he ordered the car to stop on the outskirts of Bad Tolz, whispered something to the two storm troopers, and then disappeared. After an hour's wait in the open car, the guards ordered the driver to head back to Munich. They left the car in a residential area and Schweyer and Wutzelhofer were driven, still terrified but unharmed, to their offices.

Feeling he had "failed the Fuehrer," Hess spent the night with a political crony in Bad Tolz. The next morning, fearing arrest, he contacted his future wife, Ilse, who dutifully bicycled to the little mountain town to rescue him. Taking turns riding the bike, they walked and rode through the foothills and forests on isolated backroads and trails to Munich.

He hid with friends for a few days and then left the city for the mountains again, hoping to reach Salzburg, Austria by hiking across the frontier. He returned once more, when Ilse became ill, then disappeared again, and six months later surrendered voluntarily to stand trial along with other putschists.

HESS SERVED a seven-month prison term, together with Hitler, at Landsberg Fortress, west of Munich. Considering that he was guilty of multiple kidnapping and a host of other crimes, he might then have been sentenced to life imprisonment. But the political climate in Bavaria was on his side, just as it was on Hitler's, who, convicted of treason and insurrection but sentenced to only five years, did not even serve one.

It was during their time together at Landsberg that Hitler began writing *Mein Kampf*, which Hess edited and later typed prior to its publication.

The beer-hall putsch was a turning point for Hitler and Hess. Instead of trying to topple the hated democratic republic by force, they came out of Landsberg determined to subvert and undermine it by parliamentary means. The putsch had failed, but its failure was the prelude to Hitler's – and Hess's – climb to power.

And it was also during their time in prison that the close friendship between Hitler and Hess was formed, that Hess became "the Fuehrer's deputy" – the crime for which he was ultimately tried at Nuremberg and imprisoned in Spandau.

As such, the lonely old prisoner in a jail designed for 600, guarded by four platoons from four countries, remains a symbol. □

Escape artist

(Lisa Pleskow)

NOBODY BUYS Arieh Gur a cup of coffee, not even *The Jerusalem Post*. He pays his own way, and he does the treating. It's a small but significant detail from everyday life, deriving from a history of extreme self-sufficiency. That trait enabled him, in years of careful planning, despite a succession of setbacks, to escape from the Soviet Union and arrive in Israel, via Japan, 13 years ago last month. In the process, he was imprisoned, spent time in two mental institutions, and did battle with stupid, vicious bureaucrats, informers and sharks.

Today he is a Western-looking capitalist who lives in the comfortable Tel Aviv suburb of Neot Afeka with his wife and two children, aged seven and five. An engineer specializing in air conditioning, he has had his own company for the last five or six years.

He wears wire-framed glasses around his blue eyes, and a stylish pastel cotton shirt and trousers. In his briefcase are his company's brochures, detailing his two inventions for cleaning cooling systems - one with chemical foam and the other by an intermittent automatic reversal of air-flow through brushes.

His manner of speaking is very matter-of-fact, controlled but gentle. His smile, when it eventually appears, is not to be taken for granted. Only the lesions on his fingers, which he occasionally picks at while talking, signal a nervousness left over from the long hell in his history.

Every Russian immigrant has a different story. Gur's is a little different, because of the total isolation in which he planned his exit. His isolation was partly the result of personal inclination and partly a matter of necessity. One of the few times he took someone into his confidence and enlisted his cooperation, the man turned out to be a KGB informer, and Gur went to jail.

The details of the story are related in a book called *The Escape: From Kiev to Tel Aviv*. Gur wrote it in his then-inadequate English after arriving in Israel in 1973. It was rewritten and edited by Alex Levine, who was in charge of Anglo-Saxon immigrants at the Beit Brodetsky immigrant hostel in Ramat Aviv, where Gur spent his first two years in the country.

It was only published in 1982 – rather shoddily, with glaring typographical errors, by the Translation Press of Ann Arbor, Michigan. Though the story is fascinating, it never received the treatment it deserved, and the book was hardly reviewed.

ARIEH GUR was born Leonid Friedmanovich in Novosibirsk, in 1946. His parents had fled east to escape the Germans, but returned to Kiev shortly after his birth. They each had a daughter from a previous marriage; Gur's half-sisters were much older than he. His mother, the only person to whom he was very close, died when he was young. His father he describes as distant and frightened: much of Gur's personality was shaped in defiance of his father's assumption that Jews are weak and must take what they can get.

One day at school he got up and socked a bully back; later, he convinced a local wrestling coach to take him on for training. The development of his muscles was the most obvious expression of his cultivation of strength. His muscles served him well in 1973 when he jumped from a Russian fishing vessel off Honshu and spent five hours in the water, outwitting sharks.

Though he didn't identify actively as a Jew, he went to a memorial service at Babi Yar in 1969. The official service made no mention of the 80,000 Jews who died there, and when a group of Jews tried to hold a separate memorial service afterwards, they were hassled by the KGB and arrested. Gur, proud of Israel's military achievements in the Six Day War, decided that the only place to live with dignity as a Jew was Israel.

He studied surveying, then trained as an engineer, specializing in refrigeration, through a six-year correspondence course at the Kaliningrad Maritime College – partly because that's what was open to him as a Jew. What was not open to him was work on a ship and that was the only way, he had decided, that he could leave the Soviet Union.

His efforts to secure the necessary character references and visa won him a prison sentence and hospitalization for "observation" at a mental institution. He did some observing there himself – enough to fake years later an emotional instability that would be convincing enough to disqualify him for army service but not enough to eliminate the possibility of working on a ship if he could get the other necessary papers.

WHAT COMES through in the story is his utter determination. When, in the course of all these "adventures" he was on the verge of a genuine mental breakdown, he learned a variation of yoga in order to control his responses. When he realized the lacunae in his education in the humanities, he launched himself on an intensive study programme, starting with Spinoza.

He learned to exploit the inefficiencies of the Soviet bureaucracy, passing himself off as a high-ranking technician in order to make extra money repairing refrigeration equipment on communal dairy farms. He

PROFILE / ARIEH GUR

Marsha Pomerantz

cast himself as a party official when travelling in the Soviet Union, calling ahead to get a hotel room since anyone without pull had to sleep in the lobby.

He learned English by immersing himself in translated Russian novels and paying someone to read the Russian original to him for comparison. He listened to Voice of America talk-shows for the language and to jazz for relaxation.

When he decided he would have to jump ship – if he could get on one headed for waters of a survivable temperature – he read everything he could get his hands on about the behaviour of sharks. His knowledge saved him during his five hours swimming and floating in the Tsugaru Straits before a Japanese fishing boat picked him up.

OVER COFFEE in a Tel Aviv café, I wonder if, having carried out his immigration plan entirely alone, Gur thinks others should do it on their own.

"No, not at all," he says. It's just that not having grown up in the Jewish activist atmosphere, he doesn't feel he can be a spokesman for aliya. "I was always alone. I remained as I was as a child."

But certainly some things changed. He decided by force of will to stop being the flabby, frightened child whose main solace was communing with his mother's spirit in a Kiev cemetery. "That was a challenge," he says. "And the necessity of circumstances. It was a struggle for survival with dignity."

Still, it doesn't make him a spokesman for anyone but himself. And besides, he's a little sceptical of those who do speak for the aliya movement. "There were some who were great spokesmen in Russia and then went to the U.S." He knew enthusiastic Zionists at Beit Brodetsky who now live in the States. "And we'll see about Sharansky," he says, "when all the trips abroad are over, and the meetings with Reagan."

Perhaps those who left were simply responding to reality, which fell far below their expectations?

Gur shrugs. "I don't blame them," he says.

But his own case was different. "When I came I had two goals: to live in freedom, and to live in the Jewish State. The first was more important. But once I was here, I matured. I came with low expectations, and the reality was better than what I had anticipated." Not that there weren't the usual clashes with bureaucrats who were "not even second- or third-rate."

GUR DOESN'T identify as a Jew in any active way.

"I'm not religious, but I respect religion," he explains. He and his family read the Haggada on Pessah with his wife's family, and they fast on Yom Kippur, but don't observe *kashrut*.

Why not live in the U.S.?

"There must be a correspondence between the environment and your inner being." He found that here.

His arrival in Israel made headlines 13 years ago, but "it was forgotten after half a month." He, too, put it behind him as much as possible, but there have been some lasting effects. The solitary personality persists; he has trouble sharing "either dangers or good things."

His children know nothing of his history, which is not surprising since they are still young. But neither do most of his friends and acquaintances know what he did to leave the Soviet Union.

"I didn't see in my actions anything that should advance my status here," he says. "That must come only from my technical achievements."

But to help people understand him? He wrote the book, but that's a form of understanding at a distance. "I don't see the need to tell..." he says.

He wrote the book primarily to open up the experience for himself, review it and digest it. "But also for the publicity," he adds. "I won't deny it." The process of writing fascinated him. "Sometimes the hand starts writing before the mind formulates the sentence," he says.

Asked what, in summary, he learned from his experiences, his first response is that he gained the technical expertise which eventually enabled him to arrive at his two inventions, and he learned English.

He is also aware that the talent he developed for unconventional thinking – what they call "creative problem solving" in the West – has served him well subsequently.

His Hebrew is sufficient for ordinary conversation, and he reads newspapers. What really interests him now is learning French – as he learned English, by reading Russian novels in translation and listening to the radio.

He still occasionally uses the yoga and special meditation technique which he developed to fight the "psychological terror" he experienced under interrogation. "Now I'm not against the establishment," he says. "Here I identify with it." He uses the meditation as a release from the pressures of work. He also goes diving in the Red Sea for two weeks a year, and takes an annual skiing vacation.

IMMEDIATELY after his arrival in Israel in 1973, the Soviet authorities searched his father's flat in Kiev, but found no evidence that he knew of his son's escape. In fact, he knew absolutely nothing, though he probably wasn't surprised by it. A letter from the shipping company informed his father that Gur had betrayed his country.

Gur refrained from contacting his family for five years, and then did so only indirectly, through a friend. His father died about four years ago. One of his half-sisters now lives in Israel, and they correspond with the half-sister in the Soviet Union.

Gur doesn't know how his father reacted to his departure for Israel, but assumes he would have been pleased, and would have liked to come himself. But Gur will never be sure.

"When you take a certain direction, you cut certain feelings. Sometimes it's better to cut off a finger so as not to cut off an arm." □

(Aliza Auerbach)

Searching questions

Israel's ambivalent attitudes towards prosecuting Nazi war criminals are a result of the country's current identity crisis, according to Efraim Zuroff, for the past six years the representative here of the U.S. Office of Special Investigations. Andy Court reports.

IN 1949, a middle-aged Lithuanian named Kazys Palciauskas entered the United States along with hundreds of thousands of refugees from Europe. Palciauskas told U.S. authorities that he had been a clerk in a dairy cooperative in the town of Kovno. What he neglected to say was that he had also been mayor of the town. During his term of office, a ghetto was created, all Jewish property was confiscated, and 15,000 Jews were killed.

Palciauskas might have been able to deny that he was ever anything more than a dairy clerk had the Jews of Kovno not taken pains to document their persecution, had they not succeeded in smuggling these documents out of the ghetto to a safe hiding place, had ghetto survivors not retrieved the papers after the war and somehow smuggled them out of the Soviet Union, and had Efraim Zuroff not found this evidence in the archives of Yad Vashem three years ago.

Among the documents, Zuroff found an order signed by Palciauskas, one of the key pieces of evidence that American prosecutors used in deportation hearings against him.

For the past six years, this kind of research has been Zuroff's specialty and his passion. His employer has been the U.S. Office of Special Investigations, a division of the Justice Department that is charged with deporting war criminals now living in the U.S.

As the OSI's man in Israel, Zuroff was sworn if not to secrecy, then certainly to extreme discretion. While he found it satisfying to be part of an organization that has taken 55 war criminals to court over the past seven years, he was frustrated that he had no effect on what happened beyond the actual investigation.

It bothered him that, with the exception of Ivan Demjanjuk, Israel had not tried to extradite and prosecute any of the war criminals that the U.S. government could not, by law, convict on criminal charges, though it could deport them for lying on their immigration forms.

Beyond this, Zuroff knew that other countries such as Australia and Canada were just awakening to the presence of war criminals within their borders. Yet he feared these countries might not be receiving enough evidence or encouragement to set up their own versions of OSI.

And so just recently, Zuroff left his job at OSI to assume what he hopes will be a broader and more influential role as director of the Simon Wiesenthal Centre's new branch in Israel.

FINALLY FREE to speak his mind, Zuroff talks with the force and fluidity of a man who has been storing up sentences for six years. One of his most emphatic themes is that Israel is not doing enough to bring war criminals to justice.

"The current situation in the U.S. is that there are about 25 people in litigation," Zuroff said. "All but one are free, not incarcerated. They can, at any point, run away, leave the country, escape from justice. If, however, a country, any country, will press for extradition, those people will be immediately put into jail, and they can no longer escape."

This situation exists because American law doesn't allow for criminal prosecution of people who committed war crimes in Europe; these people can, however, be deported through a civil procedure in which U.S. prosecutors prove that the people lied on their immigration forms.

Rarely would a judge agree to arrest or imprison a person involved in a deportation hearing. An extradition request, however, would make this a criminal matter, thus changing the picture entirely.

Yet since no country, including Israel, generally tries to extradite these people, most war criminals continue to lead comfortable lives in the U.S. while their lawyers stall for years in the immigration courts. Neither jailed nor required to post bail, the war criminals have the opportunity to leave the U.S. before they are deported to somewhere unpleasant – such as a country where they have already been sentenced to death *in absentia* for the crimes they committed.

ZUROFF believes Israel has a responsibility to extradite and bring to trial as many war criminals as possible.

"Do you expect the American government to do it?" he asked. "Do you expect Gaddafi to bring Nazi war criminals to justice? Who has responsibility for Jews? Obviously, it's the State of Israel, which sees itself as 'the inheritor of the Jewish people.' That's exactly what it said when it wanted to get reparations payments from the Germans. You want to be 'the inheritor of the Jewish people?' One side of that is the reparations payments you got from the Germans. The other side is the responsibility that goes with it."

"But it goes beyond that," Zuroff continued. "Why shouldn't the Israeli government be pressing the Canadians and the Australians to take an active stance on this? When Joe Clark, the Canadian foreign minister, was here, did anyone speak to him about Nazi war criminals? Did anyone express Israel's concern that there are hundreds of Nazis living in Canada and nothing is being done against them'") When Bob Hawke, Australia's prime minister, comes here in September, is anyone going to talk to him about the Nazi war criminals in Australia?

"With the exception of Demjanjuk, who to a certain extent was forced upon us, there's no question that there are people in the Israeli government who are not anxious for Israel to deal with this issue. Why? Because, first of all, it involves heavy expenses and all sorts of technical legal problems. But most importantly, there's a certain ambivalence and reluctance on the part of certain sectors of the Israeli populace to deal with the issues of the Holocaust.

"What did the Jewish community in Palestine do during that time? What did the Jews of the free world do? The whole issue of how Jews responded: sheep-like slaughter or not sheep-like slaughter? These are all things that are at the heart and the soul of the Jewish people in a sense."

Zuroff believes that the issues he's discussing concern identity, not just history. He sees the different views that Israelis take toward prosecuting war criminals in the context of Israel's identity crisis today.

"There's a basic conflict in Israel between those who want a more universalistic country and those who want a more Jewish country, and this goes right to the heart of it," he said. "Is this a state of Jews or a Jewish state?

"If this is a state of Jews, the Jews who are living today in Israel are not threatened by the fact that there are Nazi war criminals alive who committed war crimes 40 years ago. That doesn't pose a threat to them, doesn't bother them perhaps. But if it's a Jewish state, with Jewish priorities, with a Jewish agenda, with Jewish goals, then it has an obligation to do something."

THE HOLOCAUST was not a central issue in Efraim Zuroff's childhood. His parents were not survivors, nor did they "make a big deal out of it" as he was growing up.

But as the son of an Orthodox rabbi and the product of schools affiliated with Yeshiva University in New York, Zuroff developed a strong Jewish identity. He describes himself as part of a group that accepted the activist imperative of the 1960s generation, but applied it specifically toward Jewish and Zionist causes. He recalls being 19 years old and reading the estimates of Arab and Israeli troops and arms in the days preceding the Six Day War. "I remember sitting there and thinking: "Oh my God, there's going to be another Holocaust."

Zuroff joined the wave of new immigrants following the 1967 victory. He spent five years earning his master's degree in Contemporary Jewry at the Hebrew University.

During a two-year visit to the U.S. to gather material for his doctorate thesis, Zuroff became very involved with the Holocaust. There he met the Nazi-hunter Simon Wiesenthal, who had lent his name to a private organization of American Jews, known as the Simon Wiesenthal Centre. Zuroff served as the centre's first director from 1978-1980.

Dedicated to education and political lobbying on matters relating to the Holocaust and other issues of Jewish concern, the Simon Wiesenthal Centre has 320,000 members in the U.S., Zuroff said. Though the centre uses Wiesenthal's name and contributes towards his work, Wiesenthal is not actively involved in the organization, which is run by its founder Rabbi Marvin Hier of Los Angeles.

As the centre's first director, Zuroff created the archives, library, and Holocaust museum at the centre's Los Angeles headquarters. He also served as historical consultant for the centre's film "Genocide," which won an Oscar award for best documentary of 1982.

Zuroff's first project for the Israel office of the Wiesenthal Centre involves gathering information about the number of war criminals living in Canada and Australia. Although he remains a bit secretive on the subject, Zuroff said that his investigative work at Yad Vashem lead him to a rich source of material about where Nazis emigrated after the war.

He plans to assemble this information and hopefully present a compelling case to officials in Canada and Australia about the number of war criminals living in their midst. Both countries have already established inquiries on this issue.

Zuroff also hopes to influence Israeli public opinion as a way of getting the government here to more actively prosecute war criminals.

Eventually, he plans to widen the activities and concerns of the Wiesenthal Centre to include such issues as "Jews in distress" today and the development of "a positive Jewish identity." Zuroff said he does not believe that a person's Jewish identity should be based solely on the fact that Hitler tried to destroy the Jewish people.

In addition to his Holocaust work, Zuroff is part of a group that has adopted two Soviet refuseniks. He also served for a year and a half on the city council of Efrat, where he lives with his wife and four children.

"You know," Zuroff said, "it sometimes bothers me that people see me, and right away they ask, 'What's with Demjanjuk?' I'm totally identified with this (Holocaust) issue."

IN THE COURSE of his research for the OSI, Zuroff saw the difficulties that researchers have had dealing with the Holocaust. Often he would read the testimony of witnesses interviewed in the 1950s and 1960s, when researchers were trying to prove that there was indeed Jewish resistance to the Nazis.

"If I had a dollar for every time the interviewer asked, 'Who smuggled the first gun into such-and-such ghetto?' I would be a rich man. But if I had a dollar for every time the interviewer asked, 'who was the mayor of Kovno who ordered the executions of these people?' I would be very poor."

Unfortunately, Zuroff was looking for information about the persecuters rather than the persecuted. While generally not finding a wealth of original documents, he did discover a good deal of valuable testimony and information about the internal politics of the various communities.

The most difficult challenge was finding witnesses from small Jewish towns where almost the entire population had been wiped out during the war. One night before the trial of Bohdan Koziy, a policeman from the Ukranian town of Lysiec, Zuroff received a call from the U.S.: "We heard that there's a guy who sells lottery tickets in Bat Yam who used to live in Lysiec. Find him."

The man from Bat Yam wasn't in Lysiec at the time. In the end, investigators could not find a single Jew who lived in Lysiec during the time of Nazi rule. They did, however, get testimony from non-Jewish Soviet citizens who witnessed the murders. The Soviets' videotaped testimony was accepted in American court, where the judge actually noted in his decision that Koziy was a murderer.

The U.S. trial proved Koziy's war crimes in the process of showing that he lied on his immigration papers. The judge ordered Koziy deported. He is now in Costa Rica.

Is this, then a victory or a disappointment? Zuroff feels that it was better to deport him than to do nothing. But he asks why the Israeli government didn't try to extradite Koziy, especially since the Americans had already gathered significant videotaped witness testimony about his crimes. To be sure there would have been technical legal difficulties using the testimony from the Soviet Union, a country which has no regular diplomatic relations with Israel. But those difficulties could have been overcome.

ZUROFF emphasized that time is running out, not only because witnesses are dying, but also because many of the war criminals are dying as well. He completely rejects the argument that there is no point prosecuting a bunch of old men who soon will not be able to remember the atrocious acts they committed.

"I want to quote Simon Wiesenthal: 'Those who ignore yesterday's murders pave the way for the murders of tomorrow.' It has to be clear that there is no pardon for murder.

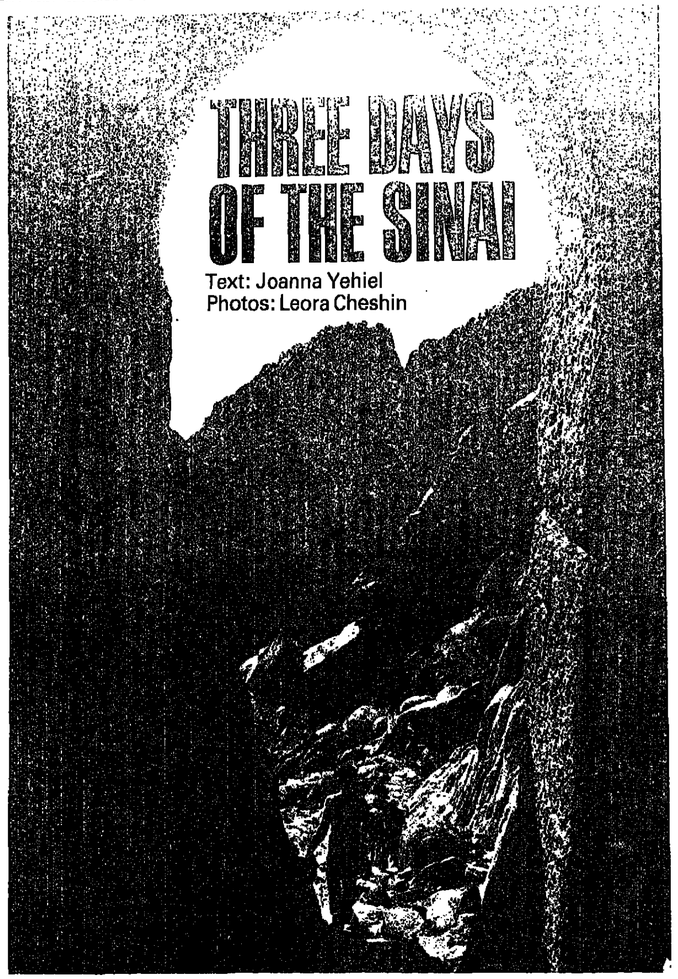
"What we're after is justice not revenge. Justice is an attempt to bring as many criminals as possible before a bar of justice. Let society judge murderers. That's what society is all about: it's a contract between individuals, and part of that contract says that we will not let those who take another man's life go unpunished."

As evidence that people have not "heard enough already" about the Holocaust, Zuroff pointed to a survey of high school students that the newspaper *Hadashot* did last year. Some of the students in the poll thought Ivan Demjanjuk was a Prisoner of Zion.

"We bandy around the word Holocaust," Zuroff said. "We call upon that term to explain why we are, who we are. But I often think of them (the victims). How would they feel if they knew that finally a Jewish state was established and that state didn't do everything it could to bring those killers to justice?" □

THREE DAYS OF THE SINAI

Text: Joanna Yehiel
Photos: Leora Cheshin



NOT A single gun was to be seen. But the whiff of year-old machine-gun smoke was in our nostrils for three days.

We were a group of some 15 Israeli journalists who had been invited on a tour of the Egyptian resorts of southern Sinai, with the express intent of promoting tourism from this country to the area.

All doors were open to us. The best of food and accommodations were provided. Our slightest wish, from an extra cup of Turkish coffee, to the reopening of a tourist bazaar after closing hours, was immediately fulfilled. Never has a tour group been so cossetted. And yet....

There was no escaping the images in our minds: the Ras Burka massacre of almost a year ago, when Israelis' long and faithful love affair with the beaches of southern Sinai was shattered by one afternoon and evening of machine-gun fire.

Throughout our three days, the Israelis tried to come to some understanding of what had happened. In separate private conversations, in press conferences, and in discussions with groups of Egyptians whom we met along the way, we tried. For without an understanding – or at least some kind of hint on the part of the Egyptians – that the wound of Ras Burka still has to be salved, must be salved, no amount of tourist promotion can help. No journalist can tell his readers that the time has come to renew our tourism to the region. We need to know that it could not happen again. Somehow, that reassurance never came.

The more the Israelis pushed for some acknowledgement, the more the Egyptians withdrew into silence. In the end, it began to seem as if we were the bullies, and they the wronged.

5 A.M. WEDNESDAY. It's pitch dark. I clamber up into the bus and try to make out the faces of my fellow passengers. But I can't see any of them. Suddenly I hear the welcome laugh of my photographer Leora. "I've brought 15 rolls of colour film," she tells me. "I hope it's enough." I fall asleep immediately.

I wake up at Bet Sokolow in Tel Aviv, where the rest of our party, journalists from *Davar*, *Ha'aretz*, *Ma'ariv*, etc. join us. In Nes Ziona, more people come aboard. Suddenly the loud speaker is switched on and the tour leader, tour operator Uzi Vered, introduces himself with a flourish.

He spends the journey down to Eilat telling us in detail of his involvement in the early pioneering days of this country, his love for every tree that we pass, for each spring, and above all for the mountains and beaches of Sinai. An Egged tour guide for many years, before he started his own company, Uzi Vered is a natural communicator, which must stand him in good stead with the tourists he brings to Israel. His company, Vered Tours, brings hundreds of Americans, Japanese and Indonesians to visit here each year.

It is he who has organized the trip in conjunction with an Egyptian tour operator, Mahmoud Aboul Maati, of Centa Mist Tours, with all the Sinai hotels and above all, with the active participation of the Egyptian consul-general in Eilat, Hassan Issa, who is directly dealing with Sinai.

Issa joins us at Taba, and immediately, all bureaucratic hassles disappear. If it can take up to five hours to pass through to the Egyptian side, with Issa beside us, it takes a mere 10 minutes. We are VIPs indeed.

12 NOON, and we're in Egypt, our passports duly stamped. Behind us, we notice an empty bus. What's it for? In case our bus breaks down. Behind the bus is another vehicle, with uniformed men inside. They are accompanying tourist police, who will also be with us every metre of the way. Immediately dressed, they are all unarmed.

One of our group is upset: Do the Egyptians expect trouble, that they feel we need such an escort service? Oh no, explains Vered, on the contrary; it's a measure of their respect for us, that they send such a group to ensure our journey is smooth and without hitches.

The question immediately springs to mind: how would the ordinary Israeli fare, without such special treatment? Issa insists that for Israelis crossing the border, red tape will be at a minimum. He personally will guarantee this, he avers.

A FEW kilometres past Taba, and there before us is Coral Island, as familiar as our own back garden. But, to our surprise, instead of the ruined remains of the Crusader castle, atop the island stands a complete reproduction of the castle, outlined against the blue sky as clearly as Playmobil. The Egyptians have reconstructed the whole edifice using the remains of the original building. We pile into small boats and chug across, then scramble up to wander between the make-believe ramparts.

Completed and dedicated by President Mubarak in April this year, this Crusader toy town awaits an array of admiring visitors. But, for the first time, we begin to realize the dimensions of the dearth of tourism to Egyptian Sinai.

Not only do our vehicles appear to be the only ones on the road south, but also, at this first stop, at the café opposite the island (in Israel's time, Jackson's café, serving fish and chips) where they serve us lunch, there do not seem to be any tourists at all.

No, there in one corner, sit some Cairenes, two couples and a child apiece.

I join them as they sip their soft drinks, and we talk: Taba.

What would you do, if you had to solve the Taba question? I ask them.

Spontaneously, without much thought, the woman on my right, whose head is uncovered and whose bright yellow dress comes from the best of boutiques, answers: "Split it down the middle – even divide the hotel, if necessary. Divide it between the two countries, equally."

Her husband answers more measuredly: "No, it should be done differently - we'll take the territory, the ground that the hotel is built upon, and you can have the hotel. You can still run it, and keep the money...just give us back the land." The second man agrees with the first: Yes, you don't need the land... after all, it was - is - ours.

The second woman, equally elegantly dressed, but with her head covered in traditional style, agrees: What you must do is give it all back. What we need from you Israelis is a "goodwill gesture." We did the same when Sadat came to you nine years ago, now it's time for a gesture on your part.

As I take my leave, the first woman takes me aside. "What I said (about splitting it down the middle) I didn't mean in earnest," she tells me, worriedly, "I really meant what the others said, that you should give back all the territory..."

APART from the two couples, we are the only visitors. Outside the café, smartly uniformed tourist police stand to attention. All are completely unarmed. Issa, the

(Continued on page 14)

Walking down the thousands of steps of Mount Sinai (top); *spending the night at its peak* (above). *Coffee anyone?* (opposite page, top). *Coral Island castle* (opposite page, below).

Sinai

(Continued from page 12)

consul-general, explains: since last Succot's attack, the military police have been pulled back to bases away from the tourist areas. Instead, tourist police are in charge of the resorts, and not a gun is to be seen.

Back in the bus, Issa stresses the need for peace: "There is no alternative, for you, for me, for my son and yours. A cold peace, a warm peace, that doesn't matter, what matters is goodwill. There will always be problems – brothers have problems, husbands and wives have problems, that's normal. What do enemies have? War."

The normalization of the peace process is Issa's constant refrain throughout the three days we spend with him. And the path to normalization is through meetings between ordinary Egyptians and Israelis. In a word: tourism.

Halid, our Egyptian guide, explains his compatriots' lack of interest in Sinai holidays: yes, they came during the high season but, really, the Sinai is too dull for them. Cairenes are city people, and want resort towns with an active night life. "Here, it's too quiet," he adds.

AS THE bus wends its way down the familiar road towards Nueiba, the quiet begins to get to us, too. We don't see any other vehicles at all. We pause above the lagoon, at the kiosk where we used to stop for Tempo. Below stretches the empty sands. The blue sea beckons. Silently, we troop back into the bus. A few moments drive, and we will be at Ras Burka.

Back in the bus, Vered gives us his emotional explanation of the massacre: to understand Ras Burka, we have to understand the basic difference in Egyptian mentality. No soldier will do anything unless he is given explicit orders by the officer above him. No soldier will ever act upon his own initiative. And, in this tragic case, the top three commanders of the area, including the consul-general, were away. If Issa had been there, the wait for medical treatment would never have happened, Vered says.

"With all the pain, we must continue to visit, to bring Israeli tourists here. That's the road to peace."

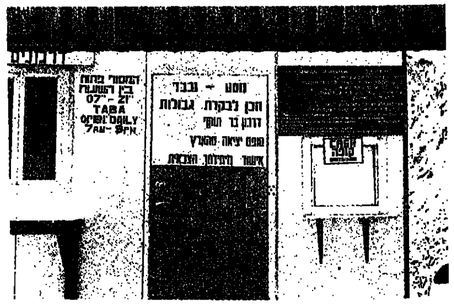
Winding up his speech, he suggests that a memorial to the murder victims be put up at the site, in a gesture by the Egyptians.

Issa denies Vered's interpretation of the events: "You mentioned that the wounded on the mountain could not get medical help, were not allowed to get the help from the Israeli doctor on the beach. But there were Egyptian ambulances and Israeli doctors present in the area. The reason why they weren't allowed to give aid was that the policeman was still shooting. The soldiers up there did not want anyone else to get hurt – they were protecting them. No one could approach the top of the dune while the policeman was still up there shooting. The moment it was possible, ambulances were sent. There was no delay in medical help. It was physically impossible to give help while this policeman was still active.

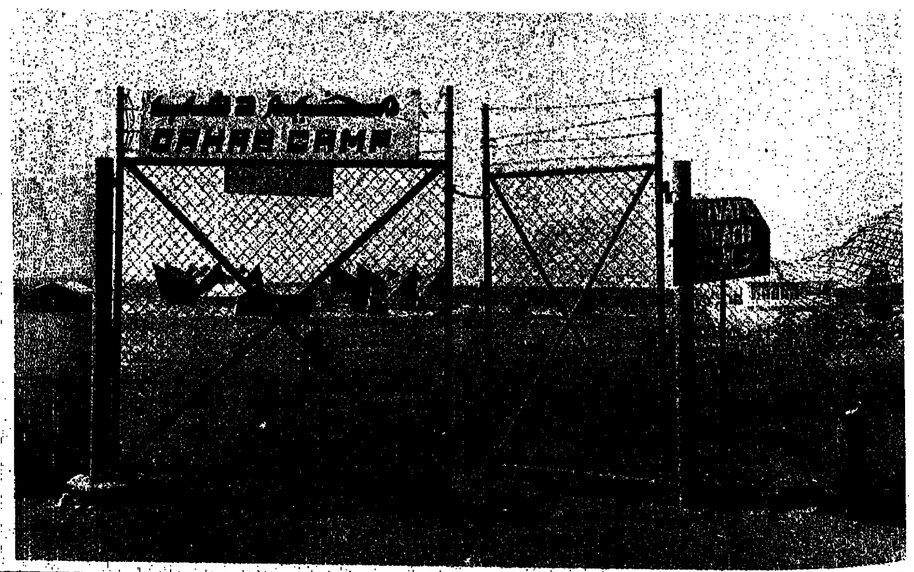
"No one could have predicted this act. No government can prevent accidents like this happening again. This crime was greeted with horror in Egypt. I hope that soon we can overcome the trauma of this incident and return to being human beings together."

Meanwhile, the bus flashes past the Ras Burka beach: we catch a glimpse of empty sands, and the

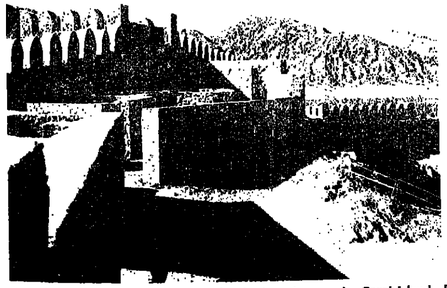
Hebrew-speaking Beduin at the foot of Mount Sinai (above left). *'Let's be brothers – even brothers have problems' – Consul-general Hassan Issa* (above right).



Sharm e-Sheikh town (above left). *Israel's Taba checkpoint* (above right). *Entrance sign to Dahab beach has unpleasant connotations* (below).



'Send me some Tnuva milk' – Santa Katarina priest (top left). (Above) *On the deserted road to Santa. Living quarters of Santa village* (above right).



Reproduction Crusader castle, completed this spring, on the Coral Island. Egyptian-Israeli get-together on the beach at Sharm e-Sheikh.

dunes down which our children slid. *Hof Hayerushalmi* it was called, and, year after year, the same families packed their bags and tents to spend idyllic Succot days on the shore.

We ask Vered to stop the bus, for a closer look. He refuses – on the way back, he promises. Silently, we continue our trip towards Nueiba.

IN NUEIBA, we swing past the deserted moshav, to stay at the brand new Sayadia Beach Hotel, where sparkling clean bungalows front the beach, and hot and cold salty water springs from the showers.

We make a concerted dash for the beach trying to splash the doubts and tensions of the day from our thoughts.

At night, the tour organizers have scheduled a press conference. Tired and emotionally exhausted, we assemble in the dark beside the pool. Perhaps more emotionally involved than any of us, Vered begins a plea to Hassan Issa for greater understanding of the Israelis' pain.

Issa responds in kind: Try to see us as we really are. Try to explain to your readers that the goal is to consolidate the peace...

But the journalists won't be put off so lightly. What does he mean when he promises that Sinai is now "safe" for Israelis? Would the Egyptians allow Israeli ambulances in through Taba, in the case of a car accident?

Issa: Would the Israelis allow an Egyptian ambulance team into their country if an Egyptian was involved in a car accident? He is clearly affronted.

But if the Egyptians needed help after a major accident, would they allow the Israelis to provide it?

"We will not hesitate to ask *anyone* for help if necessary – we have no inhibitions about this." Issa replies.

What is the possibility of seeing Egyptian tourists in Israel?

"Yes, there are restrictions upon Egyptians travelling to Israel," Issa admits. "But there are restrictions upon Israelis travelling to Egypt too – such as those your army imposes." (Israelis serving in the regular army or in the reserves have to get a letter of permission before travelling abroad.)

What of insurance for Israelis who want to take their cars into southern Sinai? "We have an insurance company at Taba, which provides insurance for seven days, at $1 a day."

What of the Israeli yachts which have been turned back *en route* to Coral Island?

Issa is indignant: "In most cases, I see the Israeli boatowner cannot accept being stopped from going where he was used to going for the past 10 years." He tells the story of one Israeli yachtsman who "kidnapped" the Egyptian policeman who attempted to stop him continuing on to the island.

As we return to our bungalows, we realize that what Issa says is true: we cannot accept that all this is no longer ours.

BACK in the bus, the following morning, travel operator Mahmoud Abdoul Maati tells us that from November, his company will have a permanent office in Eilat to deal with groups and individuals who want to visit the southern Sinai. Visas, bus tours, car insurance and hotel bookings, can be arranged from his office, and if a family or a group makes a booking at the hotels, there will be a representative waiting for them at the Taba border to help with the red tape.

There are no restrictions upon Israeli families wanting to go camping, he explains. They can, if they wish, eat their meals at hotels, where a full meal costs about $7, and a fish meal only $4. For those who want hotels, bed and breakfast for two in Dahab is about $25 for a couple in a double room. In Nueiba and Sharm, it can reach $40 or $50 in the summer high season.

Among the party are Prof. Gabriel Warburg and his wife Rachel, who run the Israeli Academic Centre in Cairo. Founded five years ago, as part of the Egyptian-Israeli cultural agreement, it serves both Israeli academics in Egypt and Egyptian students who need help in their Hebrew studies.

About 1,000 Egyptian students have chosen – or rather, have been told – to study Hebrew, Warburg tells us. The emphasis is upon language and literature, and there are three students were who are in stages of completing their doctoral theses on Amos Oz.

"The peace agreement is only a piece of paper. It is up to us to fill it with content," Warburg says.

Even during the emotional days after Succot last year, the centre was still full of Egyptian students, he adds. His hope is that the promised Egyptian cultural centre will at long last be established in Israel. Promised as part of the peace agreement, it was about to be set up last year only to be halted by the massacre. He has high hopes that this week's talks will get the project moving again.

IN SHARM, we pass the familiar buildings, and take refuge from the heat beneath the Israeli-built sun shades on the beach.

In the water, Israel TV's Robert Dassa (who spent 14 years in an Egyptian prison) gets into an animated conversation with a group of visiting Egyptian students.

What do they discuss? Ras Burka, Ras Burka.

Do you know what happened, he asks them.

Of course, they answer. The man must have been mad. But he paid the price... he was killed, to keep the Israelis quiet.

Dassa: But he hanged himself.

Students: No, we don't believe that.

Dassa: Do you think the punishment was fair?

Students: If he was mad, then no punishment should have been given him. But if he was sane, then the punishment was right.

In Sharm, after swimming, the nine-year-old daughter of Matti attaches herself to me. Help me do my hair, she asks. I willingly comply. Help me with my clothes. I help her. Put my socks on for me, she says. Now my shoes.

Can't you tie your own laces? I ask.

No, she says. Someone always does it for me.

For the well-brought-up daughter of a well-to-do Egyptian family, not being able to do up your own laces is a sign of affluence.

THROUGHOUT the long afternoon, we travel through the unbelievable mountain territory towards Santa Katarina. The lunar landscape is as harsh and unforgiving as it was while in Israeli hands, unchanged by mere human conquerors.

At dusk, we come to Santa, where the Egyptians have built a truly attractive bungalow hotel of grey rock, seemingly hewn straight out of the mountain. Dedicated by Mubarak earlier this year, it is managed by the 26-year-old grandson of Mustapha Khalil. Although the bungalows themselves are not expensive, for tourists with empty purses there are some rudimentary rooms to be had for $3:50 a night.

And, of course, the night itself is short: at 2 a.m., we are awoken, provided with coffee and a boxed breakfast, and start the climb up to the top of Mount Sinai.

In total darkness, the group stumbles up the first part of the mountain. As dim light begins to appear over the mountain tops, the climb gets steeper and our breath more ragged. The last, almost vertical, steps to the mountain peak seem endless: even Halid, our tour guide, is silent.

How often does he do this climb, I ask him. In high season, three times a week, he answers, and laughs at the amazement on my face.

As pink dawn touches the surrounding peaks, we reach the top, to be met by a grey-faced and shivering bunch of Egyptians, who have spent the night in icy winds and total darkness, without even a sweater between them.

As we stand, transfixed, at the top, watching the sun slowly rise over the further peaks, I realize that...if there was ever a place for forgiveness, it is here.

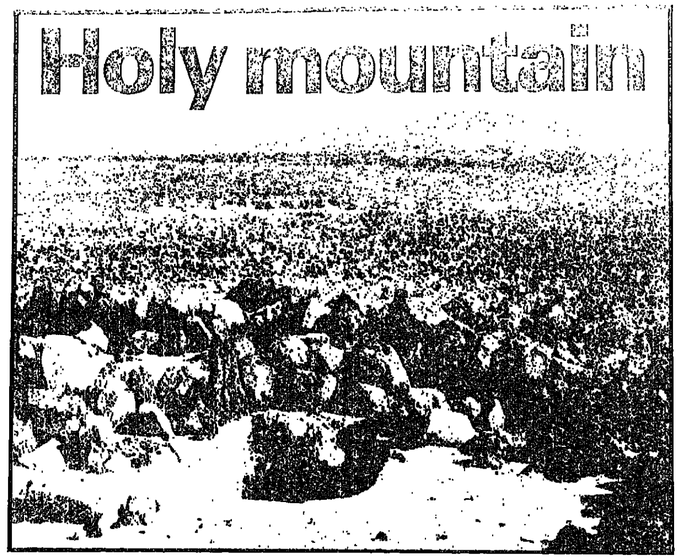
We stagger down the 3,400 steps, sweating as the heat of the morning sun increases.

At the bottom, we barely can keep our eyes open enough to see the icons and skulls of the Greek Orthodox monastery, founded in 342 CE, where the priest in charge receives a present of Israeli honey, and, asks, in earnest, for a gift of "Tnuva milk" next time (virtually no fresh milk is to be had throughout the southern Sinai). And please send me a copy of *The Jerusalem Post*, he adds.

In the bus for the long journey back to Israel, conversation is desultory. Interest focuses upon the ongoing romance between one of the Egyptians and an Israeli. If there are some uneasy glances, it is not because of a relationship between Arab and Jew, but more because both are of the same sex.

We reach Jerusalem at 12.45 on Saturday morning, still with the sand and salt of Nueiba in our hair. □

Holy mountain



THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN that Emanuel Anati stumbled onto in the desert 33 years ago has yielded clues to its character in astonishing profusion but the direction they point to is an ever greater mystery.

Anati was a 22-year-old archeological student at Hebrew University working on a thesis on the central Negev when he was offered a lift in a jeep to Paran in the Arava in 1953. With two canteens of water, he set out alone westward up Wadi Paran, intending to survey the country as he made his way through the bleak desert to the Ramon Crater.

On the second day of his arduous trek, he lost his bearings and climbed a mountain to see whether he could make out the crater, or else greenery that might indicate a water source.

Mount Carcom in the Negev has been a paramount site of worship and pilgrimage for over 1,000 years. But is it Mount Sinai? The Post's Abraham Rabinovich reports on current archeological research.

Reaching the top, he found himself on a plateau four kilometres long and one kilometre wide. Halfway across it, he rested in a small depression and noticed markings on some of the stones around him that looked almost like pictures of humans. The exhausted young man looked closer and saw that he was not hallucinating. Sometime, plainly in antiquity, men had climbed this barren mountain and cut these pictures into the stone.

Spying a nearby spring from the edge of the mountain, he descended to drink the fetid water. He spent the night beside the spring, sharing the oasis with antelope and other desert wildlife coming to drink.

Several months later, he found his way back with a small party from Sde Boker that included a geographer and discovered two other groupings of rock art indicating some kind of cultic worship. In 1954, Anati published an article on his finds in the Palestine Exploration Quarterly.

He subsequently returned to his native Italy to become director of the Centre for Prehistoric Studies at Brescia but his thoughts frequently returned to the Negev mountain. It was obviously a holy mountain to ancient man and its location in the middle of the desert puzzled him. It was a full day's march off the main caravan route between the Mediterranean and Gulf of Eilat, far from substantial water sources, but it had evidently been the project of pilgrimage in antiquity.

It would be more than 20 years before Anati had an opportunity to seek it out again. Coming to Israel in 1975 on behalf of his institute for work in the Negev, he drove by jeep westward from Paran one day in an attempt to find the mountain but could not retrace the steps of his youth.

In 1978, he returned to Israel to do a survey of the Arava and decided to try again. Accompanied by three assistants, he climbed two mountains west of Paran and found them unfamiliar. When he reached the top of a third, he recognized the plateau he had first seen in 1953. Maps designated it as Mount Carcom. The Bedouin knew it as *Jebel Idcid* – Mount of Holy Days. He would return regularly over the coming years with archeological teams to survey the mountain and the surrounding area. By 1982 he had identified 26 archeological sites dating as far back as 3,000 BCE.

A small excavation at the foot of Mount Carcom (top). Rock drawings showing figures, on the winding path up the mountain. (Liora Moriel)

THE MOUNTAIN was rich with flint, precious to Stone Age man as raw material for tools. Many flint workshops could be identified. The steep mountain was scaled by two paths – one consisting of steps cut into the rock and the other a winding snake path lined on both sides by rock drawings. Some figures were depicted with hands raised, evidently in prayer. Symbols like slashed lines were sometimes carved into the rock near the figures but there was no writing. Anati came to view this as a pilgrimage path.

On the plateau was an incredibly rich collection of rock art, ritual stone circles, graves and other man-made features. At the edge of the plateau above the steep eastern face was a 1.5 metre-high pillar surrounded by a circle of stones. The site of the shrine offered a spectacular view of the nearby mountains.

In 1983, Anati publicly suggested the possibility that Mount Carcom, a mountain already holy some 2,000 years before Moses, might be the biblical Mount Sinai. A major hitch to that theory was the lack of evidence of remains that could be dated to the period of the Exodus, the 13th century BCE.

Anati, who has continued returning to the mountain every year, has just published a summary of his team's exploration to date. In an area of 160 square kilometres around the mountain – an area in which virtually no archeological sites were known until six years ago – more than 500 sites have now been identified.

Numerous villages from the third millenium BCE were located in the valleys surrounding the mountain although no habitation was found atop the mountain itself. Three different types of settlements were identified, apparently housing populations with differing social and economic structures although roughly contemporary in time. One was small clustered villages with threshing courtyards and other elements of an agricultural character. A second type appeared communal in character, with one or two large enclosures for livestock serving the entire settlement. The third kind, consisting of rooms built around courtyards, seemed to have served a nomadic tribal population with a strong patriarchal organization. In the centre of such settlements was an especially large courtyard complex, apparently serving the tribal leader.

"Is it possible to relate these different patterns of settlements to specific peoples mentioned by Egyptian sources or by the Bible?" asks Anati. "Some suggestions do not seem impossible but we would rather postpone them until a more advanced stage of research."

ANATI sees the mountain as having been "a paramount site of worship and pilgrimage" for more than 1,000 years. In the unique concentration of rock art assemblages atop the plateau, Anati's team has counted more than 35,000 figures as well as many altar-like structures.

At several of the rock art sites there was evidence of large fires as if there had been performances or services employing fire and art. The size of the burnt area sometimes measures 20 metres in diameter and discoloured rocks testify to the fires, intensity. "The plateau appears to be literally covered by traces of human performances, the meaning and function of which still requires further analysis," says Anati.

Some rock art sites consist of circles of engraved stones. Sometimes figures were carved into standing pillars. Collections of "peculiar stones" were found in more than 10 locations on the plateau – natural stones resembling human or animal figures deliberately assembled in one spot.

The mountain ceased being a religious centre somewhere around 1,800 BCE. No sign of human presence has been found in the area between that period and the ninth century BCE to which a single settlement has so far been dated. More pronounced signs of resettlement can be attributed to later centuries including the Roman, Nabatean and early Moslem periods. But the area had lost its holiness and cultural tradition. The largest settlement of all, a village with 108 houses aligned in neat rows and guarded by watch posts on the surrounding hills, dates to the fourth century BCE. "This is about the time of Alexander the Great," says Anati. "A period of exploration, conquests and military expeditions. This may well have been a military installation and it probably had a rather short duration."

The team, which includes members of the Archeological Survey of Israel, this year climbed a peak south of Mount Carcom and found four monumental platforms skilfully constructed from large unworked stones. Measuring up to 10 metres in diameter they had served as burning platforms, the stones in some places seeming to have been formed into a concrete-like layer by the intensity of the heat.

Virtually no bones have been found in the area, making it unlikely that they served as funerary pyres. Fires from the peak, which dominates the Paran Desert, could have been seen as far as 60 km. away. Anati says that colleagues have suggested a connection to the biblical passage. "...And Mount Sinai was altogether in smoke because the Lord descended upon it in fire. And the smoke thereof descended as the smoke of a furnace and the whole mount quaked greatly.." Anati notes however that this does not fit in with his theory about Mount Carcom being Mount Sinai since Carcom itself is three km. away.

ONE OF the most intriguing finds this year has been a score of sites surrounding Mount Carcom at a distance of two to three km. from its foot. Called by Anati "plaza sites," they consist of stone-built structures forming a circle around a central plaza. The sites themselves form a circle around the mountain and lie along the main trails leading to it. All are easily accessible and are located on slopes where they can be seen from plaza sites in each direction. There is no water source near any of them. Five of the 20 sites consist of double plazas, two abutting circular compounds.

Soundings have failed to find any connection of the sites to burials. The notion that they might have served as guard posts does not seem reasonable in view of their lack of fortification.

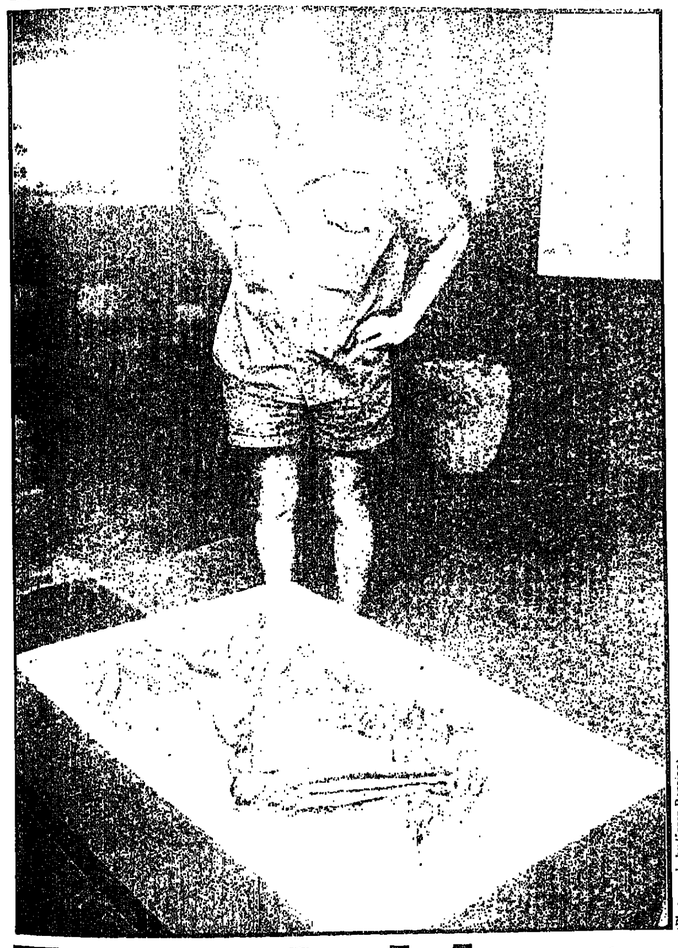
There were suggestions that they might have served as holy "bounds," such as those round Mount Sinai which the Israelites were forbidden to cross. Anati notes, however, that several settlements contemporary with the plaza sites were found at the foot of the mountain, inside the line of the plaza sites.

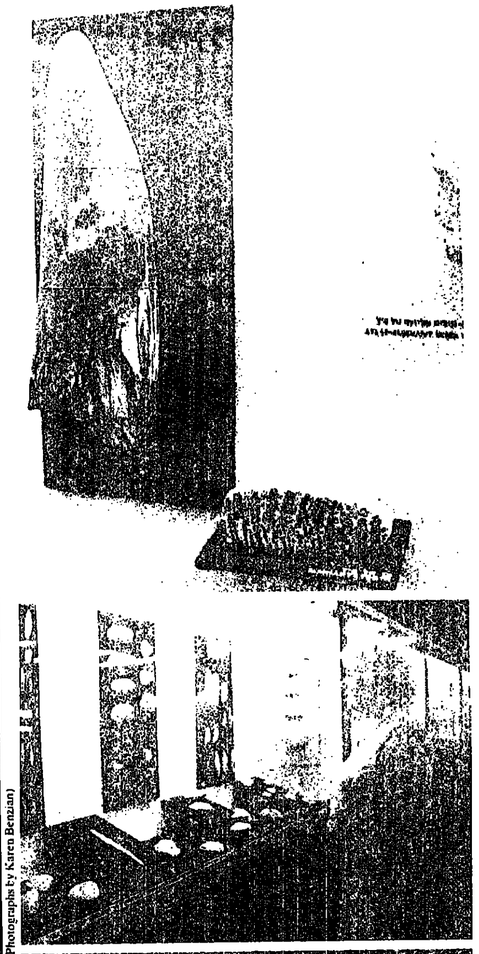
Although these sites included living quarters, says Anati, most of the structures were non-residential, including silos and workshops. Some had flint workshops with beautifully made and apparently never-used tools. Anati speculates that tools may have been both made and sold there.

"One gathers the impression," he says, "that the plaza sites may have been commercial places." But why such large market facilities – some of them almost the diameter of a football field – surrounding a mountain in the middle of the desert? Anati suggests the notion of "a prehistoric Lourdes" where incense, holy water or other elements for worship were sold to masses of pilgrims making their way to the Holy Mountain from near and far. "The idea," he says, "is still to be proven. There may be further surprises to come."

Although these sites date hundreds of years before the Israelite Exodus from Egypt, the notion of Stone Age supermarkets or souvenir shops with enterprising merchants peddling holy water and, who knows, flint souvenirs at a foot of a mountain on the Sinai border may change our image of those 40 years of lonely wandering in the desert. □

Edward Grossman visits a museum which is 'A labour of love.'





(Photographs by Karen Benzian)

Found objects

MANY DIFFERENT people have lived in this country at many different times. Scrape the ground, and you'll find their bones and handiwork – coins, pottery, fabric, tools, houses, weapons. The scraping and scratching and digging, the sifting and sorting and collecting of this debris, has been proceeding on a more or less free-for-all basis during the entire short history of the current Jewish state, according to the 1986 Comptroller's Report. One of the results not mentioned in the report is the pleasant archeological museum at Kibbutz Mayan Baruch.

The museum is one man's labour of love. Amnon Assaf began the collection in 1946, when he was told to go out to plant beans in the field of the new settlement and found the remains of some 20,000-year-old hand axes. Some of the more handsome of these now form part of an exhibit tracing the history and prehistory of human habitation in the narrow valley between the hills of Lebanon and the mountains of Syria.

The objects are presented attractively and arranged clearly and intelligently, so that even someone who isn't crazy about archeology may enjoy a visit. There are Byzantine statuettes and vases, Roman coins, skulls reconstructed from fragments, and several Bronze Age jars rare enough for the Antiquities Division of the Education and Culture Ministry to have claimed most of them when they were dug up by Assaf and his team of kibbutzniks 30 years ago.

THE PRIZE exhibit is a 12,000-year-old burial site from Ayan, an excavation south of Mayan Baruch. Three complete skeletons, just as they were found, have been carefully transferred to lie at your feet in a glass case. There's an infant with a bracelet on its arm, an adult curled up like a fetus, and next to them, the skeleton of a puppy. Explaining the significance, Assaf will tell you, "This is the earliest known evidence of community between man and dog."

Assaf, whose job on the kibbutz is to be a driver and all-round handyman, is self-taught. He corresponds with professional archeologists and anthropologists; he has participated in digs in Iran, Turkey and Cyprus. This year he is the head of the Israeli Prehistoric Society, a group of serious dilettantes.

It was a good idea also for him to exhibit the tusks and teeth of a prehistoric elephant from the Galilee which weighed between 30 and 50 tons alongside some delicate, tiny flint arrowheads and knives. Our ancestors were perhaps even braver and more cunning than we are.

Mayan Baruch is 10 minutes by car from Kiryat Shmona. The entrance fee to the museum, which also buys you a lecture from Assaf, is NIS 1.40 – no more, as he points out, than the price of a *felafel*. It is open seven days a week, from 9 a.m. until noon. □

هكذا من الأصل

A German heritage

Meir Ronnen

KAETE EPHRAIM-MARCUS (1892-1970) can still surprise us: this latest memorial show is full of previously unseen works, all of them imbued with a genuine artistic spirit and the atmosphere of the times (notably the mid-twenties in Paris, expressed in cafe scenes).

They are mostly wash drawings, but there are also several intense, very German oils.

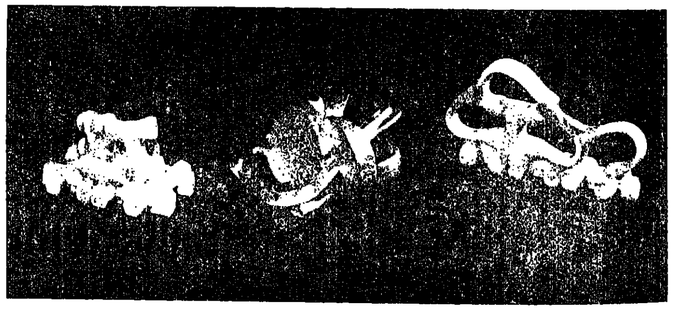
Marcus was born in Breslau and studied at Karlsruhe with Hans Thoma and later with Lovis Corinth and Max Beckmann, and she was later in contact with Kaethe Kollwitz, as can be seen in her brooding bronzes of seated women. She first came here in 1925 and again in 1932 and settled here for good in 1934. She exhibited here with Jonas, also a pupil of Corinth; their work shows many similarities, in both colour and choice of subject. She was an accomplished portraitist. Two fine examples in oils are on view, one compelling limited-pallete study of young Gertrude Kraus, then at the height of her career as a dancer; the other of the Japanese painter Foujita, then a pillar of the Paris *boheme*. There are also two very fine charcoal drawings of Foujita, the one in profile marvellously brought off and a splendid likeness. (I met Foujita in Tokyo after the war, when he ended his long exile but did not seem too happy about it, by then he had become a purveyor of lithographs of pretty girls holding his famous cats).

The most attractive and least interesting of Kaete's work were her dance sculptures of figures with hoops many of which are on view. But one of the most rewarding works is a watercolour of a bridge over the Seine, rendered with her usual direct ability to transmute one reality into another with great economy of means and grasp of essential forms.

Marcus remained a humanist and a European. Nearly two decades on, she looks better than ever. (Nora Gallery, 9 Ben-Maimon, J'lem). Till Oct. 4.

Kaete Ephraim-Marcus: "Paris Cafe," oils, 1926; and at right, a brooding bronze of a seated woman, influenced by Kollwitz (Nora Gallery, Jerusalem).

Osias Hofstetter: "The Clown Ambroglio," oils, 1986 (Ella Gallery, Yemin Moshe).



Ruth Horam: from her "Improvisations in Clay" (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem).

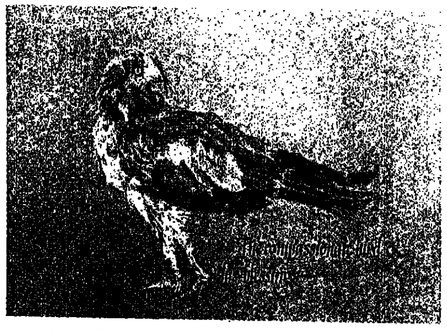
"CALLIGRAPHY 86" is the last show at the Jerusalem Theatre Gallery for New Artists (which did not always show true newcomers to Israel or the profession). The gallery will, however, survive in another form. It intends to organize two large group shows a year for newcomers, with the larger works being displayed throughout the theatre lobby.

Despite the advent of Letraset and computer graphics, there still seems to be an interest in hand-lettered calligraphy. There is even a local society for both professional and amateur devotees, who are currently exhibiting in the capital. They range from veteran professional graphic artists like Eli Preiss ("Price" at the gallery) to makers of papercuts like Avraham Cohen; veteran painters like Avraham Yachin; and highly skilled illustrator-calligraphers like Malla Carl. The participants include sabras and immigrants from countries as disparate as Australia and Egypt. From the latter hails Yosef Wahba, whose wondrous, decorative strip is in the rich Moslem tradition.

Yael Gelles: photo translation from one of her "Forms in Weaving" (Courtyard Gallery, 16 Tiferet Yisrael, Old City Jewish Quarter, Jerusalem).

Most of the themes are Jewish, either in English or Hebrew; and there is surprisingly little kitsch. Some of the works are micrography and in the form of amulets. The standard throughout is surprisingly high. Participating are Noah Ophir, Izzy Pludwinski, Rosette Weisel, Suri Epstein, Tami Shefa-Chuson, Micha Klugman, Sharon Binder, Shel Bassel, Jane Korman (a skilled miniaturist), Zvi Narkiss, Helka Hartman, Edna Miron and Carl, Yachin, Preiss and Cohen. (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery). Till Sep. 25.

OSIAS HOFSTETTER, the veteran artist and Holocaust survivor well known for his wash drawings of sad, disembodied figures that reflect the misery of the human condition, has now turned to oils. He employs this medium much in the same manner, rendering his familiar living ghosts in thin washes and minimal drawn outlines, freely brushed with much the same textural effects. Colour is used to rather more effect in some new works on paper also on view, some wash, some mixed media; though I have always thought that Hofstetter can say everything he has to say in black and grey. The advantage and difficulty with all of Hofstetter's work is that it is instinctive, rather hit or miss, both in form and composition. The hits are as moving as ever. Hofstetter can also be charming: there is a delightful solution to the brush drawing of a young girl. (Ella Gallery, Tura 1, Yemin Moshe, J'lem). Till Sep. 25.



Malla Carl: "The Compassionate Bird" (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery).

GALIA GAVISH, the Russian-born artist long resident here who also works in architecture, shows "White Shadows", landscapes that are almost the equivalent of blackboard drawings. Gavish this time renders desert landscapes "by day and night" by using light-grey oil pastels on a very dark acrylic spray-textured background. Apart from several near-abstract works of faintly oriental mien, most of the landscapes are less than profound, leaving a general impression of gimmickry. (Fisher Gallery, Mishkenot, Yemin Moshe, J'lem). Till end Sep.

VETERAN PAINTER **Ruth Horam**, who not long ago returned with her diplomat husband from a posting to Finland, shows "Improvisations in Clay", partly the result of having studied ceramics there. Her miniatures, some glazed, others covered with raw bronze paint, are as varied in quality as they are in approach; the display would have looked a lot better if most of the less sculptural painted works had been left out. The nature drawings on free-shape tablets are merely pretty-pretty and could also have been dispensed with. The tiny porcelain pieces, many of them a conglomeration of modular forms, are much better. A few good ideas emerge. Horam should take just a few of the hits and try enlarging them to a size that would force her to deal more carefully with the compositions. A number of etchings by Horam also vary in quality. Some are trite but the little symbolic landscape on the right wall is excellent. (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem). Till end Sep.

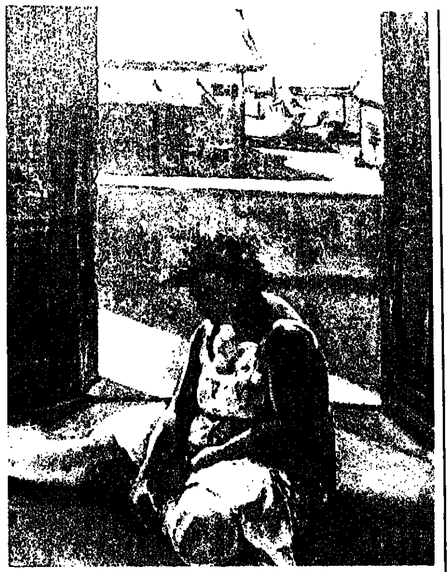
IMMIGRANT ARTISTS from Chile are showing chiefly amateur works at a group show (JCCV, Rehov Emek Refaim, J'lem). Students from the Morasha Community Workshop are showing their efforts (Municipal Gallery, 17 Jaffa, J'lem). Till Sep. 29. □

Bright debut

Gil Goldfine

THE SUN DRENCHED landscapes, still life and several figure paintings that comprise the bulk of **Tzipi Zegla's** canvases for her first one-person show, project several positive qualities that merit praise. To her adequate drawing (from simplified Jaffa warehouses to more complicated anatomical views) Zegla adds a spirited technique of *alla prima* paint application and joins them both in complex compositions; designs solved with clarity and simplicity. Her realistic style, using local-colour, is romanticised in several canvases by the reduction of the palette to monochromatic hues (emulating Picasso's Blue Period in one picture). Zegla has the knack of transforming her subjects into painted surfaces while retaining their real personalities. Straddling the fence between illustration and academic realism, she leans more towards the latter, reminiscent of painters like Raphael Soyer. Generally, however, Zegla's pictures retain a sense of "touchability," a visual feeling that the subject matter is very contemporary, neither old-fashioned not expressively futuristic. But when Zegla does give expressionism a go, her paintings fall apart: colours don't sit side by side nor do the overly charged linear designs coagulate into unified fields.

Zegla's best picture in the exhibit, is of a statuesque woman seated in a sunlit doorway. The controlled drawing and the descriptive surfaces of light and flesh are combined with a delicate, symmetrical balance of subject in space, making it a *tour de force* for a novice. 13½ gallery, 13 Hadolfin, Jaffa). Till Sep. 30.)



Tzipi Zegla: oil painting (13½ Gallery, Jaffa).

KURT HEINBERG is a latter-day action-painter whose flat black-and-white abstractions are correlations of the New York School, mostly Kline and Tworkov. Compositions are obvious, wide bands criss-crossing in the frame's centre and emanating out towards the edges with a bit of force and flurry. Regardless of Heinberg's strokes and slashes the pictures are dull and historically "dusty," with no real surface tension or dynamism. A few woven wall-hangings and rugs are colourless, listless and uninteresting decorative pieces, the antithesis of abstract expressionist thought and practice. (Gallery HaKikar, Kikar Kedumim, Old Jaffa). Till Sep. 30.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER **Zecharia Sade** documents an old people's home with stark, frontal views of the aged in a spartan institution. Sade is not a slick craftsman, for his photos are often muddy, unclear and lack good technical surfaces, yet his ability to capture the emotional atmosphere of the place and its activities turns the series (shot over a six-year period) into a humanist photo essay. Portraits of solitude and loneliness contain little humour but quips of pathos (bearded old man in party hat and lady with mismatched socks). Sade is not interested in colouring their condition but pounds away, frame after frame, at truth. (Kibbutz Art Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv). Till Sep. 30.

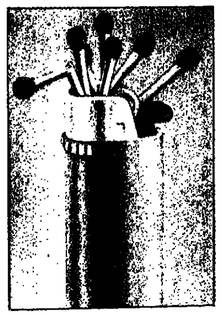
Hadassah Shlagman, paintings (Antea Gallery, 27 Shenkin, Tel Aviv). Till Sep. 18. □

New look

Angela Levine

AMIR SHARON'S paintings, cool, ordered and object-orientated, made during a seven year study-cum-work period in Germany, surface this week on the local art scene like a breath of fresh air. Sharon (born Haifa 1957) studied in Dusseldorf between 1979-84 under three formidable German mentors: Joseph Beuys (who died last year), Gunter Uecker and Konrad Klapheck – the latter being the first German artist to rebel against Abstract Expressionism in the '50s, by reproducing with sober precision, the exact forms of an old-fashioned typewriter.

Taking off from this sound academic springboard which taught him new ways of organizing and perceiving objects, Sharon has since crystallized his own personal artistic language, albeit one clearly associated with the Surrealist object, Pop imagery and advertising techniques.



Amir Sharon: "The Indian Chief" (Goldman's Gallery, Haifa).

Sharon takes as his models banal objects of everyday use: cigarette packets, lighters, eggs, tools, shoes and tennis-balls. These he first sketches in pastels and later in oils, depicting them with realistic, almost *trompe l'oeil* effects. He then proceeds to alter or violate their customary appearance through the addition of painted props, or by cutting, binding or piercing their surfaces. New images and associations result, emphasized by the humorous titles to each picture. Thus a rolled tube of toothpaste is now a "snail"; a matchbox spiked with pink-tipped matches becomes a "hedgehog"; and a pair of adjustable pliers, bound with a scarf, its jaws prised open, takes on the aspect of a menacing wolf in "Red-riding Hood." As with Man Ray's flat-iron with nails projecting from its sole and Meret Oppenheim's fur-covered tea-cup and saucer, Sharon's objects have abandoned their practical functions. The viewer is forced to reconsider preconceived notions, not only about the appearance and use of familiar articles, but also their permanence and reality in the everyday world. (Goldman's Gallery, 938 Hanassi Ave., Haifa). Till Oct. 10.

AN EXHIBITION of the ancient art of Sardinia, shown at the Tel Aviv Museum in September 1984, is now on display in Haifa. The majority of the exhibits, more than 100 artifacts, were fashioned between 1700-500 B.C.E. They include highly stylized figurine-idols, bronzes and clay pottery representing warriors and animals; and flat sailing boats in the shape of oil lamps. The exhibition is on loan from the private collection of Dr. Elie Borowicki of Toronto. (Maritime Museum, 198 Derech Allenby, Haifa). Till next March. □

Last resort

The reception desk at the Hotel Israel. A thin blanket of dust covers the registration book. Lacy cobwebs frill the cash register. A tumbleweed bounces through the lobby. A sagging yellowed banner reads "American and European tourists welcome."

One night, half bored, the manager has an idea.

"Aha!" he says, having an idea. "We could fill the hotel with ... Israelis! Yes, Israelis! We'll increase bookings 25 per cent; July and August will be record months for locally booked rooms! They're trapped in the country because of the travel tax, but they have to vacation *somewhere* – they can come here! I'll get the place in shape, drop prices, put an ad in the paper, and we'll be serving soup and schnitzel to Israelis – by the thousands! They'll have a wonderful time!" And sure enough, they came from near and narrow, replacing tourists who aren't flocking to Israel from far and wide. The Hotel Israel was saved.

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A touch of class

TO LINK such a kindly soul as Frances Donaldson with the evils of class that have bedevilled British society seems at first sight gratuitously unfair. But the connection is not as far-fetched as it seems, especially when her book is read in tandem with *All Our Working Lives*. Donaldson, daughter of the little-remembered but once so highly successful playwright Frederick Lonsdale, grew up believing that she and her unabashedly philistine, middle-class family belonged "among the higher types of humanity. This gave us a secure sense of superiority..."

Leaving school at 17, with nothing more useful than a scanty knowledge of shorthand acquired by insisting that she did not want to be confirmed into the Church of England and would prefer to learn shorthand rather than catechism, she benefitted from her father's connections to get a post as secretary to Labour's first attorney-general, Sir Patrick Hastings. The minimal typing needed was done by her father's secretary and Donaldson remained blissfully unaware that, little though the pay was, it would have meant the difference between deprivation and relative comfort to the out-of-work niece of Hasting's clerk.

But her real life was in the giddy, mindless whirl of the night-clubs and cafes depicted so vivally in Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat*, "a pushing and competitive society in which the old rules were being broken and new ones scarcely formulated."

There is, predictably, much about horses, dogs, hunting and house parties, travel abroad with father, touring with a theatre company in the grimy provinces, and life as a secretary – personal, of course – to the boss of a large manufacturing firm.

Here, in her mid-twenties and with a failed marriage behind her (a sinister chapter this), Donaldson had her first contact with working-class women. Having long enjoyed an allowance of £250 a year from her father, Donaldson was shocked to find that typists in her office in the late 1920s earned only 25 shillings a week and that their diet consisted principally of buns and tea.

CHILD OF THE TWENTIES by Frances Donaldson. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 202 pp. £4.95.

ALL OUR WORKING LIVES by Peter Pagnamenta and Richard Overy. London British Broadcasting Corporation. £10.75.

Dvora Getzler

Of the many statesmen and politicians she knew, she writes, "They were immune to outside opinion", it was "tiresome or ridiculous..." "they still believed implicitly in the prerogative, the duty of their class to run the country."

Campaigning during the elections showed her the helpless apathy of the downtrodden, who believed that "the Conservatives...are the people with the money. They must know best how to look after it," and who voted accordingly.

Donaldson eventually married a young, upper class socialist and became involved with him in the Pioneer Health Centre in Peckham, and, generally, in intellectual, left-wing politics. But her life of privilege continued. Their home was built for them by Walter Gropius, of Bauhaus fame, and employing servants continued to be a natural part of her life.

In the late 1930s she and her husband Jack played their part in helping Jewish refugees – to the point of taking into their home the elderly Dr. and Mrs. Mandelbaum, the doctor having been an early concentration camp inmate. That symbiosis failed because, so Donaldson writes, the Mandelbaums could not, no matter how politely urged, abandon the habit of shaking hands each morning at breakfast!

Donaldson's is a charming, discursive book. She has a finely-tuned ear for the nuances of England's complicated class structure – but while she laughs at it intellectually, there remains – at some gut level – an almost frightening acceptance and admiration of the upper classes and their right to leadership. This, one could argue, may well still lie at the root of the "English disease."

BBC TELEVISION's close-up of that "disease" – in 1984, when unemployment was officially put at over three million – was poignantly entitled *All Our Working Lives*. Pagnamenta and Overy's book of the TV series is packed with fine, well-selected cartoons, posters and photographs, many conjuring up the horrendous working conditions that survived in Britain well into the 20th century.

Assigning a chapter to each of the 10 major areas of manufacturing and economic life, and weaving together the author's analysis and their interviews with some 300 workers and managers, is a technique perhaps better suited to television than to a book, where it tends to numb the reader's interest. But the overall effect is devastating.

Time and again, lay-offs and fear are the result of management's failure to seize on, develop and invest in new techniques, and to communicate with the workers. The unions then dig in, and when management's response comes - invariably too late - the labour relations climate is unfavourable to rationalization and change. Then the depressing cycle begins again.

The interviews, almost all of which are confrontational, echo this theme, and, except in war time, management and workers have little good to say of each other. This mutual distrust, stemming from the grummer aspects of Victorian industrial expansion, shows all to little sign of being broken by today's government of foxy radicalism.

The managers, and particularly those recently brought in from abroad, are often harshly critical of the public-school-educated senior civil servants who advise government. Such men, they say, are unfitted to cope with technological problems and with the key questions of rapid adaptation and aggressive salesmanship. But Britain's continuing and even more crippling failure to provide enough vocational and trade schools of a satisfying standard is almost universally ignored by the interviewees, though it is noted by the authors.

Pagnamenta and Overy have laboured hard at even-handedness, but the overwhelming evidence leads them to conclude that while many of British industry's organizational and technical weaknesses are being cured, the political and human problems remain far more intractable.

The lack of a bi-partisan political approach – again particularly deplored by "imported" managers – creates confusion and militates against even the most cautious attempts to emulate foreign competitors, increase cooperation and break down barriers between management and the shop floor.

"Unless these gulfs are bridged," the authors insist, "all the arguments about monetarism, or an alternative economic strategy, may prove to have been irrelevant." □

Murder most foul

TERRORISM: How the West Can Win edited by Benjamin Netanyahu. New York, Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 254 pp. $18.95.

Peter David Hornik

IF I take a bus into town for some casual errand, I have to remind myself to glance over the seats and floor for something that might explode. If I am planning a trip to somewhere outside the country, I have to think carefully about what airline to take and what airports to land in.

"We are by now almost resigned to attacks on airline offices, seizure of embassies, hijacking of airplanes, bombing of government buildings, assassination of political leaders, machine-gunning of children," writes Benjamin Netanyahu in the title essay of this volume. The abnormal has become the normal.

I came to political consciousness in the early Seventies, and I can still recall – at a few removes - the utter amazement and horror I felt at the actions of the PLO and other terrorist groups. These days I am not so easily shocked. And yet, as several of the contributors to this volume point out, world terrorism seems to be aware of this dnager of its exploits becoming taken for granted; and has lately upped the sensationalism a little (the American soldier thrown out of the TWA plane, the Klinghoffer incident) just to keep the ratings high.

This book is based on an international conference of the Jonathan Institute (a private research foundation named after Yoni Netanyahu), held in Washington in June 1984. The participants included not only leading intellectuals and journalists but major political figures such as George Shultz, Alan Cranston, Jack Kemp and Yitzhak Rabin; and the conference was not just an academic affair but an evident attempt to mobilize Western determination to fight terrorism.

SEVERAL of the more analytical essays are gems of clear thinking on the subject. Ben-Zion Netanyahu (Sr.) argues powerfully that a terrorist cannot possibly be a freedom fighter, since no one with a genuine concern for human freedom can be capable of terrorist acts (defined in this volume as "the deliberate and systematic murder, maiming, and menacing of the innocent to inspire fear for political ends"). Bernard Lewis, Elie Kedourie, and P.J. Vatikiotis each consider separately why there is so much Islamic and especially Arab terrorism, and all find a source in Islam's tendency to equate the political and the religious – "the enemy... is God's enemy," as Lewis puts it.

A section on the international dimension of terrorism focuses on the central role played by the Soviet Union and the PLO: it has informative pieces by Michael Ledeen and Jillian Becker. In a section on terrorism and the media, the strongest essay is by John O'Sullivan, who asserts, in connection with the recent spate of televised interviews with terrorists: "The blunt truth is that a terrorist is an advocate of murder and that the advocacy of murder is, or should be, beyond the acceptable boundaries of public discussion."

PLANS for concerted action by the West are proposed by Rabin, Moshe Arens, Paul Laxalt and others. Most outstanding is, again, Benjamin Netanyahu's title essay (a version of which was recently featured in *Time Magazine*), which draws together the major themes of the conference for a definitive statement on what terrorism is and what can be done about it.

Two years after this conference was held, with some grisly terrorist murders in between, the United States finally struck back forcefully against Libya. The reaction of West European governments and the public was, on the whole, not encouraging; the subsequent talks among, Western leaders in Tokyo, in which arrangements for cooperation against terrorism were reportedly hammered out, may augur better. If things do improve, the role of Israel and Israelis in exposing terrorism and mustering the will to fight it is surely something to be proud of. □

Good fight

SMART WOMEN by Judy Blume. London, Sphere Books. 280 pp. £3.75.

THE WARNING BELL by Lynne Reid Banks. London, Hamish Hamilton. 344 pp. £8.95.

Michelle Cameron

JUDY BLUME'S *Smart Women*, is a down-to-earth novel about two divorced women fighting over the same man. There is one suspenseful moment in the Jazzercise shower rooms, when the reader is certain one of the women is going to emerge with bruises. But there aren't many such honest confrontations. *Smart Women* concerns itself mostly with the confused feelings of divorced couples and their children, all trying to find some form of emotional balance in a world turned upside-down by new realities.

Judy Blume focuses her novel on two such families suddenly joined by love. Andrew Broder moves into town to be closer to his estranged daughter. Margo lives next door with her two children, and is friendly with Andrew's ex-wife. The friendship is ripped apart by Andrew and Margo's affair. Both sets of children are upset and unsure of the new relationship. Andrew's ex-wife, already emotionally insecure, breaks down completely under the strain.

The real-life tenor of this novel makes Judy Blume's immense popularity – particularly among her devoted teen audience – very understandable. The immediacy of her characters' problems, the imperfect and extremely human way in which the characters handle these problems, make it easy for the reader to project himself into the book's conflicts. Judy Blume's adolescents in particular shine with an inner reality. Margo's daughter, Michelle, is a case in point. Hurt deeply by her parents' divorce, uncertain of her loyalties and unhappy by her mother's search for love, she lashes out at Margo. Margo's reaction is suffused with resentment.

LYNNE REID BANK'S *The Warning Bell* is a lyrical and intriguing novel. Her heroine Maggie progresses through a repressed childhood, a guilty but exhilarating period in acting school, a stupefying marriage in Africa, and a career as a television reporter.

Maggie's triangular affair comes at the very end of the novel. After a long, satisfying but lonely life, the Maggie who had given up on love for herself falls irretrievably in love with her best friend's lover. The struggle between them is brief but poisons their friendship. Yet Maggie's ecstatic marriage makes up – in part – for the loss of her friend.

The Warning Bell is another skillful and enjoyable novel by an author well-known for *The L-Shaped Room*. □

Transcending history

AGAINST THE APOCALYPSE: Responses to Catastrophe in Modern Jewish Culture by David G. Roskies. Harvard University Press. 374 pp. $9.95.

Jeffrey M. Green

WHEN FIRST published in 1984 this book was excellently received and won the prestigious Phi Beta Kapa Ralph Waldo Emerson Award. Now it has been issued in paperback. The author, a professor of Yiddish and Hebrew literature at the Jewish Theological Seminary, succeeds in combining impressive and wide-ranging erudition with deep personal concern, thus making it an academic work only in the positive sense of that term: well-researched, well-organized, intelligently written, and highly informative. It is, however, much more lively and creative than most academic writing.

Roskies' title and substitle are telling. He advocates a view of Jewish culture *against the apocalypse*. He shows how, rather than being oriented towards the End of Days, the ultimate bottom line where everything will appear in its true measure, Judaism has traditionally rejected – and must continue to reject – that perspective, rebounding from even the most hideous catastrophes. As he writes in the personal introductory chapter, "Ruined Cities of the Mind": "With emancipation and the loss of Yiddish and Hebrew everywhere but in Israel, Jews have let slip the cultural strand that always tied each catastrophe to the one before. The Jewish people are at the point of turning the tables on themselves, of allowing the Holocaust to become the crucible of their culture. I have set out to challenge this apocalyptic tendency by arguing for the vitality of traditions of Jewish response to catastrophe, never as great as in the last hundred years... A book that on the surface deals with finality, endings, disruption, and desecration, is really a study in continuities and internal transformation."

WHILE THIS study is primarily literary, it also includes liturgy, folklore, and the plastic arts, using their texts and images to explore states of mind and spirit. Roskies' focus is on the modern period, though in his second chapter, "The Liturgy of Destruction," he discusses religious responses to the destructions of the Temple and other indignities of history from Roman times through the Middle Ages. His point, in brief, is that the destruction of the First Temple offered a "paradigm of destruction and desecration" which shaped Jewish response to every subsequent catastrophe.

One pattern of response was "dialectic:... the greater the immediate destruction, the more it was made to recall the ancient archetype." The other response is "sacred parody," viewing the "act of defilement as an assault on the system of sanctity as a whole."

IN SUBSEQUENT chapters, dealing with writers in Yiddish and Hebrew, essentially from Abramovitsh (Mendele) through Sutzkever and Uri Zvi Greenberg, Roskies argues that the traditional paradigm guided the responses even of those who rebelled against the tradition. "Thanks to Abramovitsh, parody came into its own as a preferred mode of response. Henceforth, the more closely linked a concept was to the central articles of traditional faith – to retribution and redemption – the more likely it was to be subverted, inverted, mimicked, and mocked in the face of catastrophe."

The violence of the period between the Russian pogroms of 1881 and the outbreak of the Second World War gave birth to a specific genre of Yiddish and Hebrew poetry: the pogrom poem, which "uncannily and unpredictably... rehabilitated the rabbinic strategies of favoring the subjective reality to the facts, the timeless configurations in the temporal details, the sacred texts to the historical context. With this script in hand, the Jews of eastern Europe would enact the crucial transition from pogrom to Final Solution."

Another aspect of the destruction of traditional Jewish life which preceded the Nazi crimes, is "The Rape of the *Shtetl*," to which Roskies devotes his fifth chapter. Already in decline for economic and social reasons, the *shtetl* received its death blow in World War One and the Russian Revolution. The chapter ends with a discussion of Agnon's *A Guest for the Night* (1939), probably his greatest work. "Agnon's narrator returns to a home he can barely recognize, so vast is the damage to life and property wrought by the war... [His] persona is caught between 'nostalgia and nightmare' [Professor Arnold Band's terms], between the town of Shibush in its glory (his lost childhood and youth) and Shibush in decline, precisely mirrored in his mid-life crisis."

THE REVIEWER is tempted to follow Roskies' discussions of Lamed Shapiro, Ansky, Babel, Sholem Aleichem, and other figures in European and Eastern European Jewish literature, as they reel from the blows of history and attempt to surmount them in art. In each case the discussion offers us an insight into the writer and his art and then focuses that insight on the changing Jewish condition in modern times.

Resisting that temptation, I will, however, mention the fascinating and poignant discussion of original Yiddish folk songs set to old melodies in the ghettos during the Holocaust: "Just as the melody serves to mitigate the horror by recalling the shared memories of the group, the lyrics insist on the radical break, on a reality so cruel that it almost defies language itself."

Chapter Eight, "Scribes of the Ghetto," tells about the "Paper Brigade" of the Vilna ghetto, Emmanuel Ringelblum and Yitzhak Katzenelson of the Warsaw Ghetto, and other writers and poets who sought to record and understand what was happening to the Jews. The following chapter, "The Burden of Memory," is a study of the Yiddish poet Abraham Sutzkever, a survivor from Vilna, whose "sense of himself as the bearer of collective memory began to emerge while he was still in the ghetto."

Roskies gives us generous samples of Sutzkever's poetry in translation, showing that poet making choices not available to those without his talent and experience: "Though few are likely to follow his lead, especially now, with the death of his culture, he had this to say to all the others: the greater the loss, the greater one's need to transcend it with selective memory, emphatic rhyme, and natural beauty."

The tenth and final chapter of this book, "Jews on the Cross," takes up "the emergence of Jesus as the emblem of Jewish catastrophe." Uri Zvi Greenberg is central to that discussion, for in 1922 he wrote *Uri Zvi in Front of the Cross*.

Roskies writes, "What a traditional Jew perhaps thought but would never dare utter and what a secular Jew would not even dare think, Greenberg proclaimed for all to hear: "Europe was a 'kingdom of the cross' where the hatred of Jews grew... directly from the church and the inescapable clamor of its bells."

Later, "from poetry his passionate nature led him to politics, but when all further action was eclipsed by a destruction far greater than anything even he could imagine, he fell silent... His example shows... clearly... that the loss of faith was a much smaller price to pay for the Jews' romance with modernity than the loss of life. Faith could be regained, even the ancient land could be reclaimed, but the death of a people could not be overcome. And so Greenberg was silent – until he discovered how to mourn."

AFTER tracing Uri Zvi Greenberg's career, Roskies turns to paintings: Samuel Hirszenberg's "Golus," and the works of Ephraim Moses Lilien. Issachar Ber Ryback, and Marc Chagall, whose representations of crucified Eastern European Jews address "a particularist message to a universal audience." He also discusses a kind of insincerity, exemplified in Nathan Rapoport's Warsaw Ghetto Monument, a sculpture depicting Mordecai Anielewicz in a heroic posture "so blatantly derivative that it undermines its own pretense. 'We too have heroes!' is what it is really saying."

He also contrasts Wiesel and Singer to Sutzkever and Greenberg. "Whereas [the latter] responded to the Holocaust by excluding all glorified mention of Jesus, downplaying their earlier anger against the passivity of the Jewish people in order to project a collective image of holiness, Wiesel and Singer edited out the shared expressions of faith in order to highlight the terrifying isolation of the postwar individual."

Roskies concludes with a discussion of two more painters, Samuel Bak and Yosl Bergner. They are both shown to be emblematic of the "radical break that occurred in the modern period." The Holocaust has been "inaugurated into its own archetypal nature," and this book is a record of the Jews' "ability in the midst and in the wake of apocalypse, to know the apocalypse, express it, mourn it, and transcend it."

Although I have quoted extensively from it and tried to survey its contents, I do not feel I have done justice to this fine work, and I can well imagine other reviewers singling out quite different passages, for it is a book nearly as rich and diverse as the culture it surveys.

Readers of the book review columns of this paper are well aware that dozens of books about the Holocaust appear every month, and cynics might begin to wonder why we need such a vast body of studies. I am far from being such a cynic, yet I hasten to add that David Roskies' book is far more than just "another book about the Holocaust," in two primary respects.

First, Roskies leads us into knowledge of the rich Jewish life which existed in Eastern Europe before the Nazis destroyed it, and so we see that we are talking about more than a crime against persons: a species of human culture has been wiped out in its native environment. Second, Roskies is concerned with the future, what the Jews can do now. His "answers" are those of the great poets, writers, and artists whom he studies, not the narrow platforms of one ideology or another, but the deep, creative drive to act against the apocalypse. □

Intellectual heartland

FILOSOFIYA ANDRE NEERA (The Philosophy of André Neher): Selected Passages Translated into Russian by S. Tartakowsky. Jerusalem, Amana and the Joint Program for Jewish Education. xii + 142 pp. No price stated.

L'EXTASE ET L'ERRANCE (Rapture and Roving) by Claude Vigée. Paris, Bernard Grasset. 215 pp. 55 Francs.

Gabriel Sivan

ANDRÉ NEHER and Claude Vigée are two distinguished French writers now settled in Jerusalem. They have published many books, and it is a pity that only three of Neher's and none of Vigee's are available in English translation. I have previously written reviews in *The Jerusalem Post* of Neher's *The Exile of the Word* and *David Gans and his Times*, and of Vigée's *La Lune d'hiver* and the *Poètes d'aujourd'hui* anthology of Vigée's poetry and prose by Jean-Yves Larchaux.

The selection, in Russian, of Neher, owes its appearance to a rare form of collaboration between the Israel Ministries of Education and Religious Affairs, the Jewish Agency for Israel and the World Zionist Organization. Soviet *olim* now in Israel, and Russian-speaking Jews in other parts of the world who cannot read Neher in the original French, will now be able to familiarize themselves with the ideas of a leading contemporary Jewish thinker – one who exerted a creative influence on French intellectual life during the 20 years (1948-68) he was the professor of Hebrew and Jewish studies at the University of Strasbourg.

An essay by Zeev Harvey provides all the essential information about Neher's career and literary output, his concepts of man, prophecy, the people of Israel, the Holocaust and the Jewish state. The extracts which follow are representative of this broad range of subjects, and manage to convey Neher's religious existentialism, although footnotes might have been included to indicate the books from which the excerpts were taken.

VIGEE'S *L'Extase et l'errance* is an absorbing series of reflections by an eminent French poet who has been a professor of French Literature at the Hebrew University since his *aliya* in 1960.

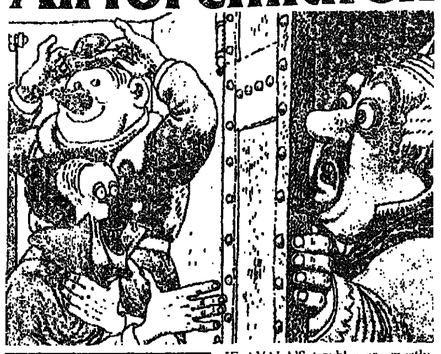
It is no coincidence that both Neher and Claude Vigée have their roots in the religious and intellectual heartland of the French Ashkenazim – Alsace. There, for historical reasons, two linguistic cultures met and clashed, and Alsatian Jewry developed its own form of the local Franco-German patois. There, too, from the Napoleonic era to the Vichy period, anti-Jewish legislation made its earliest impact on a "Mosaic" community whose French patriotism became a byword. The process of betrayal by successive French governments occasions scathing comment in Vigée's book (pp. 134-6), most probably acounts for his love affair with Israel, and informs much of his writing.

Rapture and Roving is my translation of Vigée's alliterative title for a book which, from an essay on his own literary work, turns into an extended meditation on man and the Jewish experience, and draws on Western culture, the Hebrew Bible, rabbinic lore, Kabbala and Hassidism, with some philological ingenuity thrown in for good measure. The influence of 20th-century Jewish thinkers (such as Neher) is also evident.

One key factor in Vigée's religio-philosophical odyssey appears to have been the advice given him in 1948 by the poet Saint-John Perse to "get rid of the scaffolding" of notes and reflections in prose with which Vigée is apt to surround his verse. This Vigée likens to the Jewish separation between *tum'a* and *tahara* through the cleansing waters of the *mikveh*, but he insists that his poetry needs that abrupt contact with impurity in the form of a "scaffolding" which illuminates two millennia of spiritual as well as physical exile. The prose commentary is as vital as the verse.

FEW WRITERS of our day have so much to tell the Jewish reader as Neher and Vigée. It is a mark of their stature, perhaps, that a special programme was devoted to Neher by Israel television in July 1979, and that a recent French production about Vigée was also screened here earlier this year. □

All for children



Miriam Arad

GALIA, 6, has a terrible fit of the giggles in class, for which teacher punishes not only her but her parents: "Don't come to school tomorrow unless you bring either your mother or your father!" That evening *Imma* tells *Abba* about it:

"See?" says *Abba*, "I warned you about teaching Gilgil to read. I told you she'd be bored at school, and we'd have nothing but trouble from it."

"But Itzik," says Galia's mother (Itzik is *Abba*'s name), "I just couldn't take it any more. Don't you understand? She wanted stories. That's all she wanted from morning to night: stories. She was driving me crazy. I simply had to teach her to read just so I'd have a moment's peace."

"That's it," says Itzik, "you had no patience for her, so now you're in a mess."

Gilgil by Ruth Almog (Givatayim, Massada. Illustrated by Hilla Havkin. 39 pp.) is solid, grownup, unbabyish stuff, fit for first-graders who can read their own books already. All three stories about Galia in this book are tremendously enjoyable. They are realistic in style and treatment, because the issues concerned are real: besides the one about Galia's giggles, there is *Abba* going on *miluim*, and Galia getting a new baby sister, though it was a baby brother she wanted. There is just the right mixture of gravity and humour, authentic dialogue and a bit of suspense. With its large print, I think there can't be a better way to tempt your six-year-old – and many six-year-olds do need tempting – to start reading books on his own.

The pictures in this and most of the following books range from passable through poor to horrid. Why? Each year several hundred students graduate from our several academies of art and design, and surely there are one or two competent illustrators in each batch. Then where are they?

CHILDHOOD FANTASIES are the underlying theme of another book by Ruth Almog, **Tso'anim Bapardes** (Gypsies in the Orchard. Massada. Illustrated by Michal Levit. 66 pp.) for children around ten. Set in a *moshava* at the time of World War II, it presents a child's-eye view of the adult world, based on half-understood gossip, misinterpreted adult acts and conversations, and sheer fancy. Hence it is peopled by such characters as "The Consumptive," who sells *falafel*. "When she prepares the mixture, she spits into it so as to infect everybody with her illness." She may nonetheless be preferable to the other *falafel*-vendor in the village, "The Turk," who always looks fearfully angry "because the British have hanged his son."

Ayala, the heroine, has worse problems than where to buy her *falafel*. She has a great dread that, while her father is fighting in the distant war, Elkin the landlord will marry her mother. Ayala will go to any length to prevent it, for a start catching tadpoles, to be turned into frogs, to be placed in Elkin's bed. I won't reveal how we get from the tadpoles to the mysterious gypsies who "steal children and sell them in Transjordan to the palace of King Abdullah, to be his slaves." There are some scary moments on the way, and I'd hate to spoil anyone's fear and trembling for him.

Ruth Almog, hitherto only known as an "adult" writer, has managed to produce two splendid children's books at the first attempt. Please continue, Ms. Almog.

IF AYALA'S troubles are mostly imaginary, 12-year-old Karen's, the first-person narrator of **Zeh Lo Sof Ha'olam** by Judy Blume (It's Not the End of the World. Jerusalem, Keter. Translated by Pua Harsheleg. Illustrated by Eitan Kedmi. 153 pp.), are real enough. Her parents are getting divorced, and it is rather more than she can cope with. Her initial reaction is: "I hate them both. I wish I were dead." For a long time she refuses to accept the facts, deluding herself she can make her parents get together again. As she slowly grasps the implications of divorce, new worries are born. A friend asks her:

"Are they going to fight over you and Jeff and Amy?"

"Fight in what way?"

"You know... over who gets the kids."

"No. We're staying with our mother."

"You mean your father doesn't want you?"

She also worries whether her mother will have enough money to keep them all by herself, or what will happen if she's sick on the day Daddy comes to fetch them for the week-end. As in all Judy Blume's work, there is no glossing over the realities, and it has a happy end only insofar as Karen gradually learns to resign herself to the inevitable.

The translation is what they call "unequal" in the trade, meaning that it's tolerable, with here and there a bad patch.

NAHUM GUTMAN'S favourite scene – in his paintings as well as his children's books – was always the seven-and-a-half streets plus one "Gymnasia Herzliya" in the dunes that marked the beginning of Tel Aviv. **Meimiyat Hapelaim** (The Miracle Flask. Jerusalem, Keter. Illustrated by the author. Selected and edited by Uriel Ofek. 135 pp.) is a collection of brief reminiscences, sketches, yarns, chats, musings and what-have-yous from that period. Some capture the flavour of those days. For instance, a raw new-immigrant family is having supper in their new home. The table is lit by a single oil lamp, and their minds go back "to the large crystal chandelier that used to hang from the ceiling of our Odessa home. Father didn't want us to take it along. 'There,' he had said, 'we won't need it.' " (I daresay countless pianos, bicycles, pieces of furniture, neckties, raincoats, got left behind in the same way. Envisaging a country of sun, sand, palm-trees and camels, people decided they wouldn't need them "there.")

The narrative moves at the pace of those days, too, with occasional asides or little sermons on this and that. They do not reveal Gutman at his best, and should perhaps have stayed where they were – in old issues of the children's magazine, *Davar Li'ladim*.

JONATHAN GEFEN is a many-sided young man of 39, who writes prose and poetry for adults and children, political satire, a newspaper column, and contrives one-man shows in which he appears as the one man. Somehow he manages to stay his own winsome, prettily ingenuous self through all these, and through **Hadrakon Halo-Nachon** (The Wrong Dragon. Dvir. Illustrated by Hanna Edlan. 45 pp.), a collection of light, humorous poems for 4-6. Take the dragon of the title: a sweet, sensitive, lonely and misunderstood creature whom everyone unthinkingly fears and detests on account of his negative image. Nothing very original about that, perhaps, but here's the Gefen touch:

He sits by himself on a scorching
rock,
Breathing fire and tar by turns,
And every time he tries to blow his
nose
Another hanky gets burnt.

Other poems are about the long holiday that goes on too long; about the zoo-at-home – a dog, a cat, a fly, a spider, a cockroach, and the rest of our non-paying co-tenants; and a profound *cri de coeur* about the fact that there is such a number of things you *must* do, you almost forget what you *want* to.

HOW WELL-NAMED the Grimm brothers are. Six men are shut up in a room with an iron floor. A wicked king orders a great fire to be lit underneath, in the happy expectation that if they won't die of burning, they will of suffocation. Thankfully one of the six is the original Jack Frost, and that's better than a whole fire brigade. **Shisha She'einam Yod'im Michshol Muhu** (Six Men Whom No Obstacle Can Hold. Tel Aviv, Am Oved. Translated by Nili Mirsky. Illustrated by Claude Lapoint. Unpaged) is one of those timeless folktales about the little man triumphing over the powers-that-be. With its colourful, old-fashioned illustrations, it makes a lovely small-size picture-book too – if you don't mind the grim bits, that is.

"YOU MAY be pretty," the donkey tells the rose, "but nettles are far, far more useful." "If that's your opinion," says the rose, "then I'm glad donkeys aren't the only creatures in this world" –

"It's true there are other creatures,"
Said the donkey, "and I don't want to boast,
But I'm sure that everyone knows
Of whom there's most."

Children of 4-6 may need some explanation of this and other poems in **Habarvaza Hamevulbelet** by Masha Kalo (The Mixed-Up Goose. Dvir. Illustrated by Liat Binyamini Ariel. 31 pp.). They will, however, enjoy unaided the goose which goes shopping for a scarf at the pharmacy, mistakes a shoelace for spaghetti, and lays her eggs hardboiled. Children can go into fits over a thing like that, and there's another of the kind in this book: an island where tortoises have wings, butterflies wear glasses, and the cat plays with the mice. The pictures are attractive as well. □

More from Lessing

S.T. Meravi

DORIS LESSING happily has returned to earth from her outer-space novels for **The Good Terrorist** (Grafton, £2.95). Shortlisted for last year's Booker Prize, the novel tells the pathetic, tragi-comic story of Alice Mellings, perennial chief cook, bottle-washer and all-round mother to a London squat full of what Lenin called the "useful idiots" of the revolution.

Alice is at once the most useful and idiotic of the lot. Having thrown over mum, dad and university career, she's now 36 and still mooning about with Jasper, who exploits her good nature in every conceivable way save one. Having convinced the dumpy Alice that she must "rise above" sexual feelings, Jasper won't even sleep with her. Jasper himself of course is about as useful to the revolution as the proverbial tits on a tomcat. But that doesn't stop Alice from slaving away for the Cause.

Between boiling up cauldrons of nourishing soup, Alice takes it upon herself to make habitable a huge old abandoned house for the commune, and this activity forms much of the structure of the book. Not since *Howard's End* has a house served so handily as a metaphor for England. "Poor house, she thought, full of tenderness, I hope someone is going to love it one day and look after it." The reader feels the same about poor Alice, but as the novel careers towards its wrenching climax, the reader knows better. Spot-on in both physical and psychological detail, *The Good Terrorist* is one of Lessing's best.

JIMMY BRESLIN'S **Table Money** (Ticknor and Fields, $17.95) has been greeted with lavish praise, ostensibly because of how the Brez captures the colourful low-down life in the New York borough of Queens. This is of course the same turf that Breslin is famous for covering in his award-winning, thrice-weekly *Daily News* column.

But in fact Breslin snares his readers in his novel by striking all the right moral attitudes of the moment: sympathy for the hard-working American, even more for his long-suffering wife, and just the right balance of liberalism and conservatism to set him right down the middle of the American road. He also writes in breezy, quick-cut episodes that resemble nothing so much as television on paper, and that's just how millions of Americans like their fiction.

Breslin has to resort to Vietnam war heroics, the supposedly exciting work of sandbagging tunnels and the melodrama of alcoholism to convince us of anything intrinsically interesting in the lives of Owney and Dolores Morrison. Yet all of this remains as thin as the paper it's printed on. The author reportedly spent 10 years on this novel, tapping it out between columns. Not surprisingly it has all the surface glitz of newspaper bits and nothing beneath. It even reads in 1,000-word bites. As the man said, that ain't literature, that's typing.

IT'S BEEN over half a century since Irving Stone wrote *Lust for Life*, his highly popular fictional life of Van Gogh. Since then he's done such disparate figures as Abigail Adams, Eugene V. Debs, Darwin and Freud.

Suddenly Stone's not only returned to 19th-century painters, but, in Camille Pissarro, he's selected a figure whose career, at least on the surface, has none of the snazzy theatrics so readily provided by the great mad Dutch artist's life. Yet if Stone is older today, he's apparently wiser as well. **Depths of Glory** (Methuen, £2.95) is not the biography of a dazzling and ultimately impenetrable genius but that of a quietly obsessed plodder.

In pursuit of his peculiar vision of what art could do, Pissarro had to labour his way through more than 1,000 canvases and countless sketches, gouaches, watercolours and prints. His wealthy Sephardi parents gave him no encouragement whatsoever, especially after he chose as his life's companion the family maid. To feed his large family, the artist was frequently reduced to painting fans, window blinds and restaurant-murals. For a generation the critics howled. Understandably, Pissarro often suffered self-doubt. But the man never lost the warm humanity for which he was noted, especially among the wild bunch of Impressionists whom he helped bind together and give direction. And in the end he prevailed.

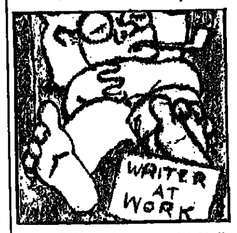
Irving Stone's prose is largely undistinguished, but he's armed with a good appreciation of paint and with compassion for the men and women compelled to devote their lives to it. *Depths of Glory* makes for a popular history of the Impressionist revolution and an uplifting story of one man's quietly agonized struggle in the movement.

FROM Impressionism to surrealism: Robert Coover's new novel, **Gerald's Party** (Heinemann, £10.95). Coover is one of your major American risk-takers (*i.e.*, a fantasia on the Rosenberg trial called *The Public Burning*, a 100 variations on spanking the maid in *Spanking the Maid*, etc.). This time around he creates a house party jammed with scores of drunks and madcaps, all of whom tend to talk over one another (almost every sentence contains brackets [or at least so it seems] within brackets (How 'bout that, Mildred?) that should [yet it somehow works for all that] drive you up the wall).

Along the way several murders take place, a parody police inspector arrests everyone's wristwatch, a lot of kinky sex is re-kinked, everything is videotaped by a mad theatrical troupe, the cheeseballs get ground into the carpet, the house gets wrecked, the host meditates on illusion and reality and the reader is left exhausted. But if he's slightly hung over the morning after, the reader will still have to award Coover more than grudging admiration for his sharp humour and technical virtuosity. He may not be clear on the point of *Gerald's Party* – but what was the point (Did you have a good time?) [Nuff said] of the last party you attended? □

Sofa so good...

THE FIFTH COLUMN
Matt Nesvisky



1. A NEW sofa? But the High Holidays are coming up. You know how they jack up the prices right before the holidays. Just hang on a while, woman.

2. A new sofa? Are you kidding? Why didn't you mention it earlier? They just had all those big sales for the holidays. Now everything's been picked over.

3. A new sofa? Yes, I know, I'm the one who lies on it all the time – but you don't hear me complaining, do you? Fine, so when I'm stretched out my bottom touches the floor. So I'm used to it. It's the hammock effect. Very comfortable.

4. A new sofa? Do you have any idea what I had to lay out for the kid's schoolbooks, the bookbag, the tennis shoes – what do you want, comfort in the living room or an education for your child? And the kid's already yammering for more copy books, a subscription to the nature magazine, fees for the old geezer with the Uzi who sleeps at the gate, a new pencil box – say, didn't we just get her a pencil box last year? New pencils I can understand, but you don't use up a pencil box every semester. Where is that kid, I want to talk to her, right now.

5. A new sofa? Well, there's no sense looking in Jerusalem, all the best shops are in Tel Aviv. And you know I don't have time to go dragging myself around Tel Aviv. Maybe next month.

6. A new sofa? Yes, but you can't get any deliveries for the next four weeks. It's one of those Moslem holidays – Id el-Ego, I think it's called. They don't eat or drink or move furniture for an entire month. No, really, ask anyone.

7. A new sofa? Now, before the tax reform? What if they do away with the VAT? Just hang on a while, woman.

8. A new sofa? But didn't I just get your blender fixed? One major step at a time, woman.

9. A new sofa? In the rainy season? I'm not having delivery men carting around my new furniture in a Jerusalem monsoon. You know, upholstery gets water-spotted, that's it, those stains *never* come out.

10. A new sofa? Yes, I know we've had the old one ever since we got married, but that's one of the reasons I like it. You don't just discard something just because it ages a little. I mean, I had a full head of hair when you married me. Does that mean you'd –

11. A new sofa? Why, we could recover the old one ourselves – I bet it would be fun. Plenty of people do that as a hobby – and you're always saying I should take up some creative pastime. I'll shop around for some of those how-to manuals.

12. A new sofa? So you can join the bourgeoisie? What ever happened to the socialist principles this country was founded on? That's the trouble with Israel – materialism, middle-class mentality, keeping up with the Cohenses. Good old Berl Katzenelson had some very astute things to say about all this. Let me see, where did I put that book – ?

13. A new sofa? What do you mean, you're embarrassed when we have people over? Listen, we're the only people I know who are totally relaxed when we throw a party. What do we care if somebody slops onion dip on the furniture? You want to be one of those uptight hostesses with your heart in your mouth all evening, scooping up crumbs and terrified every time somebody lights a cigarette? Your trouble is you just don't know how to enjoy life.

14. A new sofa? Fine, okay, but hold on just a month or two, will you? Our works committee is negotiating for a furniture allowance, and we're pretty sure the management is going to come through.

15. A new sofa? Whoa, wait a minute, baby, you can't just hit me with something like that out of the blue. Lemme think about it a bit. Then we'll talk it over rationally, do some looking, get some idea about prices – you don't just go rushing into a major outlay like that. That's exactly what they warn you about on those TV service announcements.

16. A new sofa? But I understand Martha is going to write about shopping for furniture in another couple of weeks or so. We wouldn't want to go running around without Martha's advice, would we?

17. A new sofa? With Pessah practically here? You know how much that holiday always sets us back. Cleaning the carpets, painting, buying all the extra food, the second set of dishes. Well, yes, I know, but I thought this year maybe we *should* go for a second set of dishes. Hang on, we'll see about it next month.

18. A new sofa? Hell, I don't care if there's this fabulous sale on Italian furniture – I buy blue and white, or *nothing*. Let me know when the local manufacturers are having a clearance.

19. A new sofa? Now? Don't you realize that in another month or so, all the Americans will be going back home? They have these fabulous house sales, everything top quality, practically brand new and dirt cheap. Just keep your eye on the classmeds.

20. A new sofa? Fine, but a *new* sofa. I don't buy used – it's just like buying a second-hand car, you're just throwing out money on somebody else's troubles. I'm not buying any sofa that's going to break down after 5,000 kilometres.

21. A new sofa? Take a look at this magazine article on the Jews of Kurdistan. They sit on cushions on the floor and have their meals there and everything – and don't tell me that doesn't look comfortable. More natural, too. I mean, you're always going on about natural foods and all that –

22. A new sofa? Who buys new furniture when you have a growing child in the house? Wait a while – like until she's finished with the army?

23. A new sofa? You want furniture delivered in a *hamsin* – with the upholstery fading in the sun, the wooden frame drying and getting all brittle in the heat? Look, I know about these things.

24. A new sofa? But negotiations with the management are just now reaching the critical stage.

25. A new sofa? But the High Holidays are coming up. You know how they jack up the prices right before the holidays. □

221b Baker Street

Ralph Amelan

AN AUTHOR may die, but he lives on through his characters. Thus goes the familiar saying. In the curious case of Sherlock Holmes, it happened that a character died, but lived on despite his author. The great detective fell to his doom into the Reichenbach Falls, and it was the work of Conan Doyle rather than the arch-fiend Moriarty. Quite simply, the creator had had enough of his creation.

But the public had not. Popular demand forced his return. And once resurrected, films and television series ensured his supremacy as the world's greatest fictional detective. Indeed, so powerfully had the man in the deerstalker hat taken hold of the folk imagination, that many thought he existed in real life.

The letters started to flow in, and they are still coming today over half a century after Conan Doyle's death. They have been answered by a succession of secretaries employed by a building society occupying the supposed site of 221b Baker Street. At last, someone has had the bright idea of publishing this correspondence. The result is a hilarious book which will be appreciated by those with even a slight acquaintance with the doings of Holmes.

Some writers, like one girl from Germany, wish to consult Holmes on professional matters:

"Two years ago disappears our housecat, Burschi. It had only one year stay with our family. What meaning thereby? She will be free, or has anybody her for catmeat?"

Of course, not all such enquirers are concerned with such seemingly minor matters. A firm of lawyers in Oklahoma writes to ask whether the celebrated investigator is available to assist them in some strange affair. Requests pour in to seek the great man's opinion on such burning and sensitive issues as Watergate, the disappearance of Jimmy Hoffa, and whether Howard Hughes is alive or dead.

Whenever something goes astray, be it a tooth, a vampire, or "the squeaking duck of Ernie," rest assured that Sherlock will hear about it before long. Some writers are tactless enough to confess that they have consulted such rival sleuths as Shaft and Mannix, albeit to no avail.

Just occasionally, the requests become a trifle personal. Pictures and autographs of Holmes and Watson are understandably in demand. But what is one to make of the missive from the Church of Scientology inviting Holmes to their headquarters for a free Case Analysis? Behind the ostensibly crackpot facade of L. Ron Hubbard's private religion, does Professor Moriarty lurk?

The facilities for hygiene at Baker Street are of interest for a few:

"About Sherlock Holmes, one bathroom or two?"

Others want to know what happened to Mrs. Sherlock Holmes. One American girl even offers the thought "You would make an enjoyable husband or lover for someone" ("This one is for you, Watson," said Holmes, tossing the letter towards me with a chuckle). But the ultimate insult is offered by the boor who asks Holmes if he could put him in touch with Basil Rathbone.

American correspondents, in particular, are given to moralizing over the detective's cocaine habit. One German is not above a little extortion:

"I've got your friend, Dr. John Watson. If you want to see him alive again, send £5,000 sterling to the above address."

To these and other missives, the building society ladies respond with charm and tact. Their fame has become sufficiently widespread for one Danish seaman to write to one of them with love in mind. "I can see on your picture that you have no rings," noted the subtle sailor.

AND WHAT of the letters of the real Sherlock? *Letters to the Press*, written over a period of 51 years, shows Conan Doyle as vigorous a correspondent as he was an author. He disposes stylishly of Max Beerbohm, argues with great force for the construction of the Channel Tunnel, and suggests ways of improving the performance of England's athletes in the Olympic Games that could with profit be adopted today.

Even Doyle's championing of spiritualism, which made him the prey of any trickster or self-deluded medium, seems bearable in the context of his other enthusiasms. It was partly thanks to his efforts that the wrongly-convicted Oscar Slater was finally freed. And his ardent patriotism was anything but narrow; his pro-American feeling is very marked.

Some of his letters lose much of their interest in the absence of the arguments to which he wanted to reply, although the editors do their best to sketch out the background to some of the controversies in which he participated. Conan Doyle buffs will not want to miss this book.

But, much though Doyle would not have liked it, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson will continue to prove his most enduring memorial. Letters to 221b Baker Street from Russia, Japan, Indonesia and Mexico testify to the world-wide popularity most authors can only dream about. The great detective can still touch the imagination of the most unlikely people, as this letter from a 13-year-old Ghannian testifies:

"Please, if you will understand to take me as your friend, then please add your picture and send it to me which can show me that you will understand. I end here with much greetings to you. May God bless you all the time. Amen. Goodbye now." □

LETTERS TO SHERLOCK HOLMES edited by Richard Lancelyn Green. Middlesex, Penguin Books. 235 pp. £4.95.

LETTERS TO THE PRESS: The Unknown Conan Doyle edited and introduced by John Michael Gibson and Richard Lancelyn Green. London, Secker and Warburg. 377 pp. £15.00.

Carp from Salonika

Jennie Tarabulus

THIS IS a remarkable cookbook that provides a splendid banquet of varied recipes, and sketches in also the 2,000-year history of the Greek Jews who lived under four empires: Greek, Roman, Byzantine and Ottoman – and blended cultural characteristics of each with their own Jewish heritage. They were a unique Sephardic branch of the Jewish people.

The author, artist-cook, and director of the Jewish Museum of Greece, illustrates his book with over 60 pen and ink drawings of Jews living in Greece between 1820-1900, dressed in costumes meticulously reproduced, and placed in authentic contexts. These lively figures are observed in the market or at home, or in prayer.

These 287 recipes for holiday or daily cooking include ingredients familiar to the Mediterranean area and in our own Israeli markets, but in Persian, Arab, Turkish or Jewish form. Carp, called *sazan*, is seasoned royally in Salonika with walnut and wine sauce. Yogurt cake and an iced yogurt drink with mint from Thrace testify to that old standby's popularity. Vegetables, from Romaine lettuce to eggplant, are stuffed in surprising ways, and most dishes can be eaten warm or cold. In Greece, boiled vegetables are usually served cold with lemon juice or along with yogurt. My favourite recipes include a delectable meat pie from Ioannina, vegetable rice from Didimoticho, and lemon peel marzipan from Volos, all easy to make.

For the uninitiated, an introductory section clarifies Jewish dietary laws, their origin, logic and relevance today. This is the best concise summary I know of these laws, presented not as a set of frozen religious formulas but as observances which can have meaning, and help form the inner, intuitive life of the Jews.

The author prefaces each holiday with a brief survey of its development from Temple times, and often compares symbolic aspects of the holiday with those of other religions.

Tu B'Shevat is celebrated with *assure*, a dish of wheat, nuts and fruits used also by Moslems and Christians in a similar ritual associated with hope and rebirth. Its origin is in a placatory offer to Poseidon, Pluto and Persephone. Purim, in accordance with Talmudic law, was celebrated more than once, in a non-Esther context, to commemorate deliverance from destruction (as in Heraklion, where Jews were caught between warring Venetians and Turks in 1568).

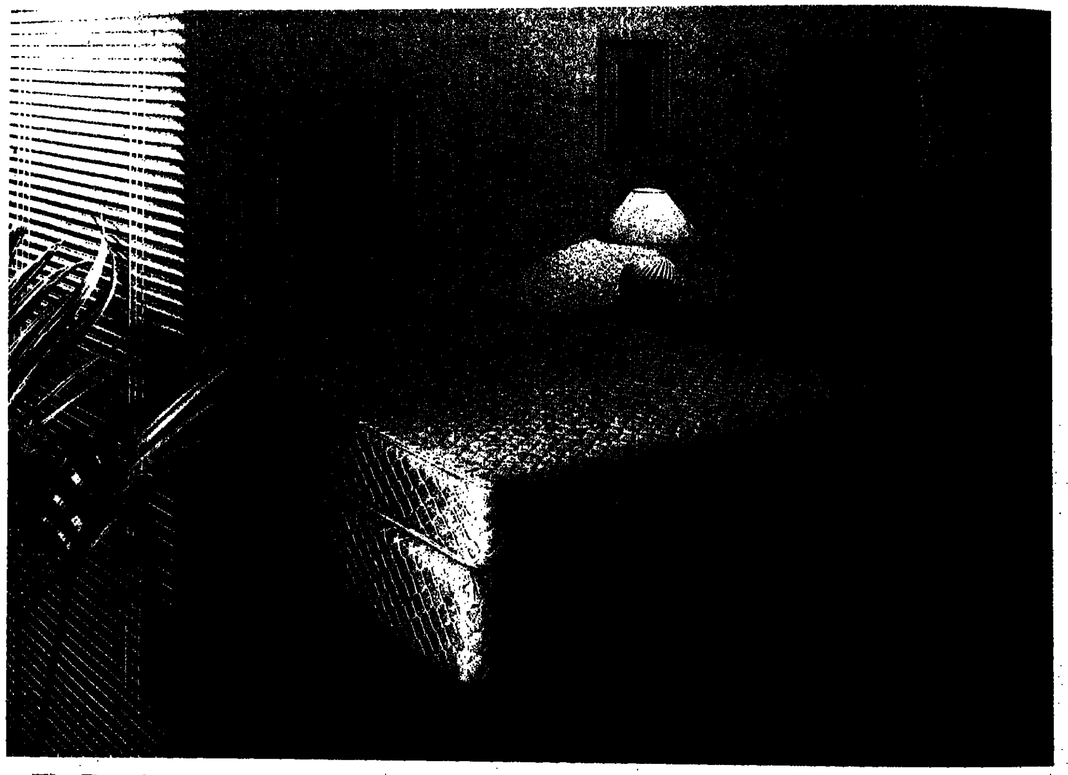
THE DIFFERENCES between Romaniote and Spanish Jews, and the ways in which they differ yet have common Sephardic features, are explained in context with a wealth of illustration. Orthographic explanations are provided also of Latin, Greek and Turkish names.

Stavroulakis has an elegant and highly readable style, evident even in his advice on how to roll pastry dough without crumbling it, or on a good choice of substitutes. His measurements are North American with metric conversion. An excellent cross-index and a map of Greece pinpoint towns mentioned as origins of recipes.

This is a cookbook beginners can follow, gourmet cooks can enjoy, and non-cooks read for enjoyment.

Stavroulakis, whose own origins are Cretan, Turkish and Jewish, has written more than a cookbook. He brings the history of the Jews in the Balkans and Near East into instant focus, and clarifies, at least for me, the outline of all those empires from Alexander till now. □

COOKBOOK OF THE JEWS OF GREECE by Nicholas Stavroulakis. Port Jefferson, N.Y., Cadmus Press. 266 pp. $20.



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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, September 19, 1986

Rotation politics

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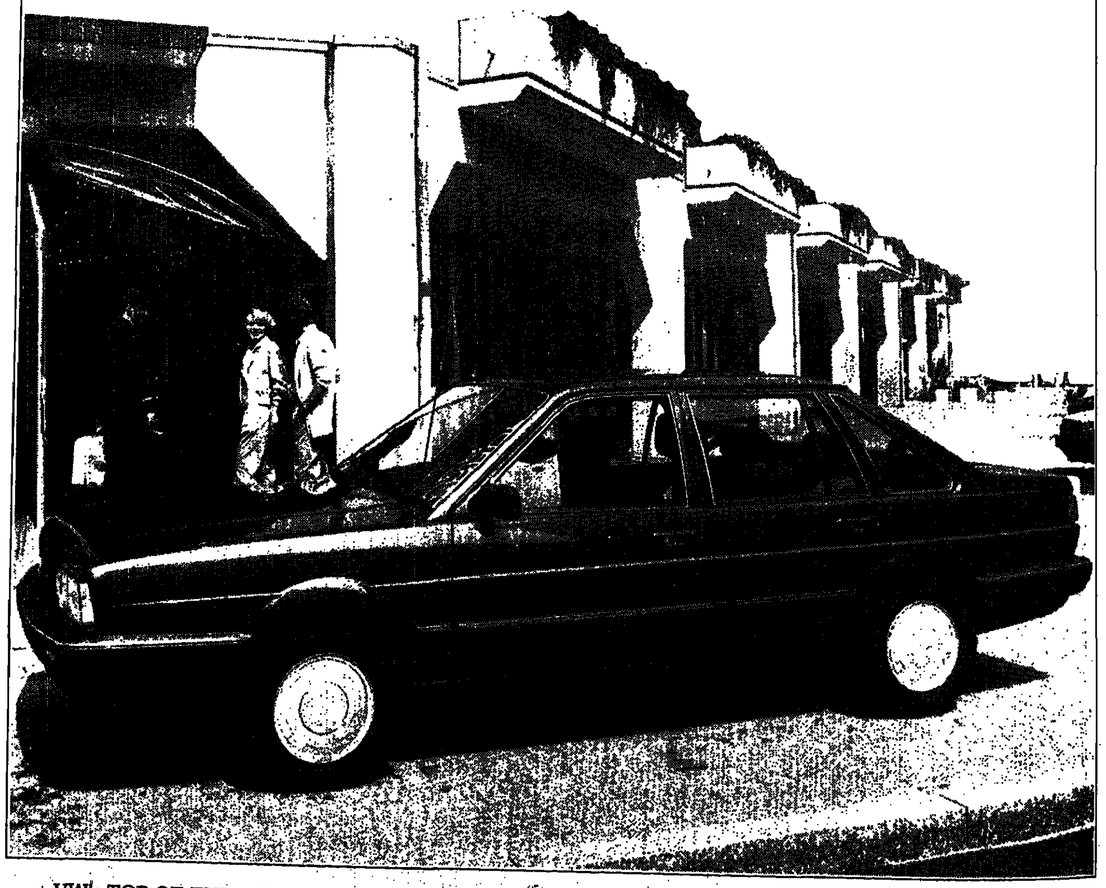

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Cover photo by Lisa Pleskow

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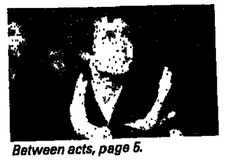

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The Jerusalem Post Weekend Magazine
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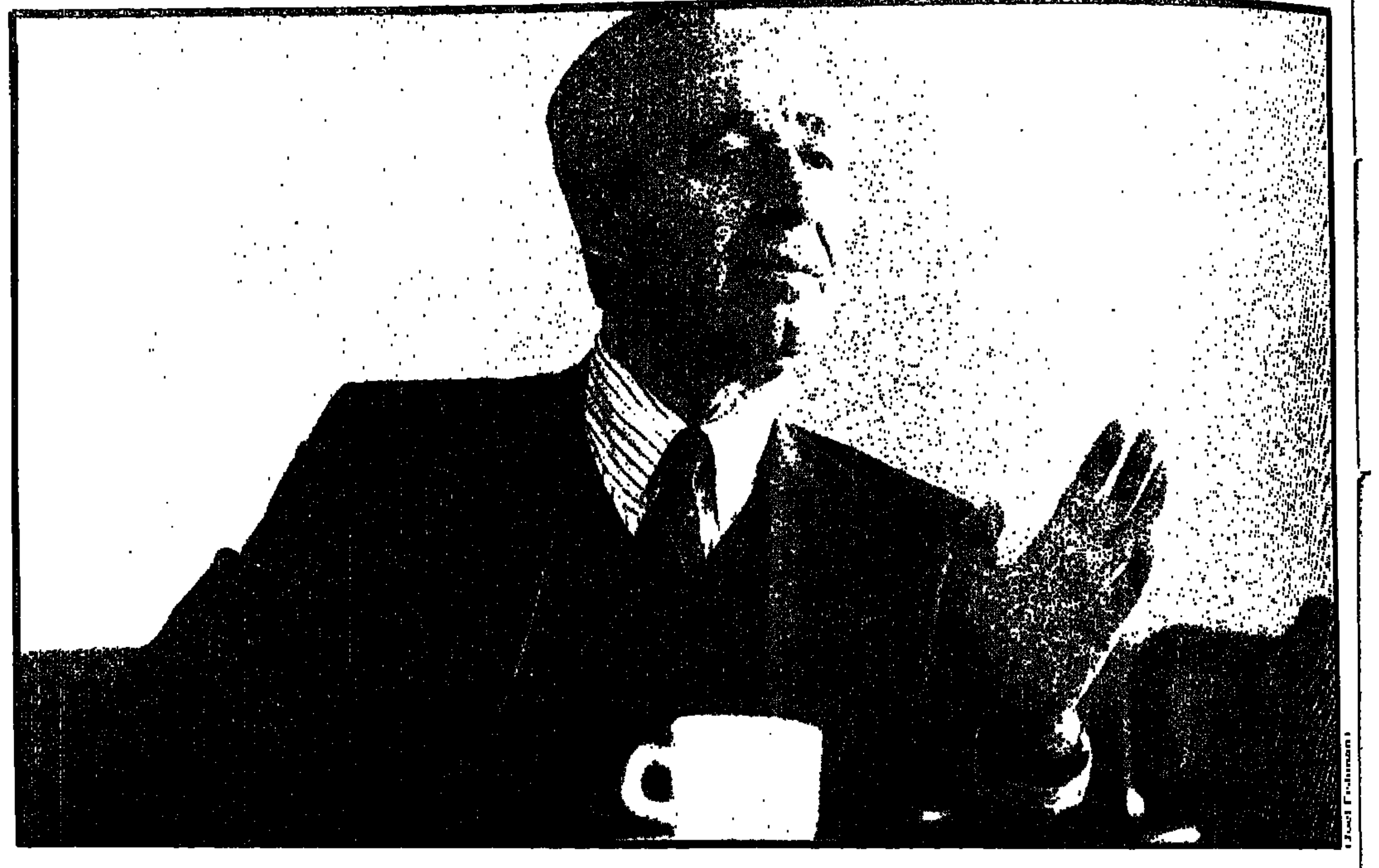
Rotation politics

Israel's peculiar version of the political transplant will take place sometime in October. ROY ISACOWITZ provides a layman's guide to the rotation.



(Dan Hadani)

AT SOME point during the second week of October, Prime Minister Shimon Peres will submit his resignation to the president, thereby bringing about the end of his two-year-old government.

The president will accept Peres's resignation. He will open consultations with all the parties represented in the Knesset (with the possible exception of Meir Kahane's Kach) with the aim of finding a candidate able to establish a new government.

Either separately or together, the representatives of the Labour Party and the Likud will inform the president that they recommend a government headed by Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir, who will then be formally charged with its establishment.

In consultation with Peres and the leaders of several of the small parties, Shamir will put together a government comprising the Likud, Labour and allied parties. The government will be presented to the president and later to the Knesset, where it will be approved by a large majority.

With that, Israel's peculiar version of the political transplant will have been successfully accomplished. The "unwanted and unloved child" of Abba Eban's memorable phrase will have reached maturity.

The reality may differ from the theory, of course. Israel has never rotated (or, more accurately, swapped) its prime ministers before and the problems inherent in the move are legion. Technical details have to be ironed out before the transfer and political muscles have to be flexed before they atrophy.

But the national unity government has shown itself to be a hardy creature. The weaker and more beleaguered it seems, the stronger it gets. Barring any dramatic, last-minute change in the political balance or in personal fortunes, it is safe to assume that the rotation will go ahead as planned.

THE ROTATION agreement is a non-binding contract in which Peres and Shamir agreed to swap portfolios at a specified date. It does not have the force of law and is dependent on good faith for its implementation.

The agreement stipulated policy and administrative guidelines for the unity government. Most governments define their policies as they go along; the unity government was defined from the outset by a rigid set of policy strictures.

The agreement has moral force but no legal standing. Peres is prime minister for four years or until the Knesset expresses no-confidence in him. If he resigns, he remains at the head of a caretaker government which runs the country until a new prime minister is installed. Only when Shamir receives the confidence of the Knesset and his ministers are sworn in, will the rotation agreement have been implemented.

Labour and the Likud differ over the mutable nature of the agreement. Certain clauses, such as those dealing with the war in Lebanon, are no longer relevant and should be removed, Labour says. Distortions which became apparent over the past two years should be corrected.

It's not simply that Labour likes clean agreements, or that the guidelines have been particularly onerous over the past two years. But Labour has the Likud's experience to go by, and it is well aware that playing second fiddle can be a very humbling experience.

Therefore, Labour intends extracting a price for its readiness to abide by the terms of an agreement it signed two years ago.

The Likud, for its part, is not eager to have the agreement tampered with. But neither is it eager to give Labour the slightest pretext for reneging on the rotation. The Likud is not prepared to renegotiate the terms of the agreement, but is willing to discuss ideas for its improvement – provided that the rotation is not dependent on the outcome of the talks.

An ad hoc preparatory committee comprising Energy Minister Moshe Shahal (Labour) and Finance Minister Moshe Nissim (Likud) is due to begin meeting shortly to lay the groundwork for rotation. Shahal and Nissim were instrumental in drawing up the original agreement and have been called on several times over the past two years to smooth ruffled coalition feathers.

Negotiating the transfer promises to be tricky. As the talks heat up, other political trouble-shooters – those with finely tuned legal minds and those with clout – will probably be involved.

THE COALITION agreement stipulates that Peres will hand over power to Shamir exactly 25 months after the establishment of the government. The 25 months are up on October 14. Sources close to Nissim announced several months ago that complex mathematical calculation had revealed that October 7, and not 14, was in fact the handover date. But Shahal rejected the calculation and Nissim circles have not repeated their discovery. D-day, then, will be October 14.

If the new government is to be in office on October 14, Peres's resignation will have to come a few days before that to allow time for the obligatory presidential consultations and the Knesset vote. The 13th is Yom Kippur and the 12th Yom Kippur eve – not a good time for coalition building. Peres's resignation, therefore, will have to come no later than October 10.

Concern has been expressed in the Likud of late that a "by the book" transfer of power will expose Labour to the temptation of double-dealing. Deputy Prime Minister David Levy, for one, believes that the book should be discarded due to the "administrative vacuum" that will be created during the presidential consultations.

Instead, Levy has proposed that a joint Labour-Likud delegation visit the president, inform him of the parties' support for Shamir and insist on Shamir's receiving the nod without further delay.

In reality, neither Levy nor Labour has any say in the matter. The president is empowered to delegate the responsibility for forming a government on the person he believes to be most capable of doing so. If parties other than Labour and the Likud request that their voices be heard during the process, it is hardly likely that the president will deny them their say.

However, Levy is correct in seeing the interim period between the resignation of one government and the establishment of the next as a sort of twilight zone. Anything could happen. If a substantial number of Labour MKs decide that they will not support a Shamir-led government, unlikely as that is, Shamir's coalition building could take a lot longer than anticipated.

THE national unity government approved by the Knesset on August 14, 1984 consisted of 25 ministers, 10 each from Labour and the Likud and one each from five small parties. The government was established on the principle of parity. Two of the smaller party representatives (from Shas and Matzad) joined as members of the "Likud constellation," while another two (from Shinui and Ometz) came in as part of the Labour orbit. The 25th minister, NRP leader Yosef Burg, joined the cabinet as an independent, having succeeded in creating the impression during the coalition negotiations that he was not for sale to either.

Times have changed and the government with them. The merger of Matzad and the NRP and the election of Zevulun Hammer to replace Burg in the cabinet have dispelled the illusion that the NRP is AC-DC. When it comes to territorial and settlement issues, the NRP is firmly in the Likud camp.

The election of Hammer led to calls in Labour that the ideological balance be reactified, perhaps by requiring the Likud to relinquish one of its seats. But the party appears to have opted for caution at this stage, at the urging of Secretary-General Uzi Baram.

Baram does not believe that ideological considerations will necessarily prevail in the NRP. Traditionally and on social issues, the NRP is closer to Labour than to the Likud and it still maintains municipal coalitions with Labour in several localities. The recent declaration by NRP Secretary-General Yitzhak Levy that the NRP would rather face elections than join a narrow, Labour-led government has yet to be tested.

AS ORIGINALLY conceived, the only difference between the outgoing and incoming governments was to have been the portfolio swap between Peres and Shamir. But the resignation of Liberal leader Yitzhak Moda'i after he tripped over his tongue and the announcement by Labour's Motta Gur that he would not serve under Shamir have complicated things.

The simplest solution would be to reduce the (bloated) number of cabinet ministers by two and allow two of the four under-employed ministers without portfolio to take up the slack. Moda'i, however, has Shamir's promise of re-instatement after rotation and the Liberals are hardly likely to relinquish a coveted cabinet seat.

PUBLICLY, Labour remains adamant that it will not tolerate Moda'i's return to the cabinet, supposedly because Moda'i announced his intention to "get even" with Peres after rotation. The Likud is just as adamant that he be reinstated, with the Moda'i faction in the Liberals warning that without Moda'i there will be no government. (His rivals in the Liberal Party, such as Finance Minister Nissim and Justice Minister Avraham Sharir, pay lip-service to the "Save Moda'i" campaign, though they are palpably satisfied with the inheritances he left them.)

According to most interpretations of the coalition agreement, Labour does not have a leg to stand on. Peres chooses the Labour ministers, Shamir selects the Likud ministers and neither side has a veto over the other. (That excuse proved convenient for Labour at the outset when it had to explain its readiness to sit at the same table with Arik Sharon.)

The interpretation of Labour MK David Libai, a professor of law, that the government established by Shamir must be identical to that which existed at the time of Peres's resignation, save for the swap, is not accepted by Shahal, never mind by Likud.

Labour's opposition to Moda'i's return must therefore be seen as an opening gambit. Moda'i will in all likelihood return to the cabinet after Labour has exacted a suitable price from the Likud.

Which portfolio Moda'i will return to is a different question. Shamir is not committed to giving him the Treasury back and it is highly doubtful that Nissim will again be subjected to the indignity of having to accommodate his party rival. Labour is loath to see him back at the Justice Ministry and would be happy to settle for minister without portfolio.

None of Gur's Alignment colleagues have decided to follow him into the wilderness, though one or two still maintain that they have yet to make up their minds. The position of Shinui leader Amnon Rubinstein is still unclear. Rubinstein himself is reportedly in favour of remaining in the coalition, but a sizeable faction in his party, headed by MK Mordechai Virshubski, wants out.

ON SETTLEMENT and territorial issues, the Labour mainstream will find itself solidly outvoted in the Shamir cabinet. The dovish Rubinstein might be out, Hammer will vote with the Likud and Shoshana Arbeli-Almoslino, Gur's likeliest replacement and a noted hawk, could well do likewise.

Then there's the irrepressible Yigael Hurvitz. Labour has recently held discussions with Hurvitz's moribund Ometz Party in an attempt to prevent his outright defection to the Likud.

With all ministers present, the Likud will have a built-in majority of between three and five votes on territorial issues. The inevitable consequence will be the almost total devolvement of real authority onto the inner cabinet, with the full cabinet degenerating into a glorified debating society on those crucial issues.

The Likud has its own cabinet demands, though Likud spokesmen stress that rotation is not dependent on their being met. NRP Minister-without-Portfolio Yosef Shapira has his eyes on the chairmanship of a ministerial settlement committee, one of three committees specified in the coalition agreement but never established, and has Shamir's commitment to work for the appointment. Minister-without-Portfolio Moshe Arens also has the Likud leader's backing for his demand to chair a ministerial committee on Soviet Jewry.

Labour opposes both appointments on the grounds that settlement is under the overall jurisdiction of (Labour) Defence Minister Yitzhak Rabin and Soviet Jewry under (Labour) Absorption Minister Ya'acov Tsur. With that, Labour will not oppose Arens's dealing with Israeli Arab affairs, formerly the province of minister Ezer Weizman.

The pre-rotation negotiations will be concerned not only with cabinet ministers, but also with the legions of party faithful who owe their jobs to the munificence of the party in power. One of the most persistent disputes in the unity government has concerned political appointments – primarily the attempts by Labour Minister Moshe Katzav to dismiss Labour Party department heads and replace them with Herut appointees and the refusal of former Finance Minister Yitzhak Moda'i to approve Shahal's appointment of company directors.

According to Shahal, the clauses in the coalition agreement dealing with appointments are open to conflicting interpretations and must be clarified. He intends proposing that the prime minister be empowered to countersign appointments if the relevant minister, more often than not the finance minister, refuses to do so.

Shahal's indignation over appointments raises a laugh in the Likud, where Shahal is known as the "father of political appointments." Nevertheless, if Labour insists, the Likud is prepared to discuss the issue. For every extra seat on the Broadcasting Authority management board demanded by Labour, for example, the Likud will come prepared with demands of its own.

THE NATIONAL unity government has proved remarkably adept at fudging the distinctions between issues of substance and issues which serve partisan political interests. These distinctions are likely to become even murkier during the Shamir period, as elections approach and the parties jostle for advantage.

Take the Great Growth Debate of earlier this year. No one denies that growth must be the next phase on the economic agenda, but disagreement is rife as to how it should be done and who should be involved. Growth, of course, is fuelled by investment, and great political profit available for he who dispenses the money.

Earlier this year, when Labour suddenly played its growth card, demanding, among other things, a reshuffling of economic responsibilities, the Likud naturally suspected a political ploy. The Likud was not far wrong. Anti-rotation diehards in Labour acknowledged at the time that, in the absence of a peace breakthrough with Jordan's King Hussein, growth would have to suffice as a pretext for bringing down the government.

The government is still standing and the need for economic growth has not diminished. But, with all the major economic portfolios in Likud hands, Labour faces the unwelcome prospect of being virtually excluded from economic decision-making.

Labour intends demanding either the chairmanship of the ministerial economic committee for Peres or the establishment of an overall economic coordinating body, comprising Shamir, Peres, Nissim and Economics Minister Gad Ya'acobi.

The Likud does not take kindly to the proposals. "They knew what they were getting into when they signed the coalition agreement," says Shamir's spokesman, Yossi Ahimeir. "We weren't sufficiently aware of the significance," replies Ya'acobi frankly. "But if both foreign policy and economic policy are in Likud hands, where is the principle of parity?"

The Likud's response to Labour's demands will be simple: Give us the defence portfolio and we'll gladly hand over the Treasury. Peres, of course, is as capable of depriving Rabin of his ministry as Shamir is capable of demoting David Levy to the back benches.

Eventually, the two parties will probably compromise on an economic coordinating role for Peres, if only because unpopular measures still have to be taken if the economy is to come right. With the Histadrut breathing down its neck, the Likud is likely to want to spread the responsibility for economic policy as widely as possible.

On macro-economic policy, there is little to choose between Labour and the Likud. But the nitty-gritty of promoting growth is likely to lead to tensions between them. Potential areas of conflict are the plans for tax and capital market reform and, most importantly, the allocation of resources.

RESOURCES is a code word for settlement – and settlement is already being touted as the Armageddon of the unity government. If the (usually nameless) voices emanating from the Likud these past few weeks are to be believed, Shamir intends embarking on a settlement blitz as soon as he takes office.

Shahal believes that the reports are the work of Shamir's party rivals, out to embarrass the premier-to-be. Shamir's advisers also downplay the settlement issue, stressing that the government will act in accordance with the coalition agreement and in the context of financial constraints.

Nevertheless, settlement is bound to be the source of significant cabinet tension, due in part to conflicting interpretations of the coalition agreement. The Likud maintains that the agreement provided for the establishment of six settlements during the government's first year (until August 1985) and a further 27 settlements over the subsequent three years, each dependent on separate cabinet approval.

Rabin counters that the six were the only settlements definitely agreed on – and of those four have already been established. The others, he says, are in the realm of the possible only.

At a time when funds are scarce for investment in Israeli industry, Labour is deadset against the pumping of resources into the West Bank, like the land being bulldozed near Hebron for one of Ariel Sharon's new industrial parks. One possible flashpoint could be Ya'acobi's proposal that development towns receive priority grading according to their distance from Tel Aviv. That would mean top grading for places such as Kiryat Shmona and Yeroham and very low grading for the West Bank villa suburbs "only five minutes from Kfar Sava."

The peace process is the dark horse among the issues. Only a year ago, Labour was banking on a compliant King Hussein for a peace initiative that would topple the unity government. But Hussein failed to deliver and the government spent the better part of two years inching slowly towards a Taba solution.

In retrospect, one can only marvel at how a government can take so long and expend so much energy on so little. The next two years could pass just as quickly, with events moving too slowly to necessitate any dramatic decisions but holding out sufficient promise to ensure the unity of the government. Peres's latest diplomatic moves have certainly shaken things up, but each issue raised bears the seeds of interminable obfuscation.

It will take a clear Likud denial of an eminently acceptable Arab proposal (in Labour's eyes) for Labour to bring down the government. And Shamir is canny enough to know when and how much to move to ensure a minimal degree of unity.

MOTTA GUR said this week that his chances of serving in the next government are better than Shamir's chances of serving as prime minister. Gur was referring to the General Security Service affair, and the inference was that revelations or actions over the next month in connection with Shamir's role in the hijacking of bus 300 will be sufficient to disqualify the Likud leader from serving as prime minister.

The GSS affair is the great unknown. Media reports about the police investigation have often been wildly contradictory and there is no way of knowing how and when it will reach its conclusion.

The possibility exists that Shamir will be seriously embarrassed by the affair, just as the possibility exists that Peres will find himself discomfited. On the other hand, nothing that has emerged to date is sufficient to disqualify either man.

Nor is it at all certain that the police findings will be made public, or that the attorney-general will decide to act on them or that those politicians implicated in the affair, if any, will not manage to brazen it out.

The odds appear to be good that the GSS affair will not trip up Shamir before rotation. But until the matter is conclusively settled, it remains the clearest and most potent threat to the future unity of the government.

THIS TIME last year, Labour circles were rife with intrigues and calculations as to when and how the government would be brought down. All that has changed now. Labour is resigned to rotation. If something does happen within the next month to prevent Shamir from taking over, Labour will be as surprised as the Likud.

The reason for the government's hardiness is simple political expediency. Labour and the Likud have little love for each other, but they have less love for sitting in the opposition. Nothing has happened in the past two years to persuade the two big parties that their political fortunes would be better served by facing the electorate. So they stayed put.

The moment that either Labour or the Likud is believes that it could win a convincing plurality in elections, the government will fall. It's as simple as that.

The common wisdom holds that Peres's two years as prime minister were a period of radical image rehabilitation. But the results are not apparent in the polls. It is doubtful whether anything he can do as foreign minister will have any greater impact on the party's popularity.

Likewise with Shamir. He is neither sufficiently dynamic nor sufficiently controversial for his period as prime minister to have any discernable influence on the Likud's fortunes. Under the present party leaderships, the Likud and the Alignment blocs are pretty evenly balanced.

The government will fall if Herut rejects Shamir in favour of Sharon. It will fall if the police conclude conclusively that Shamir ordered the killing of the bus hijackers. It could even fall if the West Bank land investigations finally come up with evidence of hanky-panky at the very top.

Alternately, the government could fall by mistake or miscalculation. A Labour version of the Moda'i and Sharon affairs could lead to a precipitous Labour withdrawal from the government, there being no prospect of rotation to concentrate overheated minds.

Failing all that, the government could fall over a substantive issue such as peace. But, as Shamir said this week, that would demand an unprecedented compromise from the Arab side, such as an offer of territorial compromise that is acceptable to the mainstream of the Labour Party. And that seems unlikely.

Over the past few weeks, several ministers from both sides of the political divide were asked whether they thought that the government would survive another two years. The answers, without exception, were variations on the phrase "I would not be at all surprised." Shamir went so far as to say that he would not be at all surprised if the government lasted beyond 1988. In the circumstances, it was unclear whether that was an indication of optimism or pessimism. □

هكذا من الاصل

TRUST THE TELLER

Cynthia Ozick, novelist and short-story writer, talks to Jerusalem Post Reporter Edward Grossman.

IT WAS raining cats and dogs the night I took the 8:20 from Grand Central to New Rochelle, a bedroom community half an hour from New York. Waiting at the station for me were Bernard Hallote, a lawyer wearing Bermuda shorts, and his wife, Cynthia Ozick, a 58-year-old novelist and short-story writer of whose characters *The New York Times* correctly said, "They are not alienated or assimilating – they remain culturally and religiously Jewish."

Ozick is an intellectual. She is adept at concepts and words. She may remind you of her own description of an intellectual woman in one of her novels: "She did not go to a hairdresser or contemplate her clothes." Yet Ozick isn't forbidding.

Her apprenticeship was long. She spent a decade, she claims, under the illusion that she was Henry James. But 20 years ago she struck the right note in "Envy," a story about Yiddish poets in America so sharp, so clear-eyed and knowing, that some thought it wicked. Since then she has published three volumes of short stories, a collection of essays, and two novels, the most recent of which, *The Cannibal Galaxy*, features Joseph Brill, the principal of a Jewish school with a "dual curriculum" – "the fusion of scholarly Europe and burnished Jerusalem."

Ozick has garnered her share of awards and grants, including a Guggenheim Fellowship. She travels to lecture. Three years ago she got a Mildred and Harold Strauss Livings award – anyone who wins this receives $35,000 tax-free each year for five years, so he or she can concentrate on creating.

Having just finished another novel – *The Messiah of Stockholm* due out early next year – Ozick had some time to talk with me playfully and earnestly. As she talks, she seems sometimes to be putting you on; trying out ideas, looking you over with a story-teller's eye for a possible role in the human comedy, Jewish-style. She enjoys talking, even when you insist on being deadly serious. She can get emotional, and she throws in Yiddish expressions like raisins in a cake.

Q. ARE you an Orthodox Jew?

A. Ugh! That's not a Jewish word. It's a post-Enlightenment word. "Ortho-dox" – "right belief?" That's not Jewish.

Q. Well, are you observant? Do you keep the commandments?

A. I wouldn't even say observant because I'm not observant. I'm a traditional Jew.

Q. What does that mean?

A. I know when I'm violating. You see, a liturgical calendar is a very difficult calendar for a writer. A writer doesn't want to stop. But every time you turn around it's another Yom Tov and you get more moral and historical reminders. It's much easier to be Henry James.

Q. I was reading your story "Bloodshed." In it the rebbe tells the protagonist Bleilip, "To be an atheist is to be in despair." Is it understood that the rebbe means not just any atheist, but an atheist Jew?

A. I think so.

Q. Bleilip then replies, "I'm not an atheist, I'm a secularist." But immediately you add, "Bleilip did not know what he meant by this." Do you think that atheism and secularism are the same and both lead to despair?

A. The best answer is the Roman Catholic one. It's in Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter* and has to do with a metaphorical, very contemporary, sophisticated definition of hell. Greene says that hell is the absence of God. That's the same as despair. Yet I'm sure that the world is full of happy, cheerful atheists.

Q. So you don't believe what the rebbe says?

A. I can't be responsible for what these characters in a fiction say – I mean, they said it. It represents them, not me. If I respond to this sort of question, I feel like an imposter.

Q. Reading your story and listening to the rebbe talking, I thought for a moment of the Reality Instructors in Bellow's work. These are people who tell the poor professor what the deal is. Actually they're con artists, blowhards. But it seemed to me that your rebbe was actually meant to come across as a wise man, wise within the Jewish tradition.

A. He may be, but the fact is that the writer is the con artist. I see that you're giving me very suspicious looks. What I'm trying to explain is that I don't want to be responsible for what characters in a fiction say or do, because it's too scary. I'd have to admit responsibility not only for the good guys but the villains. Therefore, I want to make a distinction between the fiction-maker and the fiction.

Q. I still want to insist on this. Based on your own experience, your own observation, do you think Jews who are atheist or secular are more liable to fall into despair than traditional or observant Jews?

A. No, I don't think so.

Q. Despair, therefore, is accidental, coming at random?

A. I don't think normal people live through philosophical despair. They live through the despair of serious illness. They live through the despair of a death in the family.

Q. When these events occur, can you predict an American Jew's response according to whether he believes and observes?

A. Despair probably is random, and you can't make a generalization as to how it will be handled. But now another thought comes to mind. I have a friend who lives in a hassidic community. She's an anomaly there because she went to college and she's the only educated woman or man in the entire community. She's quite anthropological about it, yet she absolutely belongs to the life and despair cannot touch her. I mean, not that she won't suffer in a human way from disaster, but suffering is different from despair. She believes, you know, that *Gott hot geshickt, Gott vet helfen* (God has sent, God will help). In this sense, although she may weep, she is absolutely safe from the calamities of the world. But she is somebody who is isolated in a powerful belief system, while the rest of us who are intellectuals are touched by Enlightenment values and are therefore secular. Every intellectual is secular.

Q. Does being an intellectual prevent you from attaining her state of mind?

A. Yes, particularly today. You see, in the era of strong *Litvish Misnagdim* it was possible to be a Jew and a sceptic and to have doubt at the heart of your system. But the *misnagdish* tradition is now broken, at least here in America, and the religious centre is elsewhere.

Q. It's hassidic?

A. Neo-hassidic. The new generation they're talking about, the Yuppies, are all turning Right and becoming more conservative. This is true of gentiles and Jews both. When the Jews among them turn to religion, they're attracted to Lubavitch. They want discipline. They want answers and apparently they get them.

Q. Bleilip in "Bloodshed" was visiting a hassidic village in upstate New York populated mainly by survivors from Europe. You write, "Bleilip himself was a month short of 42 but next to these pious men he felt like a boy." Was he right to feel this?

A. What D.H. Lawrence said is true – you have to trust the tale and not the teller. So here's an answer but you'd better not trust it. What I think Bleilip is thinking about is the worldliness of the oppressed, the injured, the persecuted. That there is a difference between an American Jew and a Russian Jew.

Q. And is this true?

A. I think it is.

Q. American Jews due to geographical good fortune...

A. Become like children.

Q. Including observant American Jews?

A. Less so, because anybody who goes with the liturgical calendar is educated in Jewish history willy-nilly and this makes you smart. This makes you wise.

Q. Is this one of the reasons why you seem to favour a traditional education for Jewish children?

> 'The idea of Jews as a narrow group is a misrepresentation, if not a lie. And there's a metaphysical proof for this.'

A. So they shouldn't be stupid.

Q. WHAT kind of Jewish education did you have?

A. Basically I guess I didn't have one. I went to *heder*, which was zero, and when I was in college I very much wanted to learn Hebrew. I got as far as reading *Le'an* by Feierberg, which I loved. I've lost all my Hebrew now. But I had a *talmud chochem* father. He really knew the texts, really knew his stuff. That didn't mean I learned it by osmosis – I didn't ever learn it. I was an autodidact for a number of years where I did nothing but read. I read as much Jewish history as I could, as much general and Jewish philosophy as I could. I was also reading a lot of novels and literary criticism. That's when I made myself mentally rather than just sociologically Jewish.

Q. Your case is rare, isn't it? There aren't many Jews in this country who would take all this time and trouble...

A. It wasn't trouble. It was something I needed. It was a hunger.

Q. You've also been a teacher, haven't you?

A. Now and then. Most of my life I've been a parasite.

Q. Have you run across many young Jews who were hungry, and who would do what you...

A. In my day, there was no such thing as Jewish Studies. But now those in need can go and study with textbooks and courses and that kind of thing. It's much easier to do this now at American universities.

Q. On a high level?

A. The highest.

Q. Do these students and their professors approach Judaism as a subject to be studied, or do they try to live it also? I'm thinking of Gershom Scholem. He was in this up to his neck, but he didn't live it. And as far as I know, he has no children.

A. If he had had children he would have turned to his wife and said, "Fanya, I'll tell you what – we'll light candles Friday night." Scholem would've done that, I'm sure. Because he would have wanted the continuity.

Q. All right, so we have several thousand young Jewish Americans studying such material. But I suppose they're also getting married and having children. How are they living their Judaism? And how are they educating their children?

A. It's too soon to know the answer because the phenomenon of these studies on a university level is too new – under a decade.

Q. Do the young men who study this cover their heads?

A. No.

Q. What does this mean, if anything?

A. That it will go in the direction of Scholem.

Q. Principal Brill fostered a dual curriculum of Jewish and other studies at his imaginary school. Are there really such schools?

A. Yes, they're proliferating and they're good.

Q. They're private?

A. All of them. Some are run by the Orthodox – I shouldn't complain about that word because it's a *fait accompli*. Some are Conservative and are called the Solomon Schechter schools. They're even starting some Reform ones. So it's a proliferating movement. As Jewish life goes, it's a small movement, but that's where it's at.

Q. Your daughter went to one of these schools?

A. From the first grade right through high school.

Q. And it was Orthodox?

A. Her school was part of the Orthodox movement.

Q. Was it considered natural for her to go from there to Bryn Mawr?

A. Absolutely. And her life at Bryn Mawr is interesting because she's active in Hillel, she studies Hebrew, she takes courses in religious history – Jewish courses. Even at Bryn Mawr you can do that.

Q. When you educate kids in one of these dual curriculum places, you have to introduce them to Bach. Now I've been reading your essay, "Bialik's Hint." You write there that to be enthralled by Bach, it's necessary for a Jew to suspend distrust of Christianity. That's an essay, not fiction, so I'm going to hold you to it. What about Bach and Mozart and their masses and passions?

A. You have to suspend your sense of being alien from it or you can't enter into it as a work of art. Look, the first time I went to England and saw all those cathedrals, they felt *treif*. I thought, "We don't have these piles, these buildings. We do it without buildings, we've really got it in spirit." Winchester Cathedral and Salisbury Cathedral seemed to me like peelings of irrelevance. They were tacky. They seemed to me a lot of *narishkeit*. But if I have this point of view, I'm missing a lot architecturally. I'm missing a lot in terms of medieval art. If you go to the Metropolitan Museum, you go through the medieval section and see madonna after madonna after madonna. You have to release yourself from the idolatrous intent of these pictures in order to enjoy them. You have to think of the model and the baby and the artist who was tied to his tradition and how this was all he could do to express ordinary humanity. You have to do a whole mental exercise to appreciate simple esthetics. It's very hard for a Jew.

Q. Being a Jew is pretty hard already. Why should you also insist, in your dual curriculum, that a Jewish kid make this effort? Is it worthwhile? Is it necessary?

A. It's not my dual curriculum. What I said in "Bialik's Hint" is not that we choose this dual curriculum, but that after the Enlightenment it's thrust on us. There's no way for anybody, gentile or Jew, to live in the post-Enlightenment world without being touched by it...

Q. Except maybe if you live in Crown Heights, or Mea She'arim?

A. If you're negating something, you're still thinking about it all the time and thus being governed by it. So whether you embrace Enlightenment values or you say get thee behind me Enlightenment values, you're attached to them and belong to them. I think that's what I meant when I said in "Bialik's Hint" that we all belong to the Enlightenment. That's a given now.

Q. When your daughter was growing up, did you play Bach and Mozart in this house?

A. Yes.

Q. You took her to concerts and museums?

A. Yes. But those were hard projects, not Jewish activities.

Q. You mean you made a judgement that although they're not Jewish, they should be part of a Jew's life?

A. Yes. But I'll tell you something else about my daughter. She was in Israel, working on a dig at a Philistine site, and when she saw their art, their pottery and beautiful bird designs, this humanized them for her. I was kind of shocked. I said, "What happened to the *Plishtim*, the terrible enemies?" So through archeology, which is an Enlightenment activity, and is certainly one of the interests of the State of Israel, the *Plishtim* are anthropologized, so to speak.

Q. Let me change the subject and ask you about Gore Vidal's piece in *The Nation*...

A. I'd just like to add something else on this, about these two worlds. Before the Napoleonic bargain, before a Jew had to be a Jew at home and a man abroad, Jewish life was internally governed and corporate, and the whole object of study was the Talmud. It was then that the outside world decided that all this was parochial.

But the world of the Talmud, which is juridical and sociological and where the cucumber patch is important, is really a unified world. I resist the idea that to be Jewish is to be parochial, nor do I want to live in two worlds, because it seems to me that there's only one world and the talmudic vision of it isn't narrow but includes everything. It's wildly inclusive. The idea of Jews as a narrow group unto themselves is a misrepresentation, if not a lie. And there's a metaphysical proof for this. If your tradition posits monotheism, which is all-inclusive, then you can't be parochial. That's why I've become impatient with Jewish questions, as if they are different or should be put off in a corner.

Q. THE quarrel between Norman Podhoretz and Vidal – is it just personal?

> 'Fatalism isn't Jewish. That's why Kahane... is the real Hellenist. He puts his fatalistic faith in statistics.'

A. Oh, never. This is nothing but anti-Semitism, and I get very upset speaking to Jews who care about Israel, who care about being Jews and who say, "Don't you see, Vidal's fighting the right-wing Jews, he's fighting the conservative Jews." This is a crock. I mean, he said that Jews are a predatory people. If that isn't classical...

Q. These ideas about dual loyalty and the inability to assimilate – did Vidal just take them out of his own head, or are they more in the air now?

A. They're more in the air. Recently, you know, a publisher said to me, "You're not in the mainstream." And I said, "Aside from the fact that they write bestsellers and make a whole lot of money and nobody's ever heard of me, what's the difference between me and Roth or Heller?" And he said, "They want to assimilate. You don't."

Q. Which meant what for you?

A. Which means anti-Semitism.

Q. Was the situation different some years ago?

A. Yes. The turning point was 1967. Until then, Israel was seen in this country as an underdog and was very popular. Right after the victory of 1967, Israel became an oppressor.

Q. You've been quoted in *The New York Times* as saying, "Internal Israeli politics is for the Israeli electorate to decide. But I think that in the Middle East the victim is Israel." How can a country with a thousand jet fighters and 3,000 tanks be a victim?

A. The dictionary definition of victim is a sacrifice, so I guess you're right. I have to find a different word, because I want to stick up for the point of view I expressed – that is, that there would be peace if it were possible for Islam to swallow the fact that the *dhimmi* have their independence and sovereignty. You know, they talk about the "underlying cause" of terrorism. Well, the underlying cause – why there isn't peace in the Middle East – is that the Jews are not wanted as a sovereign people in that area. Period. And now I think I'm going to come close to sticking up for the word victimization. If all you ask is to live on your own patch of land and be left alone, and this is denied you, I think that's victimization. *M'ken leben nor men losst nicht* – you could live, but they won't let you. That's a kind of victimization, where you simply are not allowed to live according to the norm of every other people on the planet.

Q. Do you think that American Jews should not go public with criticism of Israel?

A. No, no. I believe in the First Amendment – everybody has to have opinions and express them. Besides, it's an axiom that Jews in Israel don't conduct themselves as they should. Burning bus stops and *siddurim* – this is how to conduct human life?

Q. But you yourself have never published anything critical of Israel, have you?

A. Absolutely not.

Q. Why?

A. Because the fight is so terrible the other way. Go ask Amos Oz what happened at the International PEN conference here last January. It was a horror. It was unbelievable. Kreisky came and made a big pro-Gaddafi, pro-Arafat speech. Well, shaking, literally shaking, I got together a statement and went around looking for signatures. It was not an anti-First Amendment statement. It was anti-terrorist, anti-Gaddafi, anti-Arafat and anti all those Nazis Kreisky had in his cabinet. People were enthusiastic about the last part and pretty warmly opposed to Gaddafi. But Arafat? Arafat is a great cultural hero, so I couldn't get signatures. Now this was a worldwide conference, but the American contingent was half Jewish, maybe more. Every time I turned around there was another American Jewish writer-intellectual whose big hero is Arafat.

Q. And therefore, Cynthia Ozick should refrain from criticizing Israel?

A. It's not a question of refraining from anything. The ocean is coming over me. The pro-PLO ocean is drowning you to death and you should talk about what? Bus stop burnings?

Q. The banner headline in the *New York Daily News* a few days ago was, "Nab 5 Israelis in Drug Ring."

A. Yes, I saw that.

Q. Have you become used to this sort of thing?

A. That was a shocker. Really disgusting.

Q. Do you take such things personally?

A. It makes me unhappy. But am I terribly ashamed? No. Why should I be? Israelis are human beings. The whole range. Some are crooks. If I'm sitting across a table with you like this, we can have a nuanced conversation on the subject. But once things get out into the media, especially television, they're not nuanced anymore. Take what happened in 1982. That summer. It was terrible. It was unbelievable. Just a bunch of lies and lies and lies. It was a media pogrom.

Q. SOME American Jews have told me that the huge demonstration in Tel Aviv after the massacres at Sabra and Shatilla saved their pride and came as a great relief. Did you feel that way?

A. I admired it. But I wasn't relieved, because I know that even if every single Jew born alive were a saint, and angel and a *tzaddik*, there would still be anti-Semitism. The Jews are part of the human race. Sometimes they'll be admirable and sometimes they'll be drug runners. I may be proud when they're admirable but I'm not ashamed when they're drug runners. I'll tell you what else makes me proud, what I find amazing. In California recently, a man started sniping and killing, and when he was caught in the act of killing people, a mob got hold of the guy and beat him to death. No charges are going to be filed against these people. Now this is what those Israeli soldiers did after that bus hijacking, yet in Israel it causes a cabinet crisis over due process...

Q. It didn't happen exactly that way.

A. No?

Q. A couple of terrorists were caught alive, and taken away...

A. Yes, but this was after they'd shot up people.

Q. Well, one Israeli passenger was killed when the bus was stormed. She might have been hit by army bullets. Anyway, the captured terrorists weren't in the hands of civilians. They were in the hands of high-ranking security people who apparently got their orders from the highest level.

A. To kill them without putting them on trial?

Q. Apparently.

A. Well, that's a bit different from what happened in California. Nevertheless, in Israel it became a huge crisis of due process, which I think is admirable.

Q. Is Israel held to even higher standards than...

A. It holds itself to higher standards. That huge demonstration in 1982 was a big section of the population holding itself to higher standards. And no Jew committed that act in the refugee camps.

You know, in one of my amazing visits to Gershom Scholem he said something which I guess isn't very original but struck me because it came from him. He said that the state of Israel will destroy itself because the Jews are a self-destructive people. Now there is a point of view that this kind of heightened self-criticism, which is phenomenally Jewish, is self-destructive. I was reading Lamentations on *erev* Tisha B'Av, and there it was. You could call it a lefty piece, the way it blames the victim. It's deep in the Jewish characters, to lacerate with self-criticism. Look at Rosh Hashana. Look at Yom Kippur.

Q. Are you fatalistic about this character trait?

A. No, character is destiny. But fatalism isn't Jewish. It's Hellenistic. That's why I think Kahane, who calls his enemies Hellenist, is the real Hellenist. He puts his fatalistic faith in statistics, demographic statistics in the West Bank. Benvenisti does the same thing. His God is Kahane's – the idol of statistics.

Q. What about the data on American Jews?

A. It's horrible. I mean, you could be a Benvenisti-Kahanist here too. Half the marriages are intermarriages.

Q. Some people say there's actually a net gain in Jewish numbers thanks to these intermarriages...

A. Yes, because of conversions. There's a lot of conversions.

Q. Well, what are the demographics, then? Are they rosy?

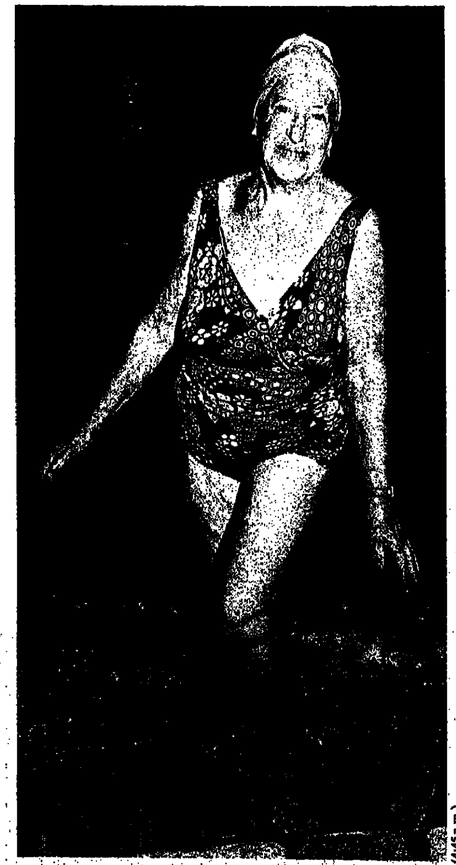
A. You talk with the sociologist Charles Silberman, and he'll give you rosy-rosy. Really there's something strange happening among young people now. There used to be Jewish women who never married because the males married *shikses*. But now the Jewish women are starting to marry gentile men. I like to read the marriage columns on Sunday in *The Times*, because there you'll find the deepest sort of hidden Jewish sociology. Well, last Sunday there were photographs of two new brides side by side. One is Mrs. Crichton and one is Mrs. Rabin. Mrs. Crichton is deeply Jewish-looking, and Mrs. Rabin is a *shikse*. That's the demographics.

Q. So are Jews losing or gaining?

A. We're losing. But that doesn't mean that in the long run I think the Jews are going to die out in America. No. It may be that I'm thinking irrationally, but Jewish history does not take rational turns. □

Water on the brain

Marsha Pomerantz and photographer Lisa Pleskow meet the 'morning crazies' at Tel Aviv's Gordon Pool.



STELLA is ribbing Haim at the edge of the pool. "You didn't even say hello to me in the street the other day."

"How do you expect me to recognize you with your clothes on?" he says.

Indeed it's a problem, Haim explains. Women are difficult to recognize with a full head of hair if you're used to seeing them in swim caps.

But at 5 a.m., in the dark, everyone is very familiar. Haim splashes off into the distance. The next time he pauses at poolside to chat, he identifies himself as Professor Lubin, economics, Tel Aviv University.

These are the early morning crazies of the Gordon Pool, which is what everyone calls the Tel Aviv pool because it adjoins the beach at the end of Gordon Street.

There are actually two pools, with a total surface area of 3,000 square metres. The children's pool, which is quite swimable, accounts for a third of that, and nestles inside the "L" shape of the larger pool. The length of the "L" alone is an olympic pool and then some.

As far as pool manager Yisrael Raheli or any of the regulars know, this is the only pool in the world which is emptied and refilled every day. The process takes 12 hours, and the staff of 25 or so includes a small number who remain at the pool all night overseeing it. When the pool is empty it's washed down with hoses, then refilled by pumping 20° Centigrade ground water from three saltwater wells at depths of 80, 100 and 120 metres under the sea.

The morning crazies are a very sane breed of fish: they swim every day, summer and winter except for Yom Kippur, when the pool is closed.

Not that there aren't beach fiends up and down the coast. But the Gordon set are a particularly legendary elite. Their landlubber friends – and journalists – like to put on raincoats in the winter and come watch them swim under a barrage of hail.

As with any elite, the closer you get, the more clearly you see the internal divisions: "The people who come at 4:30 a.m. won't speak to those who come at 5," Haim explains. "And those of us who come at 5 won't deign to speak to the 6 o'clock crowd." Like all jokes, this one too has an element of truth in it.

WHATEVER the clock says, the important distinction seems to be between darkness and light. Swimming in the dark has a particular intimacy about it. There's a softness in the air, at least in September, despite the vestigial odour of incinerated garbage, which often characterizes Tel Aviv's late-night ambience. In the huge pool, sound is important, since sight is dimmed. The lapping and splashing is punctuated by shouts, jokes and singing.

At dawn some of the magic seems to disappear; in the wan light everything is suddenly too real and cold. By 8 or 9, yellow light is warming the crooked flagstones and the less crazy regulars are plying the pool – mostly women who have by then dispatched their husbands into the dry world. It looks like any ordinary pool, just bigger. A late-comer would never guess what oddities have gone on here in the dark.

The early morning elite seems primarily Ashkenazi but Tuvia Berger, retired principal of the Ramot high school, sitting by the pool in the dark, says that Iraqis are also part of it. "Just that they sleep later and come between 7 and 8," he says. Given Haim's hierarchy of hours, this might be a serious slight.

Anyway, up on one of the sundecks an Iraqi exception comes into view. Nissim Ben-Tzur, dress manufacturer, is on his head; having swam at 5 a.m. and then run, he proceeds with his morning yoga. He's a relative newcomer: three years ago, in winter, he jumped into the water. At the time, he didn't know how to swim. "I have hundreds of employees," he says. "This is the only place I can relax." He is a religious man. But for him, swimming is as important as praying.

Many early swimmers meet only at the pool; for some the socializing extends to homes. One hand often washes the other, in any case. Tuvia Berger says they exchange goods and services – including legal or medical advice. "And there's a tax consultant coming up the ladder right now."

Yishayahu Armony, retired administrative director of Ichilov Hospital, reveals that there's a *kiddush* every Friday; this week the excuse is the bar mitzva of one of the swimmer's sons. And Armony gives away the secret of winter survival: "Everyone brings a little flask."

Some of the pool devotees had their start on the beach. Malka Reichfeld was one of them, but 25 years ago she decided it was too stormy in winter. She came in her raincoat to look at the pool, and huge waves splashed over the retaining wall that "protected" it from the sea. "The waves drenched me, and I figured 'What's the big deal. I may as well swim'." She's been coming ever since.

AMONG the early morning swimmers are well-known figures, such as veteran actor Rafael Klatchkin, who is in his 80s, or MK Ora Namir. Others draw their reputation from their association with the pool. Like Ketzele.

"Too bad Ketzele's abroad," said people around the pool. "He's the chairman of the Bottle Society. He organizes the really big festivities." And, lo and behold, Ketzele appeared. He had arrived from Yugoslavia at 2 a.m. By 5:30 he was at the pool.

Yosef Katz builds elevators for a living, and for many years he was the swimming coordinator for the Hapoel Tel Aviv sports club. He's a 27-year veteran of Gordon. As for his catering capacity – he is particularly proud of the pre-holiday celebrations which attract 80 people at about 6.30 a.m. "I make a list and

(4:45 a.m.)

(5:30 p.m.)

Post entertainment guide

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL

COMING UP TRUMPS

TAMARA Mielnik drew a trump card when she invited William Louther to give master classes for professionals and advanced students at her Jerusalem School of Dance in Beit Pomerantz. Louther is well known here. In the early '70s he was artistic director and dancer of Batsheva. In the early '80s he performed with Mielnik in a joint programme.

He has danced with the Martha Graham and Alvin Ailey companies and the London Contemporary Dance Theatre as a principal, and worked as actor-singer-associate director with the Old Vic. Indeed, from here he is going to London to film a work he did for the Old Vic called *War Music*, a theatre piece – "but almost dance. I had to teach the actors movement for six months beforehand," he says.

Louther, 44, is teaching "the Graham method according to William Louther" and has made the participants realize that "it's work time." At the end of the course, he will put together the material he has done in the classes and create a work that will be shown to the public – the date is not yet fixed.

"Tamara is doing incredibly wonderful things," he says, "and that is why I came." He is deeply involved in reviving the works of Katherine Dunham for the Alvin Ailey company in New York, and got leave of absence only because Ailey was so impressed with Mielnik when she performed in the Alvin Ailey Dance Centre during a recent visit to the States.

"Dunham was as important as Graham in changing the face of dance," says Louther. "Her roots were in Africa, Graham's in Protestant America – and Graham got more recognition. Now there is a kind of artistic guilt about this and the bulk of the Dunham works are to be revived." The expert on Dunham is Pearl Reynolds, and he would like to arrange for her to come to Jerusalem to teach the Dunham technique.

William Louther during a previous visit to Israel (above); teaching a master class in Jerusalem this month.

(Jeakov Agbi)

TWO WOMEN prominent in the American dance world paid a visit to Israel: Ann Barzel, eminent Chicago dance critic, and Estelle Sommers, chairwoman of the U.S. committee for the Dance Library of Israel.

Sommers is the widow of Ben Sommers, the founder of the Capezio firm (dance shoes and accessories) and president of the Capezio Foundation, which assists dance organizations in the U.S. and Israel. Sommers also initiated the idea of an International Dance Alliance. His wife shared all these interests and visited Israel many times with him.

Barzel was a dance critic for leading Chicago dailies for 25 years and has contributed to dance encyclopedias and other publications and lectured on dance at the University of Chicago. She has promised her dance library, said to be the finest private collection in America, to the Dance Library of Israel and has already donated part of it mainly books in German and Russian. "I know there are people here able to read them," she says.

In Tel Aviv Barry Swersky, chairman of the Dance Library committee in Israel, and his wife Ann gave a reception in honour of the visitors. There Sommers described a recent "benefit" held in New York for the Israel Dance Library at which the famous ballerina Alexandra Danilova, now 82, was honoured. She mentioned dance celebrities who had promised their collections to the Israel Library – among them Pauline Koner, Pearl Laug, Sophie Maslow, Anna Halprin and Carol Tenen.

Another visitor to Israel has been Imre Dozsa, 44, one of the leading soloists of the Budapest State Ballet, for which he has created several key roles. He has also appeared frequently with the Royal Swedish Ballet and other companies, and combines all this with his position as director of the State Ballet Institute in Budapest. He has received several Hungarian awards, including the Kossuth Prize, the country's top artistic award. During his stay he visited the Bat-Dor studios.

ISRAELI choreographer Domy Reiter-Soffer has been adding to his successes this year in a quite dazzling way. His *Equus*, already in the repertoire of the Dance Theatre of Harlem (New York) and the Australian Ballet, was staged by the Harlem company in London at the Coliseum Theatre.

La Mer, also for the Harlem company, was praised by Anna Kisselgoff *(New York Times)*, the most prominent and formidable critic in the U.S., when it was presented at the Metropolitan Theatre in New York. Describing the "tidal and wavelike pattern of *La Mer*, inspired by its Debussy music," she went on to say, "his invention does not flag and the dancers never imitate waves but remain humans whose emotions have their ebb and flow... The final section when the sea grows turbulent was especially dramatic in a ballet that went beyond expectations."

The second New York International Ballet Competition will take place from June 8 to 29, 1987 and is open to dancers of all nationalities, professional and non-professional, aged 17 to 23.

Only 24 men and 24 women will be chosen by a selection committee from applicants whose completed forms are sent in before January 12.

Applicants will be informed by March 31 whether they have been selected, and successful candidates will be asked whether they would be available for a four-week tour after the competition. Further information and application forms may be obtained from the New York Ballet Competition, 112 West 87th Street, New York, N.Y. 10024. The telephone number is (212) 496-1175.

WHILE the next Israel Festival is still in the planning stage, it may be informative and useful to compare some of the overseas festival schedules with the one we had this year.

If anyone thinks there was too much dance in our own festival, he or she may be interested to know that at Montpelier in France (June 23-July 12) the whole festival was devoted to dance. All the participating companies – 15 of them – were French.

At the Holland Festival, there were nine dance companies among the 233 items (not counting changes of programmes) spread over a month (June 1-30).

Compare this with our own overcrowded schedule this year: 12 dance events (not including changes of programme) among 44 items from May 24 to June 15 – just three weeks.

This should provide the festival administration with something to think about. Also, what about the idea of an all-Israeli festival of dance sometime? □

FOCUS ON DANCE / Dora Sowden

Cinema Dan Fainaru

Prize and prejudice

WHEN FRENCH writer Alain Robbe-Grillet stepped on the stage of the improvised theatre in the Excelsior Hotel on the Lido, to announce the prizes awarded in the 43rd Venice Film Festival, most of the journalists present already knew the verdict. They had come merely to confirm their fears and express their opinion of the jury's decision, by loudly booing every second word uttered by the speaker. For whatever the political logic behind the prizes, the list was pretty ridiculous.

Except for *Le Rayon Vert*, the French film which got the Golden Lion, and the Argentinian *The King's Film*, awarded a Silver Lion as the best first film competing, there was little reason to be satisfied with Robbe-Grillet and the jury he headed.

Three prizes went to the Italians – a special one for *Storia d'Amore*, and two acting prizes for the relatively unknown Valeria Golino and Carlo della Piane. This was possibly to encourage an industry badly in need of compliments but sadly unworthy of them at the present time. The Russians had to have a prize (another special one for *Wild Doves*); otherwise they might be too disgruntled to return next year. The Scandinavians were nice enough to send four films for competition (one from each country), so at least one had to be given a nod – the Norwegian *X*.

All this has very little to do with the movies themselves, but that's beside the point. Festivals believe that in order to preserve their size

and importance they have to placate everybody.

So let's forget the prizes and talk cinema. The general opinion was that there were only three fims of real importance in competition, the rest being at best interesting, but not much more. The only one taken into consideration by the jury was the aforementioned *Le Rayon Vert* (distributed in America under the title *Summer*).

A typically intimate study of human behaviour observed through a moralistic, sophisticated, sensitive and sympathetic eye, this is director Eric Rohmer's newest addition to his series of comedies and proverbs, the last of which, *Nights of the Full Moon* was screened in Israel a couple of years ago. Rohmer, a professor of literature at the Sorbonne, makes films which look more like works of art than industrial products, so carefully crafted are they in every detail.

The film is constructed around a young woman whose lack of self-confidence makes any social intercourse a major undertaking. The story follows her through a miserable summer vacation. Friends with whom she has planned to travel to Greece call the whole thing off at the last minute. Convinced that the aborted trip is one more proof of her rejection by society, and afraid to take any chances that might lead to emotional complications, she makes several attempts to find alternative ways of spending her vacation, but retreats into herself, feeling self-pity at being unwanted and worried that

Black saxophonist Dexter Gordon (above) in 'Round Midnight.' Marcello Mastroianni and Nana Mourouzi in "The Bee Keeper: a sad and pessimistic piece (left). Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep in 'Heartburn,' (below).

she may be taken for granted.

With many human touches and a great deal of humour, Rohmer as usual works very close to his characters and achieves marvellous results. Marie Rivière gives the kind of performance that goes beyond acting into a kind of osmosis between her and the character she plays, down to the smallest gesture, smile or furtive glance at the world around her.

The film everyone expected to walk away with the first prize, however, because of its being a more important production, was *Round Midnight*, an American-financed French picture directed by Bertrand Tavernier (*Sunday in the Country*). A loving tribute to the black jazz musicians who, in the Fifties, found Paris a shelter where they could live, play and promote the new sounds of be-bop, the film is shot mostly at night, in the magnificent sets built by master art-director Alexander Trauner, who reconstructed the streets, the jazz dives (including the famous Blue Note) and the hotel rooms that constituted the universe of these people.

Dedicated to the memory of Bud Powell and Lester Young, two of the giants who revolutionized the classic notion of jazz and whose lives supplied much of the material for the script, the film features in the lead a black saxophonist of the Sixties, Dexter Gordon, a giant of a man, who has more alcohol than blood in his veins. His presence in front of the camera is so commanding that you won't be able to forget this movie.

The jury, however, preferred to ignore it, as they did Theo Angelopoulos's *The Bee Keeper*. A sad and profoundly pessimistic piece, this follows a Greek peasant through the last season of his life, as he travels all over his country saying farewell to everything he was close to – ideals landscapes, dreams of youth and even his family (the film opens with the marriage of his youngest daughter, leaving his house devoid of any meaning).

Angelopoulos, one of the few film-makers of the last 20 years with an original, well-defined style, exhibits here greater introversion than ever. As always the rhythm is slow and the shots are long, but the accustomed spectacular dimension and the historical perspective are gone, as it instead of man facing the world, he is now more interested in man facing himself and his defeat.

ONCE THESE three movies have been mentioned, we are left with the problematic ones, those that either promised more than they delivered, or simply delivered something entirely unexpected. An example of such a surprise is *Melo*, Alain Resnais' latest picture, a faithful, stagey adaptation of a Henri Bernstein play of 1929.

When I was young, Bernstein was always given as an example of an outmoded playwright, enormously successful in Paris for a time, and then completely forgotten. Resnais has taken a piece that has already had five screen adaptations, mainly in the Thirties and kept the text practically intact.

The acting, the direction, the sets and even the dialogue are truly brilliant, amazingly so when one considers that it was written for the stage almost 60 years ago. But one wonders what attracted Resnais to this classic love triangle, involving two violinist friends, one a virtuoso, the other just a member of the orchestra, and the wife of the latter who has an affair with the former. It is melodramatic, to say the least, and if, between the lines, one espies certain typical Resnais themes, such as the moral value of truth versus lies, this is done in a manner far removed from *La Guerre est Finie* or *Mon Oncle d'Amérique*. But maybe this is part of a simplification of style that he began in an earlier film, *L'Amour à Mort*. Maybe, too, it is part of the recent fascination of the French in their films, with the theatre (four out of the six films they presented in Venice had a stage connection).

A QUITE different case is that of Swiss director Markus Imhoof, who was so eloquent and clear in his previous fim, *The Boat is Full*. This time, he is defeated by the confusion in the original material he chose for *Die Reise* ("The Trip"). Based on the book by Bernhard Vesper, who tried to explain, through drug-induced clouds, the phenomenon of terror in West Germany in the Sixties, of which he was an integral part, the picture tries to put some order into a long, disturbing confession. But by adopting a Freudian point of view, it disappoints all those who would like to find in it the total demystification of a legend.

Imhoof starts at the point where the protagonist kidnaps his own son from the clutches of the mother who was about to take him to Beirut. From this point, the story moves backwards and forwards, developing the thesis that the terrorists of the Sixties were revolting against their parents' generation, that of the Nazis and everything they stood for, falling into the same trap and adopting the same inhuman behaviour.

The question posed by Imhoof in his final frame is whether the new generation, the offspring of the Baader-Meinhof-Esslin period (in his book, Vesper discloses his own relationship with Gudrun Esslin) will act the same way towards their parents, and reject them in the same fashion.

This is certainly a valid point of view, but on top of a rather garbled narrative, Imhoof also finds it diffi-

(Continued on page F)

TV drama Roy Isacowitz

Little people

IT IS one of South Africa's few private multiracial nursery schools. White and black children sit in a circle on the floor as an earnest, young, white teacher grapples with the mysteries of skin colour. Gesturing to the outstretched hands, she says: "Your hands are dark brown, your hands are light brown and our-...well...our hands are flesh coloured."

Scenes of black maids washing, feeding and caring for the children of their white employers, surrogate mothers to their young charges. One of the maids explains that her employer does not allow her to use the washing machine because "she says I'm too stupid and will break it."

"Apartheid, like charity, begins at home," says Mira Hamermesh, writer and director of the award-winning documentary *Maids and Madams*, which will be shown on Israel Television on September 25.

Few readers of newspapers and viewers of television could have escaped the drama of South Africa over the past two years. Tutu, Mandela and Botha have become household names and the scenes of rampaging black youths and baton-swinging policemen have become sickeningly familiar.

But the media, by focusing on the wider canvas of repression and unrest, seldom manages to convey the human dimension of apartheid; the countless little indignities which make up the warp and weave of the system. If apartheid were not enforced and reinforced daily by ordinary people it would never have survived as long as it has.

THE LITTLE people of apartheid – victims and perpetrators, black and white – are the subject of *Maids and Madams*. Specifically, the film looks at the paradoxical sister-enemy relationship between white housewives (known colloquially as "madams") and the black maids in their employ.

Maids and Madams has been shown in Britain, in the U.S. and has been bought by networks in 18 English-speaking countries. It won a Royal Television Society award last year, has been shown at several international film festivals and will be the British entry in this year's prestigious Prix Italia competition.

The awards and success are well deserved. *Maids and Madams* is a documentary masterpiece – subtle, understated and as intricate and complex as its subject matter. Unlike most documentaries, it does not rely on narration; allowing instead,

Employer and employee – a scene from the film 'Maids and Madams.'

the circumstances depicted and the words of those involved to carry it along. By so doing, it achieves the pace and drama of a feature film.

The film switches from the teeming, squalid black townships to quiet, verdant white suburbs. It shows black maids showering love and attention on their white charges, while their own children go neglected in the townships.

It depicts liberal white women discoursing movingly about the iniquities of the system, while the black maid serves up tea and biscuits. Yet it also shows the risks taken by the liberal whites who, in defiance of the law, shelter their maids' children and grandchildren in their back yards.

WELL OVER a million black women work as domestic servants in South Africa, either living in barren rooms in the yards of the white homes or commuting to work from the outlying black townships. They work anywhere between 10 and 12-hour days for what amounts to slave wages, with no job security, pension rights or minimum wage. They constitute a vast pool of cheap, unskilled female labour which allows white South Africa to maintain its virtually unparalleled life-style.

In one of the film's most telling scenes, a black job seeker humbly repeats, "Yes, Ma'am" as her prospective employer lists the conditions of the job: a 6.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. work day, two free rolls of toilet paper a month, chuck, sugar and flour, no children, friends or boyfriends in the yard – and all that for R100 a month (less than $50).

Both the employers and the employees are women. Most white men have little interest in, or connection with, the running of their households, while many black men are dependent on the earnings of their womenfolk. For them, the switch in sexual roles is a confusing and often emasculating experience: reared in a patriarchal society, they are reduced to staying at home with the children and drinking while the women go out to work.

Recent research in South Africa and elsewhere has analysed apartheid from a variety of vantage points – class, colonial, economic and human rights. *Maids and Madams* synthesizes the approaches, entwining sexism with racism with the psychological cost paid by all involved.

For Mira Hamermesh, the genesis of *Maids and Madams* was "an idea in search of a country." What she describes as her "obsession" with racism and her more intellectual obsession with sexism drew her inexorably, over a period of years, to the subject of South Africa. A chance encounter with a South African academic in London led her to read Jacklyn Cock's *Maids and Madams*, the book which lent its name to her film.

THE OBSESSION with racism began early. Hamermesh was born in Lodz, Poland, where, as she puts it, she "saw the invaders but was not trapped in a camp." Her parents perished in the Holocaust; she herself moved, with the assistance of Youth Aliya, from Vilna to Moscow to Palestine. She studied at the American University in Beirut and continued her studies in London, where she married and had a son.

She began her career as a painter. In 1960 she returned to Poland to "dig up what had happened," a move which coincided with her growing interest in film. She applied to, and was accepted by, the Polish National Film School, the first Westerner to study there.

The four years she spent at the film school were "the most stimulating and exciting period of my life." She had one foot in the capitalist West and one foot in communist Poland, materially deprived but culturally agog.

Hamermesh returned to London and began to make films. Shortly after the Six Day War, she was brought to Israel to assist in the establishment of Israel TV. She spent one-and-a-half years here then and has returned "at least once a year" to visit family and friends.

She was in Israel recently to research a film she will be shooting here within the next six months or so. Sponsored by Britain's Channel Four, the film will deal with "the perceptions that people have of each other as enemies; the power of perception and how it sharpens political reality."

Hamermesh rejects any analogy between Israel and South Africa, noting that the question had been expected. "People may assume that since I made a film in South Africa, I come to Israel loaded with analogies," she says. "In fact, analogies don't interest me.

"I know that the argument of racism is used against Israel, but what you have here is hardly racial ideology. It is more a question of politics and territory. I take pride in the fact that Israelis are fully alert to the reality of the country."

She describes her responses to Israel as "passionate, critical and concerned." South Africa, on the other hand, was more like a laboratory, "an opportunity to study racism and sexism in their raw form, under a microscope."

She was drawn to South Africa by the same question that took her to Poland in the Sixties: "What did it feel like to be a Polish gentile in the city in which my parents were herded into the ghetto?" In South Africa, she says, one can study, in almost clinical manner, "how people claim privileges for themselves and the way they have of making it appear the norm."

SOUTH AFRICA and racism are virtually synonymous to the Western mind, but the sexist component of apartheid is far less readily acknowledged. The reason, Hamermesh says, is because "men of goodwill are far more easily aroused to racial inequality than to gender inequality."

"Women like myself," she continues, "don't regard racism as a worse sin than sexism. To me, they are equally tragic. It is immaterial whether it is black men and women or white to white."

Early in the film, author Jackie Cock remarks that apartheid breaks all ideas of feminist sisterhood. The film, then, in Hamermesh's words, is a study of "women's contribution to the destructiveness."

"Female black power underpins the system. They are forced to collude and participate against their own interests. White women are also trapped into collusion with the system, no matter what they do to mitigate their involvement."

At one point in the film, a white liberal explains how nothing she can do succeeds in bridging the gap between herself and her maid. A black church worker responds: "The maid has come away from real starvation. She is more torn than you are. The more you try to be liberal or kind, the more threatening you are to her."

Mira, a self-described pessimist, says that she already hears "the rumbling of the avalanche" in South Africa. Apartheid, she intimates, is doomed because it defies nature. "The mother-child relationship has been stood on its head. The child grows up with contempt for the woman who washed his bum, while children who were deprived of their mothers are now the crazed teenagers in the street. They have managed to convert easy-going and contented people into a raging force." □

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Minus One Dimension—20th Century Sculptors Drawings: exploring the relationship between drawing and sculpture with works by Giacometti, Picasso, etc. - starts Sep. 16.
Moshe Gershuni — Paintings 1980–1986. Largest retrospective of this prominent Israeli artist (Marzbacher Galleries).
Jenny Holzer/Barbara Kruger — Two contemporary American artists explore the use of words (Billy Rose Pavilion).

Exhibition from the Japanese Graphics Collection — Tadanori Yokoo and Kazumasa Nagai (Polovsky Design Pavilion) - until Sep. 22.
Big and Small — Relative size in life, art and the children's world (Ruth Youth Wing).

Jewels of Children's Literature — celebrating the 10th anniversary of the Ben-Yitzhak Award - outside Youth Wing Library.
Art in Context — Audio Visual program of development of Israel Art (Spertus Hall).
Permanent exhibitions of Archaeology, Judaica and Ethnic Art.

EVENTS

SPECIAL EVENTS

Tues. Sept. 23 at 7:15 pm. KETEF HINNOM: Guided Tour in English with Michal Davagi-Mendels.
Tues. Sept. 23 at 7:15 pm. GERSHUNI EXHIBITION: Gallery Talk in Hebrew with Monica Federovsky.
Tues. Sept. 23 at 9:00 pm. KOL BERAMA: Community singing in Hebrew with Shlomo Shavit.

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Library Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 2–5, Tues. 4–7.
Registration for Youth Wing courses 1986–1987 now in progress for adults and children.
"Mill" — Resnick Teacher's Training Center — How to guide your class through the museum. Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10–1 by appointment.
Tuesdays at 4 pm: Storytelling and play hour in Hebrew, ages 4–6 with Biela Lipkin.
Wednesdays at 4 pm: Picture and Book programs with puppets and songs (in English) ages 3–6.
Feinstein Recycling Room open Mon. Wed. 2–5, Tues. 4–7.

GUIDED TOURS (IN ENGLISH).

Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 11:00, Sun. 15:00, Tues. 16.30.
Archaeology Galleries: Mon. 15:00. Judaica Heritage: Thurs. 15:00.
Shrine of the Book: Sun. 13.30, Tues. 15:00.
Rockefeller Museum: Sat. (in Hebrew), Sun. & Fri. at 11:00.

VISITING HOURS

Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 am – 5 pm; Tues. 4 pm – 10 pm; (Shrine of the Book: Tues. 10 am – 10 pm); Fri. Sat. 10 am – 2 pm; Art Garden 10 am — sunset. Dept. of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun. Tues. Thurs. 11 am – 1 pm.
Archaeological (Rockefeller) Museum: Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. 10 am – 5 pm; Fri & Sat. 10 am – 2 pm.

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A pig in a poke

***Hamlet*, by William Shakespeare. Directed by Richard Williams. Designed by Nadine Baylis. Presented by the Oxford Playhouse Company at Habimah Theatre, Tel Aviv.**

I HAD seen it in Edinburgh. Even there, I went reluctantly. I had seen all the greatest *Hamlets* of our time: Why risk another? The truth was that I had a hunch: this one was going to be horrible. I went, and my hunch turned out to be only too well justified.

Maybe that is why the Israeli critics were only invited to the final showing. The Oxford Playhouse *Hamlet* was booed off the stage at Kronberg Castle in Elsinore on August 3. The PR and other agencies concerned with bringing it to this country knew the truth about the production.

After this, it is doubtful if our theatre-going public will ever be so gullible again, will ever again buy a pig in a poke, look only at the label and not at what's inside.

Not that there have never been unfulfilled *Hamlets* here before. Only two years ago, the Romanian Dinu Cernescu directed a *Hamlet* at Habimah that also projected an anti-hero. The tragic Dane was represented with an ironic twist as the victim of a society, where, since he failed to fit in, he had to be destroyed, since he constituted a threat to "the system."

A pretty piece of political science, directed against the West, Cernescu's anti-capitalist preoccupations might have worked at home, but did not here, far away from any Iron Curtain country. Yet for all that, there were some mind-boggling things that seemed quite legitimate, such as the suppression of the Ghost.

In the OPC version, however, a similar suppression was unacceptable. What with Gertrude in a crinoline – no one seems to know why – and her royal son in drag, a Ghost that vanished raised one question too many.

In fact, the whole of this performance triggered off more questions than anyone could seriously answer.

To begin with, what kind of a Hamlet had we here? A travesty of all that has ever been implied in scholarly studies to be sure. Not such a bad thing that, in itself, but did the present interpretation really intend to outrage academic convention?

This was a Hamlet who went beyond being "passion's slave," to the heights and depths of manic depression. Or, if not a psychopath proper, perhaps the hero was on heroin – or at least the victim of a prolonged epileptic fit.

Then again, perhaps this Hamlet was not plain crazy. Perhaps he was just in love. If so, with whom? Himself, Ophelia, or Horatio? The other possibility is that his sickly, chalk-faced agonizing was symptomatic of an archetypal case of Aids. If, as was implied, Ophelia and Laertes had an incestuous love-affair going, could not Hamlet, showing off his latent transvestite leanings in drag, have been a secret, out-of-context victim of another kind of secret, shameful liaison?

If that is carrying speculation too far, let's settle for pop culture projection: if not, at least, a rock prince, who, having been chased out of Denmark, has come to turn on today's teenagers with his hepped-up personality cult. No travesty at all, but a true take-off of this generation's pop culture grafted onto a classic, all-time hit. Here you have it. With this production, *Hamlet* becomes the property of contemporary culture – advance PR promotion, kinky cultists, disc companies and video manufacturers, please note.

FOR WHAT have you left when you subtract from Shakespeare's weary masterpiece this hysteric Hamlet (David Threlfall – memories of whose Nicholas Nickleby may prompt some to forgive him his present trespass); a ranting king (Malcolm Rennie); a coy queen (Jean Marsh); a hapless Horatio (Michael Garner); a randy Polonius (Richard Kay); an Ophelia (Sarah Berger) swaying between devious innocence and earnest deception?

The answer is a gay-geared, mannered masque, elegantly choreographed and costumed, with a Guildenstern (Peter MacQueen) and a Rosencrantz (Ian Reddington) who, truer to tradition than the rest, steal the whole show. And sorry, not a shade of Shakespeare, soliloquies and all.

The Oxford Playhouse Company is financially assisted by the Arts Council of Great Britain. Why they should assist this particular effort is something one would not dare to guess. But having done so, it is difficult to see why they should proudly put it up for export, unless the light cost of transportation – the set consists almost entirely of a length of black crepe curtain – proved an irresistible temptation. That they have not sent us such superb productions as *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, put on by the Royal Stratford Company, is more easily understandable. After all, the latter, well into its second year, is now running at the London's Barbican theatre where it is doing too well, thank you, to be shunted off on the likes of us. □

Matters of taste Haim Shapiro

Currying favour

Maharajah, 11 Rehov Shlomzion Hamalka, Jerusalem. Tel. 02-243186. Kosher. Open daily except Shabbat. (All credit cards).

WHILE musing recently on the fact that whatever way you figure it, feeding a family of five costs two-and-a-half times as much as feeding a couple, I noticed an interesting advertisement.

The Maharajah Restaurant, one of the places that has made Jerusalem the kosher-cosmopolitan eating capital of the world, had lowered its prices. The cheapest lunch was going for NIS 5.

For that price, I packed the family in the car and took them to downtown Jerusalem. Having arrived after the 1 p.m. shop closing time, I even found a parking place. The restaurant, with its Indian dolls and fabrics, was almost empty, save for the apparently usual clientele of young observant English-speaking couples. Later, they were joined by three IDF soldiers, all apparently of Indian descent, who seemed to be enjoying an afternoon off in the capital.

The NIS 5 lunch consists of what the restaurant terms a roll, in fact a chappati, which looks suspiciously like our home-grown, Iraqi-type pita, with a meat or vegetarian filling. This is served on a stainless steel plate with a knife and fork, or if you prefer to eat it on the run, with a strip of aluminium foil around one end.

Aiding my bargain hunt was the pitcher of ice-cold water, which the waitress put on the table for us as we walked in.

AS IS customary in Indian restaurants, we asked about the spiciness. The hottest dish, something called a beef chili fry, was an obvious choice for an adult. The dish was well seasoned, with a filling of pieces of beef and onions in a sauce that while hot, was not spicy enough to worry us.

The child who this week has decided that she will not eat meat ordered the sabzi, a dish which I in my ignorance would have described as a vegetable curry, with potatoes, eggplants and zucchini and cooked together to a satisfying and aromatic mass.

On the other hand, the child who decided this week that he will eat meat, ordered the chicken kebab. Here bits of bright-red roasted chicken were served up with a salad. But even the salad, I am sorry to say, was not enough to compensate for the dryness of the chicken. It was probably the least interesting of the dishes.

For the youngest, I ordered something called beef kebab which consisted of a highly – seasoned sauce of finely chopped meat with peas. Everything looked promising until he took his first bite and howled that it was *harif* (spicy).

Hastily I consulted the waitress. "Isn't there anything I could order for him that is mild?" I asked. Her answer was both rational and irritating. "Indian food is hot," she reminded me.

Finally, I ordered a plain chappati to assuage his hunger. But before it could come to the table, he had taken another tiny taste of his "too hot" dish and decided he liked it.

INDEED, so assiduously were all three children attacking their lunches that I decided I could not utilize my usual ploy of eating their leftovers and ordered another roll for myself.

The only dessert available was tofu (bean curd) ice cream. This has become a popular item in the U.S. and it is not surprising that someone in Israel would realize the possibilities of using bean curd products in Israeli meat restaurants.

The ice cream, which seemed to be flavoured with pennuts, honey and tamarind syrup or powder, tasted as if it was very, very good for you. In fact so healthy did it taste that the children gave up on it about halfway through, leaving plenty for the adults who thoroughly appreciated it.

The bill came to a sum total of NIS 36, surely a bargain price for a family of five. A fast food lunch, with lots of fizzy sugary drinks to wash down the sweetened sauces and greasy chips, would probably have come to more. □

Musical notes Eli Karev

PRESERVING A TRADITION

WHAT COULD a New York based musician with a life-time dedication to Jewish culture and a strong concern for Israel do to make this country aware and proud of a vital part of its rich inheritance? The Israel Music Heritage Project is one answer, and its initiator obviously knows what she is talking about.

"Music, more than anything, can bring our people together – the religious and secular, the Ashkenazi and Sephardi, the rich and less well-off," says Tzipora Jochsberger who moved to Jerusalem last month. What's more, she appears to possess a blend of idealist vision and practical grip which makes things happen.

Jochsberger thrives on achieving the seemingly unachievable. When, 34 year ago, she started the Hebrew Arts School in Manhattan – 16 pupils and two teachers in two borrowed classrooms – almost everything was against her: her name did not ring bells, funds were short, and the last thing the musician-saturated city appeared to need was yet another music institution.

Her school, however, was different. For one thing, it emphasized and fostered the Jewish musical tradition – something of great importance in the post-Holocaust years. For another, Dr. Jochsberger's pedagogic approach was infectious. "I have always felt that the joy of self-expression through the arts should be available to any child," she says. "This potential exists in every child, and it is up to the educator to unlock the creative impulses and desires of each individual and take the student as far as he or she can go."

THE school's fame spread, students and reputed teachers kept coming. When, in 1978, a brand-new, seven-storey Abraham Goodman House of the Hebrew Arts School opened its doors next to the Lincoln Centre for Performing Arts, with nearly 500 students and a faculty of 90, her vision and effort were vindicated.

The building's Merkin Concert Hall soon became a sought-after venue for New York chamber music performances. Jochsberger also made a point of presenting works by Jewish composers and served as godmother to two new ensembles: *Musica Camerit* and the Mendelssohn String Quartet.

When she retired last year, Jochsberger, a noted composer in own right, had no intention of resting on her laurels. The cause of Jewish music still needed all the help it could get. On her frequent visits to this country, where she had studied music in the late Thirties and the Forties, she did not need to be told that Israeli performers did not play Israeli music and that Israeli composers rarely sought inspiration in authentic Jewish musical sources. Nor was the music of the Jewish people taught properly in schools. And yet, "we hardly know how rich a musical heritage we are blessed with," she says. "The danger is that we may never know unless we wake up to explore it. Ten years from now it will be too late..."

INAUGURATED in August, the Israel Music Heritage Project, directed by Dr. Tzipora Jochsberger with Minister of Education and Culture Yitzhak Navon as its chairman, is dedicated to presenting the authentic music of various Jewish communities in concerts throughout the country.

Two programmes will be prepared each year and performed in some 25 venues – cities, development towns, kibbutzim, etc. They will include an assortment of styles: For example, the Klezmer art; music of the Ethiopian community and music from Provence; Ashkenazi synagogue chants, Bukharan wedding music and a Yemenite Seder.

Shortened to about one hour, the programmes will be taken to schools, where they will be explained by specialists. Which is where the project's educational aspect, so close to Jochsberger's heart, enters the picture.

"Following a school concert – for pupils aged 10 and up – we shall distribute questionnaires to identify motivated young people who might wish to study authentic music. For them, special classes will be arranged in after-school programmes." On a higher scholastic level, research grants and scholarships will be provided to stimulate musicological study.

Nor will Israel's composers be left out. A biannual competition is to be established for original works based on Israel's source music. In addition to awarding a sizeable monetary prize, the IMHP will undertake the publication, performance and recording of the work. In alternate years, works will be commissioned from well-known composers.

If all this sounds a bit too good to be true, Jochsberger's *modus operandi* may guarantee the success of the project. Already, the entire first year budget is at her disposal and the fundraising abroad is proceeding satisfactorily.

The most advanced PR, marketing and advertising techniques are to be employed, she says, "so that the music-loving public doesn't have to look down on us. And, of course, we will make sure that only the very best musicians take part in our presentations." □

Chess Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3273
YEHUDA HOCH, Petah Tikva
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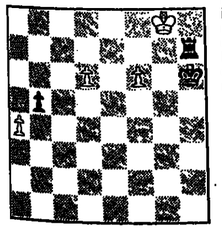

White to play and draw (4-3)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3271 (Hoch), 1.Rf: b7 Rb1! 2.Kd5! Rb2! 3.Kc4! Ka1! 4.Rb2 a2 5.Ra2 and wins.

YUGOSLAVIA WINS TEAM KARPOV TRIUMPHS IN

YUGOSLAVIA emerged as the winner of the nine-nation world team tournament held in Albufeira, Portugal. The winners garnered 26½ points out of a maximum of 32. They were followed by Hungary, 23; West Germany, 19½; Spain and Great Britain, 14½; Sweden 14; Switzerland, 11½; Denmark, 11; and Portugal, 9½ points. The 10th team, East Germany, failed to arrive because of visa problems.

KARPOV TRIUMPHS IN BUGOJNO

FORMER world champion Anatoly Karpov scored an impressive victory in the Bugojno, Yugoslavia, grandmasters' tournament. In the highest category (16) event of the year, Karpov won 4 games, lost one (to countrymane Sokolov) and drew nine.

Tied for second were Ljubomir Ljubojevic of Yugoslavia and Andrei Sokolov of the Soviet Union with 7½ points. They were followed by Arthur Jusupov of the USSR, Lajos Portisch of Hungary and Boris Spassky of France with 7 points each. England's Tony Miles was 7th with 6 points and Holland's Jan Timman closed the table with 5½ points.

HUNGARIAN WINS WORLD TITLE

ILDIKO MADL, 19, of Hungary, reigned supreme in the World Junior Championship for Women in Wilna. She scored 11 points out of 13 games, two full points ahead of Baginskaite and Prudnikova, both of the USSR, who tied for second with 9 points each. Tied for third were Arahamia of the USSR and Peicheva of Bulgaria with 8½ points each. Twenty players from 14 countries participated.

LUGANO 1986
V. KORCHNOI Y. SEIRAWAN

1.c4 e5 2.g3 Nc6 3.Bg2 g6 4.Nc3 Bg7 5.d3 d6 6.Rb1 f5 7.b4 Nf6 8.b5 Ne7 9.Qb3 h6 10.e3 0-0 11.Nge2 Kh7 12.a4 Rb8 13.Ba3 Be6 14.0-0 g5 15.d4! Nd7?! 16.Rfd1 Bf7 17.de5 Ne5 18.Nd5 Nd5 19.cd5 Bh5 20.Nd4!! Bd1 21.Rd1 Rf7 22.Qc2 Qd7 23.Ne6 g4 24.e4! fe4 25.Qe4 Kh8 26.Bb2! Qe7 27.Be5 de5!? 28.Qg4 Qf6 29.Qe2 Bf8 30.Be4 Bd6 31.h4 Rg8 32.h5 Rd7? 33.Rd3! Rf7 34.Rf3 Qe7 35.Qe3 Rf6 36.Bg6 R8 g6 37.hg6 Rg6 38.Rf8 Kh7 39.Qe4 Qf8 40.Nf8 Bf8 41.Qe5 Bd6 42.Qf5 b6 43.Kg2 Kg7 44.f4 Rf6 45.Qg4 Kh7 46.Qd7 Kg6 47.Qe8 Kg7 48.Qa8! Rf7 49.Qa7 Bb4 50.Qb8! Bc5 51.Qd8 Kh7 52.a5! ba5 53.b6! cb6 54.d6 Kg7 55.d7 b5 56.Qc7. Black resigns.

BRILLIANT TOUCH

White – Kg1; Qe3; Ra2, Ra7; Bc6; Nc2, Ne7; Pb5, c4, d3, f2, f4, h2. (13)
Black – Kh8; Qd8; Rb8, Rf8; Bc8, Bh6; Ne5; Pb6, c5, d6, g4, h3. (12)
1.fe! Be3 2.Ng6 Kg8 3.Bd5 Rf7 4.Rf7 Bf2 5.Kf2. Black resigns. (Mokrousova – Panzhinskaya, Kazan, 1984).

ART OF ATTACK

White – Kh1; Qd5; Ra1, Rf1; Bg2; Nf4; Pa2, b2, c2, f2, g3, h3. (12)
Black – Kh8; Qh5; Rf7, Rg8; Ne5, Nf3; Pa7, b7, d6, e7, g4, h7. (12)
Black to play.
1. – Rf4! 2.gf gh 3.Bf3 Qf3! 4.Qf3 Nf3 5.Rg1 (5. Rae1 h2!) 5. – Rg1 6.Rg1 Ng1 7.Kg1 Kg7 8.Kh2 Kf6 9.Kh3 Kf5 10.Kg3 h5! and Black won. (Salazar – Ernst, Saloniki, 1984). □

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cult to make clear a case against the generation of the Sixties as against that of the Thirties. And probably the main obstacle of the film is that he doesn't give his leading character sufficient depth to make him intriguing and his plight communicable to the audience.

A HIGHLY-respected British film-maker, Ken Loach, suffers from similar troubles. Loach, whose socially conscious, semi-documentary films such as *Kes* and *Family Life* have estblished an enviable niche for him in the English cinema, unfolds the story of an East German protest singer who is forced out of his native home (hence the title of the film *Fatherland*).

As he searches for his father, also a singer, who had to tread the same path 35 years earlier, the hero has to cope with the phenomenon of capitalist materialism.

Loach himself appears to be less than happy with this picture, say his intimates. He credits much of its character to script-writer Trevor Griffiths, who uses a blatantly militant tone to discredit first Eastern Europe, and even more, the West, and ends up in a complicated dramatic jumble that brings in the Spanish Civil War, the CIA, the Gestapo and the Dutch Resistance.

At this point, I should probably mention *A Poet's Silence*, the Peter Lillienthal movie which represented West Germany, but was adapted from an A.B. Yehoshua novel, and entirely shot in Israel. But my personal disappointment with this film and its approach to Israel demand detailed explanation, and I hope to return it in a future column.

FROM THE numerous films about film-making, another topic which appears to excite directors lately, *The King's Film* is more satisfying than the rest. Perhaps this is because Argentinian director Carlos Sorin is young enough to be truly enthusiastic about the subject, and comparatively new to a process which for veterans has become routine.

His picture shows a young director and his committed producer fighting against every kind of obstacle in order to make an historical movie about a Frenchman who was once elected king of the Indians deep inside the Latin American continent. The drama off-camera is both more exciting and more entertaining than that going on in front of it, and the determination of the director-producer team to finish the job at any cost will warm the heart of any young film-maker who dreams of making a breakthrough.

The last film in the official selection was another expected winner, Mike Nichols's *Heartburn*, adapted by Nora Ephron from her autobiographical novel and starring Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson. This is the story of the romance, marriage and divorce of Ephron and *Washington Post* Columnist Carl Bernstein, of Watergate fame, a bittersweet affair between two successful people who delude themselves that they can manage a life together.

Given the identity of the stars, the film's immediate appeal is obvious. But somehow, it never manages to pull them out of their skins. What we see is Nicholson and Streep having an affair. You never have the feeling there is anything in their lives except this affair, and it is very difficult to perceive that they are playing somebody else in the movie.

The script is terribly gossipy, supplying choice morsels of scandal that may be identifiable for those familiar with Washington high society, and moving on the level of a popular magazine.

The actors fill the void with their mannerisms and are very pleasant. But when the film is over, you have the feeling you have had an aperitif and dessert, but no main course.

A final word about Venice. It is in danger of becoming a purely internal Italian event, of no interest to anybody but the local press.

The willingness of that press to ignore many of the festival's shortcomings is only helping to prolong the agony, instead of bringing it to a head and forcing everybody concerned – the Venice Biennale, the Italian Ministry of Spectacle and, of course, the management of the festival – to take some drastic measures. At the end of this year's festival, too many people were wishing each other, "Next year in Montreal," referring to the Canadian film festival taking place in 1987 at about the same time. □

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Greer Fay Cashman

Life under canvas

Johan Leysen and Ann Petersen in the series 'Rubens'

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY artist Peter Paul Rubens is the subject of a five-part series which begins at 3 o'clock this afternoon on Educational Television. Produced by Kunst en Kino for BRT and the Dutch Ministries of Culture and Education, the series takes the audience through the life of the painter/diplomat, beginning in Flanders and moving though the European countries in which he lived and worked. The film captures the political and religious intrigues of the time and demonstrates how a genius of Rubens's calibre can incure the hatred and envy of other artists. Johan Leysen plays the title role. Some of the photography in the series is absolutely magnificent. Credit goes to photography director Ralf Boumans and cameraman Walter Vanden Ende.

Paul Newman stars at 10:15 tonight in the Warner Brothers production *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*. The plot is about an outlaw in the Southwest, who becomes a legendary, self-proclaimed judge. A somewhat unlikely tale about greed, violence, wealth and power, the story has its amusing moments as well as its cruel ones. Glittering with stars, the cast includes a much younger Victoria Principal than the lady we've seen in *Dallas*, Anthony Perkins, Ned Beatty, Tab Hunter, John Huston, Roddy McDowall, Jacqueline Bisset and Ava Gardner. The film was first released in 1972.

Sunday's mystery thriller at 11:15 is *Slippage*, a frightening film about a young graphic artist who begins to lose his identity. Slowly but surely his name is erased from credits and official documents. His friends no longer recognize him; his image disappears from family photographs and worst of all, his mother declares that she never ever had a son. A chilling prospect... could it happen in real life?

Switzerland was the location for the filming of the full-length feature *Treasures of the Snow*, based on the book by Patricia M. St. John. Starring Paul Dean and Carey Born, the story is set in a small Alpine village in which two boys Lucien and Danny are friends. During one of their many games, Danny suffers a serious fall as a result of which he becomes lame. Everyone in the village blames Lucien for the accident. Shunned by most of the residents, he finds refuge in his friendship with an old hermit. The film will be screened on ETV on Tuesday at 2:15.

Also on ETV at 4:15 on Tuesday, is the BBC Playhouse series *Ivan the Ninny*, adapted by Veronica Cecil from an old Russian tale. Ivan's father is a successful merchant who takes great pride in his two eldest sons, but he despairs of Ivan who has been nick-named "the ninny." However, Ivan has a few surprises up his sleeve. When his father sends him on a voyage, Ivan proves that he's less of a ninny than people realize. Michael Thomas appears as Ivan.

THE MUCH LOVED children's fable *The Princess and the Pea* will be dramatized in ITV's weekly fairy-tale series. Stars are Liza Minnelli and Tom Conti. Transmission time is 5:30 on Wednesday.

Diabetes victims and members of their families are advised to tune into Arabic TV at 7 on Wednesday to the health programme which discusses diabetes in adults and adolescents and indicates symptoms which should be treated as warning signals. The programme enters another medical realm as well. Interferon has proved to be a miracle treatment for several ailments, but its full scope has not yet been exploited. Some of its most recent applications will be discussed.

Investigative reporting appears in a bad light in Wednesday's 10:05 feature *Reckless Disregard*. Tess Harper and Leslie Nielson star in this film about a well-meaning and innocent doctor who unwittingly becomes involved in a drug scam operating out of a neighbourhood clinic. When the operation comes to the attention of a high-powered television news show, the doctor's career is ruined by journalists who are motivated by scoops and ratings rather than accuracy. The doctor's store-front lawyer takes on a battery of the network's legal advisers. She has to prove not only that her client is innocent, but that the network's star reporter displayed a reckless disregard for the truth. Many of the scenes in the news programme are contrived and not spontaneous, but more important, the film poses a very relevant question in our times. When does freedom of the press become an invasion of privacy?

Racial confrontation in South Africa is a daily media event. Mostly, when we see it on television, we see its impact in the street – in riots and in funerals. We rarely see it where it occurs most frequently – in the home. Over a million black women live in domestic bondage in South Africa. They work long hours for pitiful wages. They are separated from their families and subject to draconian laws. *Maids and Madams*, a powerful documentary about apartheid in domestic environments was made by Mira Hamermesh. A Polish born, Jewish film-maker living in Britain, Hamermesh was one of the last Jewish children saved from the clutches of the Holocaust. She was ferried out of Poland just in time and came to this country as a Youth Aliya child. Her parents perished in the war. In 1948 she went to Britain. Her film-making career has been driven by three obsessions: Jews, war and women. Jews, unfortunately, are among the white women who are denying black women the right to live their lives in full dignity and freedom. An African situation seldom seen from the outside will dominate our television screens at 9:30 on Thursday.

Coloured people can and do triumph in predominantly white societies, as can be seen in next Friday night's acclaimed feature *To Sir With Love*, starring Sidney Poitier.

TODAY MARKS the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the noted Hebrew author Yehuda Burla. Born in Jerusalem and descended from a family of rabbis and scholars of Turkish origin which settled here four centuries ago, Burla who died in 1969, was recognised as one of the most outstanding contemporary writers in this country. The dramatization of his 1939 novel *The Adventures of Akavyah*, set in the Anatolian mountains, begins at noon tomorrow on The Voice of Music. Adapted by Avraham Ninio and directed by Nissim Kimche, the nine-episode love story stars Nissim Azikri.

When the British left Palestine, they did not leave behind them a tradition of documentary reporting. Events reported on the Palestine Broadcasting Service did not highlight the nationalist aspirations of the settlers of Eretz Yisrael. The emphasis was always on the British aspect of the country – and when the British left, they took that aspect with them. By today's standards, the style of documentary reporting employed in the early years of Kol Israel was almost laughable. It was a trial and error exercise complicated by language problems and inadequate technical facilities. Difficulties were gradually overcome and Kol Israel earned itself an enviable reputation for the quality of its reportage. A review of the history of documentary reporting, within the framework of the jubilee celebrations of radio broadcasts in this country, will be heard tomorrow at 12 noon on the Second Network. The two-hour programme will be re-broadcast on Monday at 10 p.m. on Network One. □

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This week's TV/radio schedule SEPTEMBER 19–25

FRIDAY

Paul Newman. TV, 22:15

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Radio News **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **13.30** Radio News **13.35** This is it (repeat) **14.30** Everyman's University **15.00** Rubens (part 1) **16.00** A New Evening – Shabbat magazine
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
16.30 News roundup
16.32 Love Boat
17.20 Arabic film
19.20 Programme Trailer
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at
20.00 with Shabbat songs
20.05 Shabbat Eve Programme presented by Rabbi Shmuel Avidor Hacohen
20.15 Mabat Newsreel
21.15 Interview Evening – introduced by Meni Pe'er
22.15 The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean. John Huston's 1972 Western stars Paul Newman, Ava Gardner and Victoria Principal
00.15 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.00 French Hour **18.30** News in Hebrew **19.00** News in Arabic **19.30** Open All Hours **20.10** Finder of Lost Loves **21.00** News in English **21.20** Play of the Week
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north):
12.30 Woody Woodpecker **13.00** 700 Club **13.30** Shape-Up **14.00** Afternoon Movie: Room Service **15.30** Heathcliff **16.00** Super Book **16.30** Muppets **17.00** Webster **17.30** Family Ties **18.00** News **19.00** Fall Guy **20.00** Arabic Movie **21.30** Good News

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Vivaldi: Concerto for Guitar and Strings (Bitetti); Saint-Saens: Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso (Oistrakh, Boston Symphony/Munch)
7.30 Rossini: Sonata for Strings No.1 (English Chamber/Zukerman); Krommer: Octet Partita (Nash Ensemble); Netra: Toccata for Orchestra; Beethoven: Serenade for Flute, Violin and Viola; Borodin: Symphony No.2; Stravinsky: Soldier's Tale
9.30 Bach: Concerto for 3 Harpsichords, Strings and Continuo (Amsterdam Baroque/Koopman); Haydn: Symphony No.31 (St. Martin/Marriner); Beethoven: Piano Concerto No.5 "Emperor" (Michelangeli, Vienna Sym./Giulini); Schumann: Frauenliebe und Leben (Popp/Parsons); Dvorak: Symphony No.8 (Minnesota/Marriner); Brahms: Piano Rhapsody.
12.05 An Hour with Larry Adler – harmonica
13.00 Light Classical Music – no details available
14.00 A Portrait of a Composer – Schumann
15.00 From our Concert Halls – Israel Chamber Orchestra under Yoav Talmi with Miriam Fried, violin; Dvorak: 2 legends, Romance for Violin and Orchestra; Tchaikovsky: Meditation for Violin; Elgar: [illegible]
[illegible] Schubert: [illegible]
18.00 Weber: "Euryanthe," overture (N.Y. Phil./Bernstein); Brahms: Sonata for Piano No. 1 (Zimerman); Beethoven: Grosse Fugue for Quartet (Amadeus); Bartok: 6 Romanian Dances, 3 Rondos on Folk Tunes for Piano (Kraus); Paganini: Violin Concerto No.2 "Campanella" (Accardo); Grieg: Lyric Suite (Boston/Fiedler)
20.05 Britten: Sonata for Cello and Piano; Faure: Piano Quintet No.1 (Collard, Parrenin)
21.00 Mozart: Symphony No.40 (Chicago/Levine); Schumann: "Manfred," overture (N.Y. Phil./Bernstein)

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Oriental songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Songs and Tunes
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.00 Shabbat Eve programme
16.05 With People
17.10 Hebrew songs
18.06 Literary Magazine
19.05 Entertainment and poetry for Shabbat
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Till Here – Hedva Yiskar talks with Prof. André Cohen (repeat)
23.05 On Second Thoughts

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 Starting Whistle – preview of Shabbat's football matches
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour – with Yossi Banai
15.05 Till Here – interview programme
17.05 Behind the Headlines – media magazine
18.06 Memorandum
19.05 The Weekly Column
20.05 Shabbat songs
21.05 Sephardi folksongs
22.05 Stage and Screen
23.05 Between Friday and Saturday – Yitzhak Livni talks to architect Ran Carmi
00.10 Hebrew songs

Army

6.05 Songs
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 Morning Supplement
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 Have a Good Time – culture and entertainment magazine
11.05 Mama's Voice – special regards to soldiers
12.05 Sandals – with Dori Ben-Ze'ev
14.05 It's Not Shabbat Yet – with Shlomo Artzi
15.05 The Nahal Entertainment Troupe
16.05 Quiet songs
17.05 Documentaries
18.05 Soldiers are Young People
19.05 Talks with Young Leaders
20.05 Music and radio games
22.05 Smoke in Your Eyes
00.05 Yoav Kutner's Radio and Transistor Show

BBC

1322 kilohertz:
World Service newsreels at 14.00, 17.00 and 20.15.

SATURDAY

Judith Light TV, 20:00

TV

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
16.00 Buck Rogers
16.50 News roundup
17.00 Tiroir secret. French suspense serial (part 3)
18.00 The Human Mosaic (part 7)
18.25 Songs
18.40 Magic – Entertainment
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES begin at
20.00 with Who's the Boss – comedy series starring Tony Danzo, Judith Light and Elyssa Milano: Sports Buddies
20.30 Programme for the end of Shabbat
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Sports – Match of the Day
22.30 Christopher Columbus. Part 3 of a 6-part docu-drama starring Faye Dunaway, Oliver Reed and Max Von Sydow
23.25 Guitarras Amigas – entertainment
23.55 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
16.30 Cartoons **17.00** French Hour **18.30** News in Hebrew **19.00** News in Arabic **19.30** Duty Free **20.10** Bestseller **21.00** News in English **21.20** Jordan Weekly **21.35** Feature film
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
12.00 Flash Gordon **12.30** The Littles **13.00** Flipper **13.30** Rainbow Adventure **15.00** Sports **19.00** Wrestling **20.00** Movie: The Last Sunset **22.00** 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

7.09 Couperin: Apotheose de Lully; Clementi: Symphony No.1 (Philharmonia/Scimone); Handel: Concerto Grosso Op.3 No.3 (Holliger, English Chamber/Leppard); Weber: Konzertstuck for Piano (Casadesus, Cleveland/Szell)
8.30 Dominoar
9.00 Musical Quiz
10.00 JSO under Gary Bertini, Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No.1 and No.4, Debussy: 2 Movements from "Images"
12.00 Radio Drama
13.00 Haydn: Trio for Flute, Cello and Piano (Shoham, Harran, Greenfeld), Songs (Weisel-Capsuto, Neumark)
14.05 Musial Medley
15.00 Mozart: Piano Trio No.2 (Beaux Arts); Offenbach: "La Grand Duchesse de Gerlstein" operetta excerpts from Act 1; Dvorak: Piano Quartet No.2 (Beaux Arts. Trampler); Glier: "Red Poppy," ballet suite
17.00 Portrait of a Composer – Schumann, Part 2 (repeat)
18.00 Music from the Distant Past
19.00 Respighi: Ancient Airs and Dances for the Lute, Suite No.2 (L.A. Chamber/Marriner); Nahum Amir: Music for strings (JSO String section/Harth); Mozart: Divertimento No.10
20.05 Opera: Smetana: The Bartered Bride
23.00 Schubert: Octet for Strings (New Vienna)

RADIO 1st

[illegible]
10.00 Light Classical Music
11.05 Profile – an Israeli Portrait: Amnon Ahi-Naomi sketches a well-known person
12.05 Documentary
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.05 The Ways of Man
16.05 Literary Party
17.10 Stage and Screen
18.00 Radio Drama
19.05 Little Anthology of Poetry
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Literary Party (repeat)
23.05 *Selihot* Prayers in the Sephardi Tradition.

2nd

7.10 Hebrew songs
8.05 Who's Sleeping?
9.05 A Matter of Taste – with Haim Keinan
10.05 Weekly News magazine
11.05 Radio game
12.05 Signs and Wonders – the beginning of Hebrew radio
14.11 Beautiful Land
15.05 Hebrew song
15.30 Songs and Goals – reports from weekend football matches, music
17.30 Hebrew songs
18.30 Sports Magazine
19.05 Songs from films
20.05 Weekly News Magazine (repeat)
21.08 Request programme
22.05 Bible Reading and programme for the end of Shabbat
23.05 Zionism '86
00.10 Good Night – with Alex Talmor

Army

6.10 Morning Sounds
7.05 Hebrew songs
9.05 Happy Choir – children's programme
10.05 Entertainment and Hebrew Song Magazine
11.05 True Picture
12.05 Hava Alberstein talks to Avihu Medina
13.05 Ya'acov Agmon talks to Nissim Zvili, head of the Jewish Agency's Settlement Department
14.05 It all flows
16.05 Cinema Magazine
17.05 Tribute to poet Arieh Uri
18.05 Israeli Hit Parade
19.05 Foreign Hit Parade
20.05 Out of Sight
21.05 On Jewish Tradition
22.05 All That Jazz
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

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DIAL LOCATIONS
AM in kilohertz
FM in megahertz

	Voice of Music	1st Programme	2nd Programme	Army
Tel Aviv Area				
AM		576	657	1287
FM	91.3		95.5	96.6
Jerusalem Area				
AM		576	1080	1404
FM	91.3		95.5	96.6
Haifa Area				
AM		576	1206	1305
FM	89.4		103.2	102.3
Beersheba Area				
AM		576	657	1224
FM	88.8		103.8	96.6

SUNDAY

James Coburn Middle East TV, 20:00

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Radio News **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Radio News **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** No Secrets **14.40** Hello Israel **15.00** Everyman's University **16.00** Rehov Sumsum **16.30** Coral Island (part 2) **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Cowboy in Africa. (part 5)
18.20 Cartoons
ARABIC LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 What's the Answer?
18.45 Inventions and Innovations
19.00 Weekly News Magazine
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at
20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Till Pop – pop and entertainment magazine
21.00 Mabat Newsreel and Overseas Sports Review
21.45 Dynasty
22.35 Quotation Mark. Literature programme hosted by Yaron London
23.15 Tales from the Dark Side: Slippage
23.40 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
16.30 Cartoons **17.00** French Hour **18.30** News in Hebrew **19.00** News in Arabic **19.30** Charlie & Company **20.10** Documentary **21.00** News in English **21.20** Dallas
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
12.00 Woody Woodpecker **12.30** Westbrook Hospital **13.00** 700 Club **13.30** Good News **14.00** Arabic Movie **15.30** Treasure Island **16.00** Flying House **16.30** Muppets **17.00** Punky Brewster **17.30** Silver Spoons **18.00** Barry Manilow Concert **20.00** Movie: The *Last Hard Men* **22.30** Good News

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Faure: Dolly Suite (St. Martin/Marriner)
7.30 Poulenc: Piano Conceto: Arensky: Trio for Violin, Cello and Piano (Eastman); Chopin. Ballade No.4 (Davidovich); Folk: 3 Scottish Songs (Fischer-Dieskau, Menuhin); Bach: Sonata for Violin and Harpsichord No.1; Haydn: Symphony No.99 (N.Y. Phil./Bernstein)
9.30 Corelli: Concerto Grosso Op.6 No.1 (Cantilena/Shepherd); Fanny Mendelssohn: Oratorio on Pictures from the Bible; Mendelssohn: "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," overture (London Phil./Haitink); De Beriot: Violin Concerto No.7; Lecocq: "Mam'zelle Angot," (ballet arr. Jacob)
12.05 Ilana Lesenskaya – soprano, Yonatan Zak – piano; Songs by Verdi, Duparc, Stutchevsky, Rachmaninov. The Sinfonietta's Wind section and Hanoch Greenfeld – piano, Beethoven: Wind Quintet Op.16.
13.00 Arne: Symphony No.4 (Bournemouth Sinfonietta/Montgomery); Handel: Aria from "Rinaldo" [illegible]
[illegible] Albert, Dmitri/De Main); Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade (Philadelphia/Muti)
18.30 Bach: Cantata No.68 (Wiedl, Easwood, Equiluz, Tolz Boys Cho./Harnoncourt); Haydn: "Harmoniemesse" mass; Reichart: Hallelujah Cantata of Friedrich the Great
20.05 Falla: El Amor Brujo (London Sym./Gould); Albeniz: El Corpus en Sevilla from "Iberia" (London Sym./Gould)
20.30 Dora Schwartzberg – violin, Victor Derevianko – piano: Brahms: Sonatas No.1 and No.2; Beethoven: Sonata No.9 "Kreutzer"; Schubert: Rondo Brillant"
22.30 Music from the Armenian-Orthodox Church
23.00 Music from the Distant Past

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental songs
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.30 World of Science (repeat)
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Matter of Taste – with Haim Keinan (repeat)
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Jewish Thoughts
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Child and Family Magazine

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Morning Star – Frankie Lane
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 O.K. at Home
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Press Conference – introduced by Yitzhak Golan
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 The Jewish People
20.05 Oriental songs
22.05 Light Music for Wind Ensembles
23.05 Third Bell – arts magazine

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Daily Hit Parade
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Sports Magazine
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Economics Hour
19.05 Music
20.05 Music – tunes
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 Hebrew songs
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Night, Night – with Yoav Kutner
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

MONDAY

Orson Welles Middle East TV, 14:00

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Radio News **8.03** Keep Fit **8.40** School Broadcasts **14.00** Radio News **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** 100 Famous Paintings **14.25** Making Magic **14.50** Surprise Train **15.10** Family Hour **15.55** Beau Geste (part 8) **16.25** Gulliver in Lilliput (part 4) **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Alice in Wonderland.
18.00 Shmil the Cat's Club
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Programme Trailer
18.35 Sports
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at
20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 The Jesse Owens Story. Final episode of a 4-part serial
20.45 Beauty Spot – tips on hikes and trips
21.00 *Mabat Newsreel*
21.30 Yes, Prime Minister: A Victory for Democracy
22.00 This is the Time
22.50 Bergerac – suspense series: Prime Target
23.45 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
16.30 Cartoons **17.00** French Hour **18.30** News in Hebrew **19.00** News in Arabic **19.30** Growing Pains **20.10** Moonlighting **21.00** News in English **21.20** Crown Court
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A north):
12.30 Woody Woodpecker **13.00** 700 Club **13.30** Shape-Up **14.00** Afternoon Movie: Citizen Kane **15.30** Heathcliff **16.00** Super Book **16.30** Muppets **17.00** Happy Days **17.30** Happy Days **18.00** News **19.00** Magnum P.I. **20.00** Monday Night Football **23.00** 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Telemann: Concerto for flute and strings (Galway, Zagreb); Buxtehude: Sonata No.6 for Violin and Continuo (Boston Museum Trio)
7.30 Respighi: Rossiniana; Salieri: Piano Conceto (Ciccolini, Solisti Veneti/Scimone); Haydn: String Quartet Op.20 No.4 (Juillard)
9.30 Mozart: Serenade No.4 (English Chamber/Zukerman); Vanhal: Concerto for Viola (Wallfisch, Wurttemberg/Faerber); Brahms: String Quintet (Guarneri Quartet/Zukerman)); Dvorak Symphony No.2 (London Sym./Kertesz)
12.05 Arye Vardi – piano, Beethoven: Sonata No.17; Schubert: Fantasia in C minor; Brahms: Intermezzo Op.116 No.4, Capriccio Op.76 No.1, Intermezzo Op.117, No.2; Debussy: 4 Preludes
13.00 Paganini: Sonata for Violin and Orchestra "Spring" (Accardo, London Phil. (Dutoit); Gounod: "Faust," Ballet music (Rotterdam Phil./Zinman); Bizet: 3 parts from "Carmen" [illegible]
16.00 Dvorak: Symphony No.7 (Czech Phil./Neumann); Haydn: Concerto for Oboe (Wickens, Royal Phil./Howarth); Telemann: Quartet for Flute, Oboe, Violin, Cello and Continuo; Scarlatti: Stabat mater (English Baroque Soloists, Monteverdi Cho./Gardiner); Mozart: Divertimento for Violin, Viola and Cello K.563 (Amadeus Quartet members)
18.30 Israel Chamber Orch. under Ostrovsky with Nina Beilina – violin. Weber: "Oberon," overture; Sibelius: Violin Concerto; Schuman: Symphony No.2
20.05 Mozart: Rondo from Divertimento No.11 (Vienna Mozart Ensemble Boskovsky), Divertimento K.138 (Slakak Chamber)
20.30 From the World's Concert Halls: Orlando String Quartet – Boccherini: Quintet Op.28 No.4; Mozart: Quartet No.14; Schubert: Quintet
22.30 Selihot
23.00 Musical Medley

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Story and Song
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.53 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Radio Drama
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Reflections on the Portion of the Week
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Signs and Wonders – *the beginning of Hebrew radio (repeat)*

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Morning Star – Caterina Valenta
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 O.K. at Home
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Free Period – education magazine
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 Law and Justice Magazine
20.05 Cantorial Hit Parade
22.05 Jazz Corner
23.05 Treasure Hunt

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Daily Hit Parade
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Interview with Aluf Matan Vilnay
19.05 Music
20.05 Music – blues
21.00 Mabat – TV Newsreel
21.30 Hebrew songs
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Night, Night – with Yoav Kutner
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

TUESDAY

Dudu Topaz TV, 20:02

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Radio News **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Radio News **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** Treasures of the Snow – film **15.50** Ballet – Albinoni – : Adagio **16.00** Touring Israel – with Sefi Ben Yosef **16.15** Ivan the Ninny **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 News for Young Children
18.00 The Bagthorpe Saga. Part 4 of a 6-part comedy series
ARABIC LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 End of Empire – documentary (part 4)
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at
20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Find the Pips – TV game, introduced by Dudu Topaz
20.30 Don't Wait Up – comedy series starring Nigel Havers, Tony Britton and Dinah Sheridan
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.40 Second Look – focus on matters of moment
22.35 Edge of Darkness. Final episode of a 6-part BBC suspense serial, starring Bob Peck and Joanne Whalley
23.50 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
16.30 Cartoons **17.00** French Hour **18.30** News in Hebrew **19.00** News in Arabic **19.30** Music Box **20.30** Alfred Hitchcock **21.00** News in English **21.20** The Equalizer
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A north):
12.30 Woody Woodpecker **13.00** 700 Club **13.30** Shape-Up **14.00** Afternoon Movie: Hotel Reserve **15.30** Heathcliff **16.00** Flying House **16.30** Muppets **17.00** Battlestar Galactica **18.00** News **19.00** *Riptide* **20.00** Simon & Simon **21.00** Heroes and Sidekicks **22.00** 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Paganini: "Warsaw Sonata" for Violin (Accardo, Europe Chamber/Tamponi); Brahms: "Autumn" song (Stockholm Radio/Ericson)
7.30 Handel: Trio Sonata Op. 5, No. 6 (Orpheus Members); J. Stamitz: Symphony Op. 3, No. 3 (Czech Chamber/Hlavacek); Mendelssohn: Piano Quartet; Haydn: Cello Concerto (Coin, Academy of Ancient Music/Hogwood); Mozart: Symphony No. 39 (Chicago/Solti); Bach: Motet (London Baroque)
9.30 Tarrega: 5 pieces for Guitar (Yepes); Copland: Appalachian Spring (Detroit Sym./Dorati); Dvorak: String Quartet No. 12 (Amadeus); Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2; Mahler: Farewell from Das Lied von der Erde (Norman, London Sym./Davis)
12.05 Popper: Hungarian Rhapsody, Serenade (Cohen/Parsons); Dvorak: Piano Quartet (Rubinstein, Guarneri); Popper: Polonaise de Concert (Cohen/Parsons) [illegible]
16.00 Handel: Concerto Grosso Op. 6, No. 2 (JSO/Foss); Haydn: Mass No. 12 (N.Y. Phil., Westminster Choir/Bernstein); Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 1 (Ashkenazy, Chicago/Solti); Bruckner: Symphony No. 1 (JSO/Bertini)
18.30 Motti Schmidt – violin, Daniel Ben-Zakun – piano, Messiaen: Variations; Schubert: Sonata No. 2; Webern: 4 pieces Op. 7; Beethoven: Sonata for Violin and Piano No. 4; Shostakovitch: 4 Preludes
20.05 Haydn: String Quartet "The Bird"
20.30 From our Concert Halls – Israel Chamber Orch. under Michel Corboz with vocal soloist and Lausanne Chamber Choir, Vivaldi: Psalm No. 112; Mozart: Mass in C minor, K. 427
22.30 Then and Again
23.00 Renaissance and Baroque Music

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme for Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental Requests
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.25 Education for all
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 A Political Book
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Talmud Lesson
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Two by Two

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 *Editorial Review*
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Morning Star – Patty Page
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 O.K. at Home
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Health and Medicine Magazine
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 New World – environment magazine
20.05 Cantorial Requests
22.05 Once More
23.05 Radio game

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Eitan Lifshitz
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Daily Hit Parade
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Economics Hour
19.05 Music
20.05 Music – rock
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 Hebrew songs
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Night, Night – with Yoav Kutner
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat with Yehonatan Gefen

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Radio 1st weekdays 10.30-11.00 a.m.
Saturday 7.30-8.00 a.m.

WEDNESDAY

Tom Conti TV, 17:30

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Radio News **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Radio News **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** The Time Tunnel **15.00** Everyman's University **16.00** Pretty Butterfly **16.25** TV Game **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 The Princess and the Pea – Starring Tom Conti and Liza Minnelli
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Literature and Culture Magazine
19.00 Health Magazine
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at
20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Relations between religious, traditional and secular Jews
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 *Moked*
22.05 Reckless Disregard. Canadian TV movie starring Tess Harper and Leslie Nielson
23.40 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
16.30 Cartoons **17.00** French Hour **18.30** News in Hebrew **19.00** News in Arabic **19.30** Three's Company **20.10** Believe It or Not **21.00** News in English **21.20** Sword of Honour
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
12.30 Woody Woodpecker **13.00** 700 Club **13.30** Shape-Up **14.00** Afternoon Movie: Mr. Horn (part 1) **15.30** Heathcliff **16.00** Super Book **16.30** Muppets **17.00** Buck Rogers **18.00** News **19.00** A-Team **20.00** Remington Steele **21.00** Cagney & Lacey **22.00** 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Mozart: Divertimento No. 3
7.30 Bach: Partita No. 4 for Piano (Weissenberg); Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 18 (P. Serkin, English Chamber/Schneider); Schumann: Symphony No. 4 (New Philharmonia/Inbal); Bartok: Divertimento for Strings (St. Martin/Marriner)
9.30 Mozart: Davidde Penitente Cantata (Palmer, Robinson, Jenkins, JSO/Bertini); Brahms: Violin Concerto (Laredo, JSO/Foss); Liszt: "Mazeppa", tone poem; Shostacovich: Symphony No. 1 (N.Y. Phil/Bernstein)
12.05 Piano Pages
13.00 Bach: Concerto for Harpsichord No. 5 (Peleg); Bach: Cantata No. 102 (Munich Bach Choir and Orch./Richter); Mozart: Serenade (L.A. Phil. Members/Zukerman); Prokofiev: Sonata for Flute and Piano Op. 94 (Galway, Argerich)
15.05 Among Friends
16.00 Ludmilla Baskin – piano, Bach: Toccata and Fugue in E minor; Chopin: Polonaise – Fantasia Op. 61; Rachmaninov: 2 Etudes Op. 33; Schumann: Kreisleriana
17.00 Israeli Contemporary Music
18.00 From The World's Concert Halls [illegible]
20.05 Sasha Gorodinsky – piano. Paderewski: Minuet; Beethoven: "Waldstein Sonata"; Brahms: Variations on a theme by Paganini: Liszt – Bugoni: "La Campanella"
21.00 Wednesday's Opera, Kurt Weill: Threepenny Opera
23.00 Field: Nocturnes No. 17 and No. 18; Mozart: Divertimento No. 15

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental songs
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Programme for Senior Citizens
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Lesson in *Halacha*
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 A Friend from the Same Planet

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Morning Star – Domenico Modonio
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 O.K. at Home
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.06 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Hebrew songs
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 Army and Defence Magazine
20.05 Folklore Magazine
21.05 Song for the Road
22.05 Folk dances
23.05 Night Games

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs; information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Daily Hit Parade
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Army and Defence Magazine
19.05 Music
20.05 Music – new wave
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 Hebrew songs
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Night, Night – with Yoav Kutner
00.05 Classical Night Birds

ENGLISH BROADCASTS — ISRAEL RADIO
07.00-07.15 News and Press Review
13.00-13.30 News and Feature Programme
17.00-17.05 News
20.00-20.15 News Magazine on 1st Programme
– 576 kilohertz – centre and north
– 1170 kilohertz – Jerusalem area

THURSDAY

Richard Widmark Middle East TV, 14:00

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Radio News **8.03** Keep Fit **8.15** School Broadcasts **14.00** Radio News **14.03** Keep Fit **14.15** Revolutions in Mexico **15.00** Tau Tau (part 12) **15.25** Rehov Sumsum **16.00** This is It – live magazine **17.00** A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Micron 1 – science fiction
18.00 It's Your Move
18.25 A Look at Atlit
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 TV Magazine
19.00 Meeting – current affairs
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at
20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Mabat Sport
20.45 Programme Trailer
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Maids and Madams – British documentary
22.20 Space. Part 8 of a 13-part drama serial about the U.S. space research programme. Starring James Garner, Bruce Dern and Michael York
23.05 Dance performance by the Netherland Dance Theatre
23.35 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
16.30 Cartoons **17.00** French Hour **18.30** News in Hebrew **19.00** News in Arabic **19.30** Amanda's **20.10** 55 Lime Street **21.00** News in English **21.20** Feature film
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north):
12.30 Woody Woodpecker **13.00** 700 Club **13.30** Shape-Up **14.00** Afternoon Movie: Mr. Horn (part 2) **15.30** Heathcliff **16.00** Flying House **16.30** Muppets **17.00** Lucy **17.30** WKRP **18.00** News **19.00** Hardcastle & McCormack **20.00** Sixty Minutes **21.00** Moonlighting **22.00** 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Foster: Songs
7.30 Gershwin: An American in Paris: Copland: Billy the Kid; Bernstein: West Side Story
9.30 Rossini: Sonata for Strings. Sheriff: "Omrim Yeshna Eretz" suite: Mussorgsky-Ravel: "Daphnis and Chloe", ballet music
12.05 Gerhardt Weinberg, Norbert Dichtel, Organs Works by Bach and others
13.00 Tchaikovsky: Cappricio Italien (Bournemouth Sym./Silvestri); Raiche: Quartet for 4 Flutes; Mozart: Piano concerto No. 5 (Gvulda, Vienna Phil./Abbado); Rossini-Respighi: "Boutique Fantasque" ballet music (National Phil./Bonynge)
15.05 Musical Encounters
16.00 Israel Piano Trio; Mozart: Piano Trio No. 2; Henze: Chamber Sonata: Schumann: Piano Trio No. 1
17.30 Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 (I Musici); Mendelssohn: Sonata for Cello and Piano No. 2 [illegible] Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 (Bertini)
23.00 "Golden Generation" Beethoven: Sonatas for Cello – 1st programme: Pierre Fournier – cello; Artur Schnabel – piano, Sonatas No. 1, No. 4 and No. 5

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old songs
8.30 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcats
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental songs
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.30 Speaker's Podium
15.53 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Middle East Crossroads
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Lesson in *Tania*
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 I Have a Dream

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Morning Star – Larry Adler
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 O.K. at Home
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Hebrew songs?
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 This Week in the Knesset
20.05 Roots – folklore magazine
22.05 Yiddish songs
23.05 Between Ourselves

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now
13.05 Daily Hit Parade
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Economics Hour
19.05 Music
20.05 Music – classical rock
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 Hebrew songs
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Night, Night – with Yoav Kutner
00.05 Night Birds – with Eli Yisraeli

THE VOICE OF PEACE
Regular daily programmes
3.00-6.00 Early Morning Show
12.00-13.00 Kassah Programme
18.00-19.30 Twilight Time
19.30-21.00 Classical Programme

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Between acts Marsha Pomerantz

JAPANESE FAN

NOT your ordinary classical Japanese actor. Blue eyes peer out from the tiny holes in the Noh mask, and under the wig is a shock of curly hair. It's Zvika Serper, who originated at the opposite en of Asia from classical Japanese theatre. He comes from Givatayim.

During a five-year stint in Japan, which ended a year ago, Serper pursued intensive studies of three of the major styles of classical Japanese theatre: Kyogen and Kabuki, in addition to Noh. He had the rare opportunity and honour of performing with professional Japanese actors during his stay in Tokyo, and tomorrow night at the Khan Theatre in Jerusalem, he will perform – in Japanese – excerpts of works in each of the three styles. The performances in *Fan and Sword* will be preceded by Hebrew synopses. The production, which so far has the support of the Public Council for Culture and the Arts, will continue as a roving one-man show.

Noh – whose masks are perhaps the most familiar element of Japanese theatre for Westerners or Middle Easterners – is a lyrical, aristocratic style which developed out of Far Eastern mythology and Buddhist writings, and was at first presented in Buddhist temples. Only the primary performers – primary by definition of style, not level of skill – use masks.

The slow solemnity of the Noh plays are juxtaposed with Kyogen performances, which provide a sort of comic relief, though they are not necessarily pure comedy. They are also stylized, but in an exaggerated way. They deal with the headaches of daily life, such as recalcitrant lovers and faithless servants or vice versa.

Kabuki, the popular classical style, is the youngest of the three – a mere 300 years old, to the 600 of Noh and Kyogen. It is designed more to show off the powers of the actor than to excel in literary subtlety. It is expressionistic, with stylized, exaggerated movement and climactic freezes by the lead actor for effect.

All three genres are performed by men only; in Kabuki the male playing a female role (onagata) has been particularly refined and stylized. Movement and music are integral aspects of each of the styles, and the art of the actor in each is passed down from father to son. Only in Noh has eligibility opened up somewhat beyond heredity, with encouragement from the government. That's because there has been a shortage of actors for the secondary roles. Still, those who train without having the tradition in their genes never reach the status afforded by heredity.

"Noh" means ability or polish; "Kyogen" comes from the words for "crazy speech" and "Kabuki" is a conglomerate of "poetry," "dance," and "art." So much for a brief glossary of terms, based on information Serper suplied.

SERPER'S interest is not in becoming a Japanese actor, or even a reasonable facsimile thereof. Having absorbed as much as possible from some of the best actors in Japan, he wants to apply techniques he learned there to Western theatre – particularly to what is done in Israel.

This is a challenge particularly because Israeli and Japanese characters – to the extent that these things can be generalized – are about as opposite as they can be, Serper observes. But he thinks that Americans and Japanese are about equally "opposite."

Israelis can benefit from the kind of control inherent in Japanese theatre. Serper quotes the advice of Zeami, a late 14th-century esthetician of classical Japanese theatre: "Work with the feelings 100 per cent, and with the body 70 per cent."

In workshops he has done with students at Tel Aviv University, where he teaches both theory and practice of drama, he emphasizes restrained body movements and concentration on "internal things." That makes for much more powerful theatre, he says. The few intermittent vocal demonstrations he gave during our conversation sounded as if they came from some ferocious beast trapped in his intestines. It was enough to make me drop my fan.

On stage, elements of costume contribute to this restraint. The several layers of tightly-wrapped clothing make it difficult to breathe, for instance – and dressers sometimes brace their foot against the actor's belly as they pull the sashes, and ask him if he can stand it a little tighter. Serper, who had rehearsed a certain role wearing light clothing, found he could lift his arm only about half the distance once he had his robes on.

For the primary actor in Noh, the mask adds another element of restraint. Vision is very limited through the small eye-holes and doesn't, for instance, include the highly polished wooden floor on which the actor is carefully sliding his feet. Serper once misgauged the distance and almost slid over the edge of the stage into the audience. The actor can judge distance only by focusing on the three wooden posts that support the dropped ceiling of the traditional stage.

But the effect of the mask is much greater than merely limiting vision. For the audience it clearly neutralizes the face and directs attention to the rest of the body. And Serper says the effect is similar for the actor: he doesn't go on smiling or frowning behind the mask – where there isn't much room in any case. He directs his expression to other parts of the body.

And an actor is well aware of how he looks with his borrowed face. The ritual of putting on a mask begins with holding it and concentrating on it. The actor bows to it, and is assisted in putting it on. Just before he goes on stage, he pauses in the "mirror space" to see the effect of the total assemblage.

BEFORE his trip to Japan on a scholarship from the Japanese Ministry of Education – later supplemented with other grants once he was there – Serper was an M.A. student at Tel Aviv University and acted at the Cameri, Tel Aviv's municipal theatre. He participated in a Kabuki-style comedy at the university, which then went "public." That's what interested him in doing an M.A. thesis on Kabuki – which he finished after a year in Japan.

His doctoral dissertation, now in the writing, will offer a theory of acting which spans the three styles of classical theatre. It draws on his practical experience, on readings in the Japanese literature and consultations with Japanese experts on theatre. But the approach is necessarily different from that within Japan: the generic word "theatre," he explains, is a relatively recent invention in the Japanese vocabulary.

For most discourse, "Noh was Noh, Kabuki was Kabuki and Kyogen was Kyogen." Apples, bananas and peaches, but no category called "fruit." Even today in universities, the history of each style is taught, rather than the theory of theatre. So his theoretical work may be an interesting contribution from an outsider with insight.

At the moment, however, it's a practical contribution on stage that seems to make him particularly proud. Working with the Kyogen master Nomura Mansaku, he learned roles in several plays, including the lead in one called "Suicide on a Scythe." It's a farce about a henpecked farmer who complains that his wife doesn't feed him; she, in turn, complains that he's too lazy to work. A mediator gets caught in the middle. The husband threatens to kill himself with his scythe and the wife says go-ahead-see-if-I-care, but of course the husband has a little trouble carrying out his threat. At one point he ties the scythe to the wooden post and tries to run on it – twice. Nomura Mansaku, who had often done the role, told Serper he was not satisfied with the traditional repetition of running at the scythe. He asked if Serper, as an actor, could come up with a variation on the theme which was still within the style of Kyogen. Serper's suggestion – a sort of surprised collapse into a seated position on the second try – pleased his teacher, who asked to have a copy of a video made of the performance.

"So maybe my greatest contribution has been a couple of seconds in a Japanese play hundreds of years old," says Serper. If this is Israeli individualism speaking, it has certainly been transformed by Japanese respect. Serper pauses, then adds: "If I did make a contribution, it was because of my teacher's personality; he is such a great creator that he's open to change." □

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This Week

Rock, etc. Michal Yudelman

Going strong

Steve Winwood

TWENTY years after his pop heyday, Steve Winwood has once again achieved a summit with his latest and third solo album *Back in the High Life* (General Music Co. – an imported album sold for a domestic price).

Winwood, hailed as a child prodigy, was the great voice you heard in the early Spencer Davis Group, which he joined at the age of 15 in 1963. He then joined Traffic and Blind Faith.

From the opening track, "Higher Love" with Chaka Khan in backing vocals, the album is remarkably consistent in quality and attention-grabbing urgency. Winwood described it in an interview for *Arts Extra* as "close to a 1980s Spencer Davis sound, R & B with technology."

Collaborations here include Will Jennings, Vivian Stanshall and Joe Walsh, with appearances by Walsh, Nile Rodgers, Chaka Khan, James Taylor, Dan Hartman and James Ingram. Produced by Winwood and Russ Titelman.

ANOTHER singer who has been rolling on the rock 'n roll scene for more than 20 years is Rod Stewart. After lapsing into commercialism for some time Stewart is now making an effort to return to his old bluesy, emotional, sincere beginnings.

Titled *Rod Stewart* (General Music Co.), the album is reminiscent of the old Stewart, especially in the present hit from it, "Every Beat of My Heart," Lennon and McCartney's "In My Life" and "Ten Days of Rain." One track is "Love Touch," the theme song from the movie *Legal Eagles*. Although the local release doesn't mention it, information supplied with the album advises us that its musical guests include Bruce Springsteen and guitarist Nils Lofgrin.

If the album fails to carry us back to the days of "I Am Sailin'," "Maggie May" and "Tonight I'm Yours," it's not for Rod's lack of trying. But things never sound as good, authentic and convincing as they did in their original context. Perhaps we've lost our innocence; perhaps we can't believe that Rod hasn't lost his.

BORN to the Europop family, Alphaville is a German group that is trying hard to elevate itself above the mainstream superficial Europop dance music.

Lavish orchestration, dramatic vocals and catchy, melodic numbers are presented in a clean, polished, calculated package of high-class pop. The group's present hit single "Do You Want to Dance With Me" follows "Big in Japan" (1984), "Sounds Like a Melody" and "Forever Young." The next single slotted for greatness from this album is "Universal Daddy."

FIVE YEARS after Reggae king Bob Marley's death, Island has released a new collection of his protest songs in the album *Rebel Music* (General Music Co.). Marley's songs are full of pain, social awareness, love and humanity. Includes "Get Up, Stand Up," "Rebel Music," "War," "Roots" and others. The General Music Co. is also distributing the imported double Marley album, *Babylon By Bus*, at a local price.

This is Marley's and The Wailers' 1978 concert tour recorded live in Paris, Copenhagen, London and Amsterdam.

AN Associated Press report informs us that The Communards, consisting of Jimmy Somerville – former lead singer in the Bronski Beat Group – and a female backup band grabbed first place in the British pop singles chart with "Don't Leave Me This Way," displacing Boris Gardiner, who had held the top slot for two weeks with "I Want to Wake Up With You." Modern Talking went from 11 to 3 with "Brother Louie" and Chris De Burgh's "Lady In Red" went down to ninth place from No. 2 the previous week.

In the U.S. Winwood's "Higher Love" remained the best-selling single pop record on *Cashbox* magazine's chart. Second on the chart was the Berlin tune "Take My Breath Away," and third was "Venus" by Bananarama. "Dancing On The Ceiling" by Lionel Richie moved from fifth to fourth slot and Madonna's "Papa Don't Preach" took its place, falling from No. 2. Sixth was "Sweet Freedom," by Michael McDonald from the movie *Running Scared*, moving up from seventh place.

Rounding out the pop singles chart were, in seventh place, Huey Lewis and The News with "Stuck With You," which had been ninth. Gloria Loring's and Carl Anderson's "Friends and Lovers" moved from 10th to eighth. "Rumours" by Timex Social Club went from eighth to ninth and "Baby Love" by Regina entered in last place. □

Bridge George Levinrew

American antics

THE AMERICAN Contract Bridge League's Summer Nationals, held in Toronto attracted a record 21,075 tables. Today's two deals were reported in the *Toronto Daily Bulletin*.

FIRST COMES a defensive gem by 13-year-old Andrew Moss, the son of expert players. Partnered by his mother, Andrew succeeded in defeating a four-spade contract. As you read, go along with Andrew, sitting West.

North (D)
♠ A 7 4
♥ 09
♦ Q 7 6
♣ Q J 10 8 7 3

West
♠ J 9 8
♥ A Q 10 8 5
♦ A 10 8 3
♣ A

East
♠ 10 3
♥ K J 7 6 3 2
♦ 9 4 2
♣ 5 4

South
♠ K Q 6 5 2
♥ 4
♦ K J 5
♣ K 9 6 2

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
Pass	Pass	1♠	2♥
2♠	4♥	Pass	Pass
4♠	Pass	Pass	Dbl
All Pass			

ANDREW first led the club ace, hoping that his partner would subsequently win a trick and return a club for him to ruff. Then, looking for that entry, he led the diamond ace. On both these tricks his partner played low, showing no encouragement.

A heart was the last resource. But the singleton in dummy was dangerous, especially if declarer should hold the king.

East had made a strong raise in hearts, and it seemed likely that she might have the king. There could be no other way for East to win a trick. So bravely, Andrew underled his ace-queen. East won with the king and followed with a club, ruffed.

The defensive play by West was worthy of a top-flight expert.

IN THE KNOCKOUT teams-of-four, Kathie Wei's team was behind and needed a big win in to survive for the next round. They dared and won when they should have lost. Wei and Julie Radin were sitting East-West.

South opened a normal one heart. It was too soon to contemplate something unusual.

West, with his eight-card diamond suit, decided to muddy the waters with a three diamond pre-empt. Perhaps he should have bid four or five diamonds.

North had something, but what to do was not clear. He doubled. This seems to be a risky negative double, especially since North "hid" the long club suit.

Vul: N-S

North
♠ K 9 7 2
♥ 6
♦ 3
♣ K 7 6 5 4 2

West
♠ 5 3
♥ A 8
♦ Q 10 8 7 6 5 4 2
♣ 3

East
♠ A 8 6 4
♥ Q 9 7
♦ A K J 9
♣ J 10

South (D)
♠ Q J 10
♥ K J 10 5 4 3 2
♦ —
♣ A 9 8

To East, clubs did not seem a threat. (Little did she know.)

Three no-trump seemed the best way to show the strength and balanced character of her hand. South, still bidding normally, said four hearts.

This was passed to East, who felt she had nothing better to bid than four no-trump. Had she bid five diamonds she would have been set one trick. But this would not have been a big score. So for better or worse, she passed!

South was not inspired to make the winning lead. With a club lead, North-South could have made seven tricks. A spade was led and ten tricks were made by East for a score of 810 points. A club lead would have given North-South 800 points. At the replay, East-West did bid five clubs, for a minus score of 100. □

This Week in Israel • Th
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EVENTS
1. "HIGH HOLYDAYS IN KOENIGSBERG" – Speakers: Mr. Aharon Doron, Dr. Arie Naftali and Mr. Ernst Horowitz. Moderator: Dr. Avner Bahat. Experts from the record: Cantor Naftali Herstik and Rinat Israel National Choire. Organ: Reimond Godstein; Conductor: Stanley Sperber. Saturday, September 20, at 9:00 pm. Tickets for the evening available at the Special Events Dept. NIS 15; for members of the Friends Association NIS 12 (number of tickets limited).
2. Screening of the film "Zelig", Woody Allen's satire – Director: Woody Allen; Starring: Woody Allen, Mia Farrow – The film is in English and in Hebrew. Sunday, September 21, at 8:30 pm. Admission fee: NIS 4; for members of Friends Association NIS 3
3. "The Liberation of Auschwitz", a documentary film on the liberation of the Death Camp by the Soviets in the period between January and February 1945 – Director: Dr. Irmgard von zur Muhlen, W. Germany, 1986. Producer: Bengt vor zur Muhlen – Source: Chronos-Film GmbH, W. Germany. The film is in English. Monday September 22, at 8:30 pm. Admission Free.
4. "The Eichmann Trial as a Turning Point in the Public's Attitude towards the Holocaust in Europe" – A study evening in Hebrew, in cooperation with the Jewish Film Archives, Hebrew University and W.J.O., to mark 25 years since Eichmann trial – Participants: Dr. Gabriel Back, Justice of the Supreme Court, Dr. Ely Ben Gal and Dr. Arie Carmon – Moderator: Dr. Dina Porat. Thursday, September 25, at 8:00 pm.

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EXHIBITIONS

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EDVARD MUNCH: DEATH, LOVE AND ANXIETY:
A selection from the Collection of Edvard Munch Prints donated by Charles & Evelyn Kramer, New York.

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Works by Six Israeli Artists: Abramson, Gershuni, Lifshitz, Kadisman, Schmidt, Tumarkin

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A series of Prints after El Lissitzky.
A SELECTION FROM THE MUSEUM'S COLLECTION.

MUSIC
NEW FACES: VARDA KOTLER, MEZZO-SOPRANO with I. Castoriano piano, YOTAM COHEN, Tenor, with B. Pinzi, piano, Programme: Mozart, Verdi, Berlioz, Granados Saturday, 20.9, at 8.30 pm.

CINEMA
"SHOAH" (France 1974 1985, 9½ hours, in color, German, Polish, English, Greek, Yiddish, Hebrew, with English and Hebrew subtitles). Claude Lanzmann's masterpiece
Screening hours this week:

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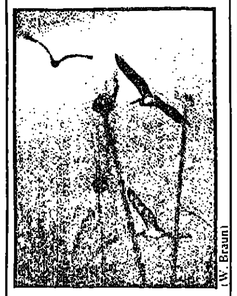
Nature

On the wing



(W. Braun)

D'vora Ben Shaul

THERE'S a sudden change. It's hard to define but you definitely know that somehow you've passed from summer into autumn. The weather is still hot but there are a few more hazy mornings and the sun just isn't quite as bright.

All around you, nature is sending out subliminal signals that it's soon going to be winter. Pelts get thicker, the year's nestlings suddenly seem to be all grown up, the flora of summer is gone and a few of the hardiest of the autumnal plants burst into flower.

This summer was marked by much loveliness. Most memorable was the baby sunbird, just out of the nest in the oleander bush, who just couldn't figure out the difference between the bright flowers and the coloured plastic clothes-pegs on the line. Day after day, it visited the clothes-line, vainly poking and probing in all the holes of the clothes-pins, particularly the red and yellow ones. It finally learned that there was nothing to be had from this attractive source and gave up.

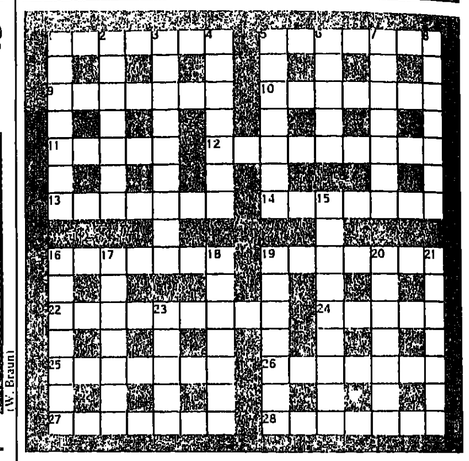
Now the autumnal migration of birds from Europe will begin and bird watchers are ready for their annual survey. This year, the survey is particularly important since once it is finished we will know a little more about how the nuclear disaster in the Soviet Union affected the bird population.

The Israel survey is always important since in many cases the Israeli spotters have been able to point out errors is European estimates of certain raptor populations. For instance, last year there were far more of certain species migrating over Israel than had been estimated for the entire European continent.

This year, any drastic change in populations can be safely attributed to the nuclear mishap since many of our migratory species come from the area where the accident happened. For this reason, local, as well as European zoologists are awaiting the outcome of this year's raptor census. Many suspect that there may have been a severe loss of nestlings and even adults in the Ukraine due to radioactive contamination.

More and more, we see the importance of international cooperation and exchanges of information in the field of wildlife protection. Just as "no man is an island," so no biotype is an isolated entity, but a part of nature's ever living, ever changing network of life on this, our abused planet. □

Crosswords



Two-in-one

ACROSS

1 Keeps describing their strong-points (7)
5 It may cause illness, but very little (7)
9 Make one look like a fool! (7)
10 Taking a lot for a picture (7)
11 The rest of the wild beasts taken here (5)
12 Bellows, being hung by the neck for making music (9)
13 Far from being cold (7)
14 Lots of baby animals injured on them (7)
16 Ecclesiastical apparel-leather on calf-skin, so to speak! (7)
19 Running flushes, could one say? (7)
22 Crook accompanies holy man in this spiritual territory (9)
24 May be carted along the road! (5)
25 Gunman lacking one on the wrong side of the law (7)
26 Abusively scolding a fence (7)
27 See about cinders (7)
28 China is part of Europe! (7)

DOWN

1 Worked on the last non-macadamised road (7)
2 Told Rose it's all wrong (7)
3 Bulbous cover (9)
4 This worker has to be mastered! (7)
5 Lunatic claimed a check-up (7)
6 Back to this seat of learning (5)
7 By the sound of it, whole part of the body (7)
8 For example, they go on trains first (7)
15 Bound round the pitch! (5-4)
16 How one ate at a fast-food emporium? (7)
17 Little creatures stick nose out to miss KO (7)
18 Cuts and runs in the theatre (7)
19 Got a loan fast, as it were? (7)
20 Saw to the horse—made a hot meal (7)
21 Weapon gets nun upset (4, 3)
23 Bouncers encircle a light-weight (5)

Quickie

ACROSS

1 Instrument of execution (7)
5 Joined, as ropes (7)
9 Item (7)
10 Rush about wildly (7)
11 A temporary stop (5)
12 Book of the Bible (9)
13 Chosen by vote (7)
14 Destructive insects (7)
16 Far (7)
19 Spiritualist meetings (7)
22 Moved in unstable way (9)
24 Type of steam bath (5)
25 Musical instrument (7)
26 Feeling (7)
27 Gifts (7)
28 Tried, or tasted (7)

DOWN

1 Take tight hold of (7)
2 A vegetable (7)
3 Musical group (9)
4 Attacked with artillery (7)
5 Contract in wrinkles (7)
6 Boundary (5)
7 Opportunities (7)
8 Women's wear (7)
15 Part of a school (9)
16 Loathing (7)
17 Bird (7)
18 Marksmen aim at them (7)
19 Sorrow (7)
20 Vitally significant (7)
21 Permanently marked (7)
23 A colour (5)

Yesterday's Solutions

P	U	B	L	I	C	R	E	L	A	T	I	O
I		A		D		A		A		E		V
T	O	N	N	E	A	U		T	O	R	P	E
H		D		S		C		T		M		R
E	L	B	A		T	O	X	I	N		P	A
C		O		L		U		C		W		L
A	N	X	I	O	U	S		E	C	H	E	L
N		V				O				O		C
T	E	S	S	E	R	A		D	A	R	L	I
H		T		R		N		E		L		V
R	U	I	N		S	C	O	P	E		C	O
W		R		P		I		O		E		R
L	P	A	R	T	A	K	E		S	U	B	L
I		U		R		N		I		R		E
S	U	P	E	R	S	T	I	T	I	O	U	S

ACROSS: 1 Pinch, 4 Assault, 8 Shallow, 9 Issue, 10 Upset, 11 Yoghurt, 13 Easy, 15 Effort, 17 Eroded, 20 Ooze, 22 Academy, 24 Pylon, 26 Trice, 27 Thistle, 28 Chester, 29 Aprim. **DOWN:** 1 Pasture, 2 Nears, 3 Holster, 4 Always, 5 Swing, 6 Unsound, 7 Tweet, 12 Over, 14 Atom, 16 Fragile, 18 Replica, 19 Dungeon, 21 Oyster, 22 Antic, 23 Eject, 25 Later.

The New York Times crossword now appears with the New York Times Weekly Review in Monday's Jerusalem Post.

The art scene

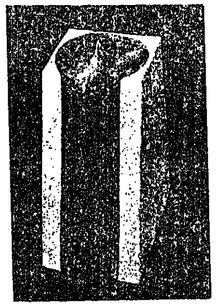
Romancing the stone

Meir Ronnen

LEONID SIVERIVER (b. Ukraine, 1956, here since 1971) is a Bezalel graduate who later studied marble carving in Italy; his sculptures now on view show him to be not only a master of this craft, but a restrained "mystical" who is also a skilful minimalist. In fact he this time succeeds in convincing you (where the Leviatan Group didn't) by relying on the power of his compositions rather than the cultic story or the impeccable techniques. Siveriver has a way of making his image emerge from the marble block while remaining related to it, thanks to a careful handling of proportional relationships; and he creates concave and convex images that complement each other without actually being mirror images, very male and female in more ways than one. One such interesting block gains nothing from being suspended between a roped set of spear-like spikes; and the monkey-face is less intriuing than the abstract "landscapes." But this is a great improvement on the overkill of his previous Jerusalem show.

At the same venue, **Dalia Peli Dahut** (b. Jerusalem, 1952) shows charcoal (and chalk?) drawings of nudes that are virtual monochrome paintings. There is virtually no delineation of detail, yet the often atmospheric situations are utterly convincing, chiefly thanks to her excellent sense of pictorial composition. The works are enhanced by the impeccable framing supplied by the gallery. The artist has studied here and in the U.S.; and with Hirsch at the Bezalel, but without adopting his mannerisms.

Dalia Peli Dahut: Drawing (Rehavia Gallery, J'lem).

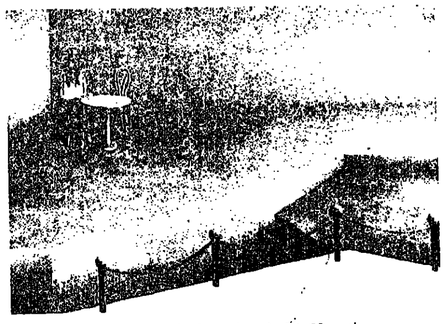


Leonid Siveriver: marbale (Rehavia Gallery, J'lem).

These are the first truly rewarding shows mounted at this gallery-cum-framing enterprise; they are a reminder that you don't have to be avant-garde to make a genuinely worthwhile statement. (Rehavia Gallery, 12 Aza, J'lem). Till Sep. 26.

RORY ALLWEIS (b. USA, here since 1952) an art teacher at the Israel Museum, makes Jerusalem genre paintings that are all about waiting: for buses, for doctors, for lovers, for death. Her figures are frozen in ennui, quietly acting out her keynote question taken from Beckett's *Godot*: "What shall we do while we are waiting?" Sometimes she leaves out the figures altogether and just paints the bus stop, a Way Station in Purgatory.

Allweis works in a stiff, almost naive style curiously well suited to her subject matter. She has a muralist's gift for making figures hang together and occasionally invests them with a simplified monumentality that makes them stand for all of us. The types themselves are drawn from Jerusalem streets. Some of these oils were seen at her last show at the Nora Gallery. Some of the later, more symbolic ones, in non-local decorative colour, seem a poor substitute for her usual down-to-earth observational honesty.



Rory Allweis: "Waiting", oils (Jerusalem Artists House).

At the same venue is **Pinhas Kol** (b. Romania, here since 1950) a veteran, highly skilled photographer with a wide variety of subjects and printing effects, the most interesting of which is exploited in his almost painterly version of the "M.S. Aristide" at dock. But his presentation is killed by tasteless, unsuitable framing, which also somehow reminds you that all photographs look much the same unless given the right treatment. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till Oct. 1.

ASAF BEN ZVI (b. Kfar Yehezkel, 1953) is a Bezalel and Pratt Institute graduate whose debut is a reminder that it takes more than training and awareness to become an artist. Entitled "The Forbidden Apple," Ben Zvi's post-modernist paintings of symbolic trees are either decorative or woolly. Despite his good understanding of colour, the compositions just don't work, the elements being poorly related to the frame. Nothing really happens (Gallery Gimel, 4 Shlomo Hamelech, J'lem). Till Oct. 7.

HANNA TAL, a Jerusalem ceramicist, has developed a technique of making life drawings on clay tablets, which are then fired with resultant atmospheric effects akin to those of a rubbed etching, but still distinctly ceramic in character. She shows these in conjunction with five young jewellers, Anat Gopher, Roni Grove, Osnat Kermisch, Dalia Levin and Efrat Zaksenberg. (The Alix de Rothschild Foundation, 4 Or Hahayim, Jewish Quarter, Jerusalem). From tomorrow evening till Oct. 10.

ERWIN SCHENKELBACH, a graduate of the Warsaw Polytechnic whose outstanding photographs have often appeared in *The Post*, is exhibiting works with creative printing effects. (Fisher Gallery, Mishkenot, J'lem). From Monday evening. □

Beauty and the Beast

Gil Goldfine

CONFRONTING a gallery full of **Yasha Cyrinski's** three-dimensional plywood and encaustic paintings, one is immediately struck by the artist's all-encompassing, sharpened sensitivity and devotion to the entire experience of making art. Cyrinski does nothing at the expense of anything else, handling colour, drawing, surface textures and composition with equal importance and intensity.

Yasha Cyrinski: mixed media painting (Julie M. Gallery, Tel Aviv).

Using raw, unprimed plywood as a base, Cyrinski constructs abstract panels by puncturing the flat frontal surfaces with geometric rectangles, bars and circular "windows" (or sawing and re-fitting flat shapes), creating built-in recessions and depressions of a quasi-sculptural nature. Painted over with thick layers of industrial "factory" hues – gun metal grey, khaki green and red ochres – the shadowy surfaces blend in splendidly with their chromatic coverings and reverberate with an elegiac timbre.

More than anything, Cyrinski's works are beautifully savage. Unconcerned with elegance of pigment and less concerned with the need to cut and join exact templates or mitred corners, Cyrinski's rough carpentry is almost impulsive, the equivalent of a loaded brush.

Two constructions, placed horizontally on pedestals, become monumental architectural landscapes visually steeped in mythological fantasy. The linear crevices, hidden tunnels and geometric wells, glazed over with rough and dirty pigment, conjure up visions of sacrificial plazas, altars and primitive ceremony. But the imagination is fired because of Cyrinski's capability to fuse the pieces of the puzzle into a solid package which hold one's attention on intellectual, emotional and purely visual levels.

Cyrinski graduated from Bezalel two years ago, yet shows maturity and talent far beyond his age and experience. Although bits of the early Russian Constructivists, Schwitters and even Jasper Johns and Tolkevsky are discernible, Cyrinski's art is very much his own. Should be seen. (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glikson, Tel Aviv).

TO THE same extent that Cyrinski's deliberate, almost Duchampian degree of carelessness brings about successful art, so does **Joshua Griffith's** slick air-brush techniques achieve startling results.

A carry-over from the hey-day of photo and hyper-realism of several years ago, Griffith expands upon the style by removing his carefully rendered automobiles from their environments (streets, garages, roadsides) placing them in a pure easel painting composition. The elegant, violet, 1948 DeSoto and the metallic blue-green "Olds" from 1950 are reduced to "segments" of the overall pictorial message even though their importance, to Griffith and the picture, is paramount.

The cars (a '37 Opel Admiral included) carry with them the iconographic nostalgia of an era, helped by Griffith's ability to bring them to "life" with shiny textures, shadow and light and glowing Simonized reflections of the sky and landscape. The profound illusion established the automobile's presence as classical symbolism, almost at the level of hero-worship. The car cult is surrounded by other images whose subjects support the auto in sort of a cross-cultural time clock: cartoon grids for enlarging sketches are composed with pure concrete shapes, Lichtenstein-inspired Pop brush strokes, schematically painted German porcelain, Degas dancers and Kabuki actors. This mini-art history diorama is thoroughly contemporary; Griffith plays with graphic techniques of illusionistic shadows, grass and vivid colour and flat space.

Joshua Griffith: painting on canvas (Maimad Visual Art Gallery, Tel Aviv.)

But in the end it is the flashy automobile, the spit and polish spirit of independence and youth, of American Grafitti, pondered in all its glory, that gives meaning and sense to the pictures. (Maimad Visual Art Gallery, 27 Pinsker, Tel Aviv). Till Oct. 2.

"RELATIONSHIPS," an exhibit of almost four-dozen photographs by **Gerry Allon**, requires the viewer to search out the handful of meaningful prints, for all the others are so familiar that the review becomes *deja vu*. Labelling each print with a "profound" declaration also fails to add credibility to a generally poor showing. (Photography Club, 12 Esther Hamalka, Tel Aviv). Till Oct. 11.

A FIVE PERSON show of young artists is indicative of the times: a plethora of expressionism without a hint of what the style is all about. Loud, uncultivated colour, inferior drawing and thoughtless compositions run rampant. The one sculptor in the group constructs heads from wooden strips and thin fishing tackle, with as little talent as his painting partners. They are: **Adi Abeles, Maya Cohen-Levy, Giora Ben Yaakov, Jimmy Adani, Varda Gachov.** (Kalisher Five Gallery, 5 Kalisher, Tel Aviv). Till Oct. 10.

BELAH BEN DOR'S oil paintings of flowers, landscapes and figurative scenes appear to be cloned from each other. Colour, brush technique and subjects all remain the same: Airport Art *par excellence*. (Galai Gallery, 27 Gordon, Tel Aviv). Till Oct. 3.

Arieh Landau drawings and prints (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi, Tel Aviv). Till Sep. 30.

Rina Roberta, figurative, decorative, sculptures (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi, Tel Aviv). Till Sep. 30.

Salo Shaul, Ilan Keter, multi-dimensional works (Chelouche Gallery, 14 Chelouche, Neve Tzedek, Tel Aviv). Till Sep. 30. □

Cinemas

JERUSALEM

BEIT AGRON Tel. 247587
Fri. 2; Sat. 7:45, PLAY IT AGAIN SAM
Fri. 3:45: ROLLERBALL
Sat. 5:30 MARY POPPINS
Sat. 9:30 PAPILLON
Sat. 12 midnight, ANIMAL HOUSE

EDEN Tel. 223829
HAND OF STEEL
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

EDISON Tel. 221444/5
TOP GUN
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

HABIRA Tel. 232366
6th week
Sat. 8, 10
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:15
RICOCHETS
("Two Fingers From Sidon")
New Israeli film
English subtitles

KFIR Tel. 242523
A ROOM WITH A VIEW
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

MITCHELL Tel. 227950
F.X.
Murder by Illusion
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 7, 9

ORGIL Tel. 234176
6th week
Film directed by Paul Mazursky
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
* NICK NOLTE
* RICHARD DREYFUSS
* BETTE MIDLER
Sat. 7:15, 9:30 p.m.
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

ORION OR 1 Tel. 222914
10th week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Sat. 8:50
Weekdays 4:30, 8:30
Please note screening hours

ORION OR 3 Tel. 222914
4th week
AGNES OF GOD
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

ORNA Tel. 224733
ZAPPED
Saturday 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

RON Tel. 234704
LOST IN AMERICA
Saturday 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

SEMADAR Tel. 633742
STRANGER THAN PARADISE
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENEI HA'UMA Tel. 225309
PRETTY IN PINK
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30

TEL AVIV

ALLENBY Tel. 657820
3rd week
Dr. ZHIVAGO
Friday 10 p.m.
Saturday 9 p.m.
Weekdays 5, 8:30

BEIT LEISSIN
34 Weizmann St. Tel. 216653
WATER
Fri. 2:30, 11:15
Sat. and weekdays 11:15 p.m.

BEN-YEHUDA Tel. 222759
4th week
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30
* TOM CRUISE
* KELLY McGILLIS
TOP GUN
A Tony Scott film

BETH HATEFUTSOTH
5th week
Sunday 8:30
ZELIG
* WOODY ALLEN

CHEN 1 Tel. 282288
6th week
Touchstone Films present
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
Film directed by Paul Mazursky
* NICK NOLTE
* RICHARD DREYFUSS
* BETTE MIDLER
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:20
Sat. 7:45, 9:55
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:50
BLACK CAULDRON
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 2
DONNA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS
Fri. 9:50 p.m., 12:05
Sat. 7:40, 9:50
Weekdays 5, 7:40, 9:45
GREMLINS
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 3
2nd week
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15; Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40
ABOUT LAST NIGHT
Sat. 11 a.m.
THE UGLY DUCKLING

CHEN 4
POLICE ACADEMY III
Fri. 11 a.m., 10 p.m., 12:05
Sat. 7:50, 9:50
Weekdays 11, 2, 5:10, 7:40, 9:45
SNOW WHITE
Sat. 11 a.m.

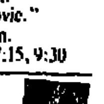
CHEN 5
AFTER HOURS
Fri. 9:50 p.m., 12:05 midnight
Sat. 7:40, 9:50
Weekdays 11, 2, 5, 7:40, 9:45
PETE'S DRAGON
Sat. 11 a.m.

CINEMA ONE Tel. 657952
ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

CINEMA TWO Tel. 657952
OUT OF AFRICA
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 5:45, 9:15

DEKEL Tel. 454114
Israel Premiere

* TOM HANKS
* JACKIE GLEASON
"A rare treat. A wonderful movie."
Friday 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

DIZENGOFF I
Tel. 200485

17th week
KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN
* WILLIAM HURT (Winner, Best Actor Academy Award)
* RAUL JULIA
* SONIA BRAGA
Directed by Hector Babenco
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30 p.m. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 7:15, 9:40

DIZENGOFF II
Tel. 200485

17th week
3 HOMMES ET UN COUFIN
Winner of 3 French "Cesars"
A Comedy with soul!
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:30, 7:15, 9:40

DIZENGOFF III
Tel. 200485

3rd week
RAN
Fri. 11 a.m., 10 p.m.
Sat. 6:30, 9:30
Weekdays 11 a.m., 2, 6:30, 9:30

DRIVE-IN Tel. 403080
THE WARNING SIGN
Fri. 10 p.m.;
Sat. and weekdays 9:30 p.m.
WILDCATS
Sat. and weekdays 7:30 p.m.
Sex film
Fri. 12:30 midnight);
Sat. 12 midnight

ESTHER Tel. 225610
6th week
THE HITCHER
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40

GAT Tel. 267888
11th week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 6:30, 9:30
Weekdays 3:15, 6:15, 9:15

NEW CINEMA GORDON
87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373
Israel Premiere

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS
Film by François Truffaut
* JEAN PIERRE LEAND
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

HOD
3rd week
F.X.
Murder by Illusion
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

ISRAEL CINEMATHEQUE Tel. 258200
Sat. 7:30 p.m.
AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT
Sat. 9 p.m.
A PASSAGE TO INDIA

INSTITUT FRANCAIS Tel. 236470
Sat. 7:30
LES NUITS DE LA PLEINE LUNE
* PASCALE AGIER
* FABRICE LUCCHINI
English/Hebrew subtitles

LEV I Tel. 288868
Dizengoff Centre
4th week
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:40, 9:40
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:40, 9:40
He's crazy about her...
He's just crazy...
She's crazy about him...
PRETTY IN PINK

LEV II Tel. 288868
TROUBLE IN MIND
Fri 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:35
Weekdays 1:45, 4:45, 7:15, 9:35

LEV III Tel. 288868
12th week
TURTLE DIARY
Based on the novel by Russoll Hoban
Screenplay by Harold Pinter
* GLENDA JACKSON
* BEN KINGSLEY
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:40, 9:40
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:40, 9:40

LEV IV Tel. 288868
TANGO
Fri 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:35
Weekdays 1:45, 4:45, 7:30, 9:40

LIMOR HAMEHUDASH Tel 260773
Macaroni
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

MAXIM Tel. 287457
PSYCHO
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Sun., Mon. 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
REAR WINDOW
Tue., Wed., Thur. 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

MOGRABI Tel. 298331
CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS

ORLY Tel. 284025
2nd week
GLOVES
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

PARIS Tel. 222282
4th week
VAGABONDE
An Agnes Varda film
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 12, 2, 4, 7:15, 9:30
Fri. 2:30, MERRY CHRISTMAS MR. LAWRENCE
4:30: DODES KADEN
Sat. 11 a.m.: PINK FLOYD, THE WALL
1: MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL
5: CLOCKWORK ORANGE
11:30 p.m.: PINK FLOYD, THE WALL

PEER Tel. 443795
7th week
RICOCHETS
("Two Fingers From Sidon")
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:30.
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30
New Israeli film
English subtitles

SHAHAF Tel. 296645
TOP GUN
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
OUT OF AFRICA
Based on a true story
Sat. and weekdays 5:45, 9:15

STUDIO Tel. 295817
CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS

Tamuz
Tel. 412761
5th week
THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY
A Jamie Uys film made with much affection and pleasant madness
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30
Sat. 3: REAR WINDOW
5: DERSU USALA
11:45: LED ZEPPELIN
Sun. 11:45 p.m.: HUNGER
Mon. 11:45 p.m.: BANANAS
Tue. 11:45 p.m.: KOYAANISQATSI
Wed. 11:45 p.m.: BEING THERE
Thur. 11:45 p.m.: TOMMY

TCHELET Tel. 443950
4th week
BIG CHILL
Sat., 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

TEL AVIV Tel. 288181
3rd week
HAND OF STEEL
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM Tel. 261297
15th week
SHOAH

ZAFON Tel. 443966
3rd week
A ROOM WITH A VIEW
The most acclaimed film of the year!
* MAGGIE SMITH
* DENHOLM ELLIOTT
* JUDI DENCH
* HELENA BONHAM CARTER
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

HAIFA

AMPHITHEATRE Tel. 664017/8
2nd week
F.X.
Murder by illusion
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ARMON Tel. 664848
3rd week
HANDS OF STEEL
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ATZMON Tel. 663003
2nd week
TOP GUN
Fri. 10 p.m.;
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

CHEN Tel. 666272
2nd week
PRIZZI'S HONOR
Sat. 6:45, 9:15
Weekdays 4:15, 6:45, 9:15

KEREN OR HAMEHUDASH Tel. 663443
4th week
SHOAH
(Part II)
Sat. 6; Sun., Wed. 6:30
Mon., Tue., Thur. 1, 6:30
M.A.S.H.
Sat. 11:30 p.m.:
LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER
Thur. 11:30 p.m.:

ORAH Tel. 664017/8
A ROOM WITH A VIEW
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ORLY Tel. 81868
2nd week
3 HOMMES ET UN COUFIN
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:15

PEER Tel. 662232
6th week
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
Film directed by Paul Mazursky
* NICK NOLTE
* RICHARD DREYFUSS
* BETTE MIDLER
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

RAV-GAT 1
2nd week
ABOUT LAST NIGHT
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

RAV-GAT 2
2nd week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 6, 9

RON Tel. 669069
Hitchcock Festival
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

SHAVIT Tel. 385345
5th week
RICOCHETS
Fri. 10 p.m., midnight
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:15

RAMAT HASHARON

KOCHAV Tel. 491979
POLICE ACADEMY III
Fri. 9:30 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7
AFTER HOURS
Fri. 11:45 p.m.; Sat. 1:30
Sat. and weekdays 9:30 p.m.
CLOCKWORK ORANGE
Sat. 11:40 p.m.
RETURN TO OZ
Sat. 11 a.m.; Tue., Wed., Thur. 4:30

Film briefs Dan Fainaru

BODY HEAT – A less than respectable lawyer falls hopelessly in love with the wife of an underworld chieftain. If you pine for some good old melodramatic entertainment, this film is for you.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE – Stanley Kubrick's horrific exercise in pure brutality, is far more than just an exploitation of sensationalism. Kubrick follows Anthony Burgess's novel in discussing the human being's right to choose between good and evil. If you deprive even the most evil of men, in this case the protagonist Alex, of this basic right, you do not make him a better man; you simply turn him into a vegetable. Also, the movie clearly says, art and music have nothing to do with improving the race, as the hero's devotion to Beethoven, Rossini and "Singing in the Rain" does not deter him from his monstrous activities. Malcolm McDowell, in the lead, had the kind of role an actor never lives down.

THE COLOR PURPLE – A black soap opera to drain your tear ducts. A black woman grows from social and personal slavery into an accomplished and fulfilled human being. Director Steven Spielberg milks every melodramatic situation for all it is worth, painting the villains all black and the heroines all innocent and pure at heart. Whoopi Goldberg, Oprah Winfrey, Danny Glover and the rest of the cast lend a helping hand to what is assuredly the most professional tearjerker to be made in years. No wonder it is such a box office success.

DERSU UZALA – A poetic account of the meeting of two men in the wilderness of Siberia, an explorer and a Mongolian hunter. Director Akira Kurosawa presents a magnificent tale of love, morality and human integrity.

DODESKADEN – Akira Kurosawa's 13-year-old movie seems to be a strange combination of Gorky's "Lower Depths" and de Sica's "Miracle in Milan," sprinkled with a strong dose of his own profound pessimism. The theme: life itself is unbearable and bliss is only to be found in an escape from reality. A most carefully orchestrated film.

DR. ZHIVAGO – Touching story based on Boris Pasternak's novel about an upper-class doctor (Omar Sharif) who becomes involved with the revolutionaries. Set in the pre-Russian Revolution period. Also stars Julie Christie, Rod Steiger and Geraldine Chaplin. Beautifully filmed.

GLOVES – A young man's dream of sporting supremacy shattered by harsh realities. Dan Tzalka's novel is set in mandated Palestine, among immigrants who still bear a heavy load of Diaspora memories and the sport in question is boxing. Raffi Adar's adaptation does a remarkable visual job in reconstructing the atmosphere of those days, but is less successful in defining character or directing actors. Ikka Zohar and Sharon Hacohen, as the two leads, lack the necessary experience to tackle the job without outside help.

THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY – Set in South Africa, the film by director Jamie Uys is a critique on the destruction of nature and primitive innocence.

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN – A homosexual and a revolutionary share the same cell in an imaginary jail of an imaginary authoritarian state. The ensuing relationship dwells on the relative notions of freedom, escape and imagination. A fascinating, complex novel by Manuel Puig becomes a virtuoso piece for two actors, William Hurt (who got an Oscar for his performance) and Raul Julia. It is tensely directed by Hector Babenco, often confusing and as often entrancing.

KOYAANISQATSI – A panoramic look at life in modern America without any commentary or plot. Utilizing slow-motion techniques and infra-red photography, it wanders from Indian rock paintings to the world of nuclear photography. A totally captivating film-going experience.

LOST IN AMERICA – An advertising executive goes berserk when he doesn't get the promised promotion and decides to drop out of the system. For the first half hour, it almost seems as if Albert Brooks, who directs and plays the lead, stands a chance of succeeding Woody Allen as the satirical bard of American anxiety, but he can't keep his inventiveness going for an entire film. But many brilliant vignettes promise a bright future. Julie Hagerty is very pleasant to watch as the spouse trying to catch up with her husband's moods.

ABOUT LAST NIGHT – A romantic comedy as complex as a glass of water with as lingering an aftertaste. He and she meet in a bar, live together, have a fight and separate, but the end promises they will come together again. The oldest Hollywood formula reworked in predictable fashion, with heart-throbs Rob Lowe and Demi Moore as the lovers. James Belushi works hard to supply the comic relief. The sexual perversities of Chicago promised by the original David Mamet play were lost on the way by director Edward Zwick.

AFTER HOURS – Martin Scorsese takes you along for one night in downtown New York, more exactly the Village, as seen through the eyes of a typical middle-class bachelor on the make. A kind of modern "Alice in Wonderland," it is loaded with plenty of humour, sometimes verging on the macabre, and conducted with gusto by Scorsese. Griffin Dunne is great as the modern version of Alice, and a series of cameos exploit the talents of Rosanna Arquette, Terri Garr, John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Verna Bloom, Linda Fiorentino and more.

MACARONI – An airline executive returns to Naples 40 years after WW II and meets his old sweetheart and her soulful brother. Director Ettore Scola is at his best when he deals with the relationship between Jack Lemmon, the American businessman, and Marcello Mastroianni, the Italian dreamer. He is less successful when he tries to develop a story around them, inventing an unnecessary plot which spoils a beautiful friendship.

THE NEVER ENDING STORY – Multi-million-dollar production of the first half of Michael Ende's bestseller about a boy asked to move into the imaginary land of Fantasia to save it from annihilation. The original intention, of using the fairy-tale as a warning against human imagination going dry and the consequent destruction of human existence, tends to get lost in the luxurious abundance of special effects. Director Wolfgang Petersen prettified everything for the benefit of the camera. In the end, Petersen had a monumental row with the author – who asked to have his name removed from the credits – but this didn't hurt the film one little bit at the box office.

9½ WEEKS – The title indicates the length of the relationship between a macho stockbroker and a luscious blonde working in an arty gallery. The couple explore the outer limits of sexual experimentation, with only the cleaner stuff shown clearly, just what middle-class morality would consider bearable outrageousness. Mickey Rourke looks like a tough guy lost in a tuxedo, and Kim Basinger looks better than she acts. Adrian (*Flashdance*) Lyne directs a pretty, stylish and totally vacuous movie.

POLICE ACADEMY III – No one over 10 years old should be allowed into this picture, and even for tots it might be considered mental cruelty. Even if it was shot separately from its predecessor, this film looks suspiciously like out-takes from the already-feeble first Police Academy. The excuse of a plot, concerning a competition with another academy, is dropped at the slightest excuse for no good reason at all. Jerry Paris directed as if he had never seen the whole script from beginning to end, and Steve Guttenberg, who is certainly capable of more, looks mighty uncomfortable in this mess.

PRIZZI'S HONOR – John Huston paints a sarcastic portrait of the human race, in which even hired killers are victims, despite their belief that nobody can touch them. Using a Richard Condon story in which a hit man falls in love with a hit woman, and each is contracted to terminate the other, Huston has enormous fun pulling the viewer's leg all along the way. Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner and Angelica Huston are all delightful in the leads, and William Hickey plays an old Don, with the deadly charm of a rattlesnake.

RAN – Akira Kurosawa's version of the King Lear tragedy set in 16th-century Japan, is as close to film perfection as it is humanly possible. Replacing daughters with sons and burdening his king with a horrific past that more than justifies the present, Kurosawa continues the treatise on man's self-destruction, started 15 years earlier in *Dodeskaden*. A huge, spectacular production, in which the smallest detail gets as much attention as the biggest close-up, it is a stunning experience, a bit too awesome at first to allow for anything more than admiration, but delivering in the last few sequences all the pain and frustration pent up in the 75-year-old director. To be seen more than once.

REAR WINDOW – Re-release of Alfred Hitchcock's 1952 film. About an immobilized news photographer who watches the goings-on at his neighbours' apartments. They just don't make movies like this anymore.

REMO WILLIAMS: THE ADVENTURE BEGINS – A vulgar New York cop becomes a super-agent after being carefully trained for his new task by an ancient Korean, a master at Sinanju, the deadly art of combat that puts kung fu, karate, judo and all the rest to shame. A parody of the genre, it is packed with absurdities to such an extent that it becomes amusing. Fred Ward is solid, pig-headed and valiant as the sympathetic bully turned spy, but Joel Grey steals the show as the puppet-like Asian, wrinkled beyond recognition, with plenty of tricks up his sleeve. Old-timer Guy Hamilton, weaned on James Bond, seems to enjoy himself directing this lark.

REUBEN REUBEN – Tom Conti plays a dissipated, alcoholic, lecherous, rumpled Welsh poet who survives by lecturing about his own poetry at ladies' tea parties in American suburbia. Intelligent entertainment.

RICOCHETS – The life of an Israeli patrol in Lebanon during the last few weeks before the pull-back is portrayed from a strictly Israeli point of view. The soldiers are endearing, humane and bright; the Arabs, a faceless threat. The realistic acting creates an authentic atmosphere, almost as if this were a documentary shot by one side about its own people and limited only to that aspect. As far as this goes, director Eli Cohen made an efficient, often moving portrait of the life, frustrations and pent-up anger of the average Israeli soldier fighting a war whose essence has long been lost on him. Ronnie Pinkovitch, Alon Abouthboul and Shaul Mizrahi head one of the most homogeneously successful casts in recent Israeli films.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW – Adapted from an early E.M. Forster novel, James Ivory's film is an amusing society game, in which everybody tries to keep up appearances and anyone who doesn't, is considered dangerous to the well being of the gentry. Helena Bonham-Carter is almost prepared to give up passionate Julian Sands for snobbish Daniel Day-Lewis, while Maggie Smith wrings her hands in despair, doing all the wrong things, which lead, of course, to the right results.

RUNAWAY TRAIN – Two escaped convicts board a driverless train racing amok on its way to nowhere, in a tense and well-acted thriller by American-based, Russian director Andrei Konchalovsky. There may be significant political allusions to prison states, and philosophical ones, concerning man's obligation to struggle against his fate to the very last, but the action is the thing. Jon Voight and Eric Roberts were both nominated for Academy Awards, and quite rightly so.

SHOAH – A unique experience in the annals of our century, a brilliantly conceived, deeply disturbing and profoundly affecting mammoth work, which takes the Holocaust out of the history books and drops it right in our laps. In nine and a half hours of interviews, Claude Lanzmann fills in all the details which transform the mechanism of genocide from an abstract idea to horrific reality and at the same time offers a despairing image of the world which could conceive it so thoroughly and could go on living without learning anything out of it. No responsible human being can afford to miss this essential lesson.

SPIES LIKE US – Two bumbling agents supposed to be decoys in a CIA plot to get at Russian missiles in Asia, finally have to carry out the mission themselves. All of this is fine stuff for another crazy comedy by John Landis, once again exploiting the *Saturday Night Live* crew, in this instance Dan Ayckroyd and Chevy Chase. As usual in Landis pictures, rampant anarchy includes flat jokes, but fast delivery saves the day. There are so many gags, coming so quickly, there's little time to complain.

STRANGER THAN PARADISE – A black-and-white, absolutely off-of-the-beaten-track comedy. A Hungarian girl visits her relatives in America, and is stranded with a distant cousin who finds her uncool because she disrupts his routine. Soon enough however, he likes her enough to travel to Cleveland with a friend to visit her and take her on a trip to Florida. This road movie uses an original technique in which each scene consists of only one shot, observing characters from a fixed point and allowing the spectator to perceive the humour of a situation instead of forcing it on him. The film takes getting used to, but once you do it is very gratifying.

TANGO – Argentinian political refugees in Paris try to put together a musical about Carlos Gardel, the prophet of the tango, and through his story to reflect the frustration and pain of all those Argentine exiles who never abandon hope of returning home some day. Fernando Solanas puts together a mosaic of musical scenes, powerfully directed, with plenty of humour and pathos. The result is fascinating, even if the subject is regarded as too serious to be treated in a musical. Astor Piazzola's soundtrack is one of the film's main assets.

THREE MEN AND A CRADLE – Three confirmed bachelors are presented with a baby girl, fathered by one of them, and have to cope with the unexpected burden, while the mother is away making a living as a fashion model in America. A French comedy, which beat all the American blockbusters at the box office, this is a cute piece by director Coline Serreau, who takes an amused look at the way men, who think of themselves as macho, would handle chores thought to be "woman's work." Michel Boujenah, as the curly-headed designer, who is the first to fall in love with the new member of the family, is the best of the cast.

TROUBLE IN MIND – Another intimate piece from director Alan Rudolph (*Choose Me*), this time about an ex-cop released from jail (Kris Kristofferson) who goes back to the bar kept by an old acquaintance (Genevieve Bujold) where he meets a worthless punk (Keith Carradine) and his timid wife (Lori Singer). Carradine dreams of easy riches, Singer takes up with Kristofferson for relief, and the movie combines lots of atmosphere with some very tough action. Characters are stronger than plot.

TURTLE DIARY – An assistant bookseller and an author of children's books make up their minds to free the turtles from their confinement in an aquarium tank and set them free in the Atlantic. Part romantic comedy, part caper, possibly intended as social satire, but pretty pedestrian on all levels, in spite of the fact that Harold Pinter wrote the script and Glenda Jackson joins forces with Ben Kingsley to liberate the enslaved turtles.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

RAMAT GAN

ARMON Tel. 720706
5th week
Touchstone Films presents
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
Film directed by Paul Mazursky
* NICK NOLTE
* RICHARD DREYFUSS
* BETTE MIDLER
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30, 9:15
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:45

LILY Tel. 744238
F.X.
Murder by Illusion
Friday 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

OASIS Tel. 739592
3rd week
THE HITCHER
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30

ORDEA Tel. 721720
GONE WITH THE WIND
Sat. and weekdays 8 p.m. only

RAMAT GAN Tel. 7514564
Closed for renovations

RAV-GAN 1 Tel. 797121
4th week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 6, 9
SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS
Sun. 11 a.m

RAV-GAN 2
4th week
BODY HEAT
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:40
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA
Sat. 11 a.m.

RAV-GAN 3
2nd week
MACARONI
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:40
MARY POPPINS
Sat. 11 a.m.
BLACK CAULDRON
Weekdays 5

RAV-GAN 4
2nd week
CREATOR
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40
BLACK CAULDRON
Sat. 11 a.m.

HERZLIYA

DAVID Tel. 540768
2nd week
SHORT CIRCUIT
Sat. 7:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15
JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS
Sat. and weekdays 9:30 p.m.

HECHAL Tel. 81505
P.R.O.F.S.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

NEW TIFERET Tel. 87300
SPIES LIKE US
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:15

DANIEL HOTEL THE AUDITORIUM
Sat., Sun., Mon. 6:30 9:30
YEAR OF THE DRAGON
Tue., Thur. 7:15, 9:30
COBRA

HOLON

ARMON HAMEHUDASH Tel. 842431
TRUE STORY
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30
Sat. 11:30 p.m. REUBEN REUBEN
Thur. 11:30 p.m. BLAZING SADDLES

MIGDAL Tel. 841839
AFTER HOURS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:40

SAVOY Tel. 847141
TOP GUN
Fri. 10 p.m.,
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

BAT YAM

ATZMAUT Tel. 866320
RUNAWAY TRAIN
Sat. and Wed. 7:15, 9:30
Sun., Mon., Tue., Thur. 5, 7:15, 9:30

GIVATAYIM

HADAR Tel. 719002
TOP GUN
Fri., 10 p.m.,
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30

PETAH TIKVA

G.G. HECHAL 1 Tel. 917374
2nd week
TOP GUN
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 5, 7:15, 9:30
Tue. 7

G.G. HECHAL 2
2nd week
THE HITCHER
Fri. 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

G.G. HECHAL 3
PRETTY IN PINK
Fri. 10 p.m; Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

KIRYAT ONO COMMUNITY CENTRE
Fri. 9:30 p.m.; Sat. 11 a.m.
Mon., Tue., Wed 4:30, 7
REMO
Fri. 9:30 p.m.; Tue. 8
Mon., Wed. 7
9½ WEEKS
Fri. 11:30 p.m.; Tue. 10 p.m
Mon., Wed. 9:30 p.m
NEVER ENDING STORY
Sat. 11 a.m.; Wed. 4:30

Cinematheque September 19–26

Fri. 14:30 **Year of the Dragon**, dir. Michael Cimino.
Sat. 19:30 **Peeping Toms**, dir. Uri Zohar. 21:30 **Subway** – with Isabelle Adjani.
Sun. 19:00 **Hour of the Wolf**, dir. Ingmar Bergman. 19:00 **Johnny Guitar** – with Sterling Hayden (small hall). 21:00 1. **Kindertotenlieder**, dir. Titus Leber, **Malambo**, dir. Milan Dor, (small hall). 21:30 **Les Portes de la Nuit**, dir. Marcel Carne.
Mon. 19:00 **Again Forever**, dir. Oded Kotler. 19:00 **Tora-San Goes Religious**, dir. Joji Yamada, (small hall). 21:30 **Heldenlocher**, dir. Wolfram Paulus, (small hall). 21:30 **Citizen Kane**, dir. Orson Welles.
Tue. 16:00 **Pippi**, dir. Olle Hellbom. 19:00 **Passione d'Amore**, dir. Ettore Scola. 19:00 1. **Im Schatten Des Kreidetuchbaumes**, dir. Robert F. Hammerstiel, Heinz Janisch, 2. **Der Schüler Gerber**, dir. Wolfgang Gluck, (small hall). 21:00 1. **La Deroute**, dir. Ado Kyrou. 2. **L'Eden et Apres**, dir. Alain Robbe-Grillet (small hall). 21:30 **Face to Face**, dir. Ingmar Bergman.
Wed. 19:00 **She Dances Alone**, dir. Robert Dornhelm. 19:00 **The Scarlet Empress** – with Marlene Dietrich (small hall). 21:00 **Short Films produced by Samy Halfon** (small hall). 21:30 **Streets of Fire**, dir. Walter Hill.
Thu. 19:00 **When Night Falls**, dir. Eitan Green. 19:00 **Die Ausgesperrten**, dir. Franz Novotny. (small hall). 21:00 **Chan is Missing**, dir. Wayne Wang (small hall). 21:30 **An American Werewolf in London** dir. John Landis. 24:00 **1941**, dir. Steven Spielberg.
Fri. 14:30 **Birdy**, Alan Parker.

Wolfson Garden – Derech Hevron, JERUSALEM – Tel. 715398

The poster September 19 – 25

Singer/guitarist Stanley Tobias, Harmony House, Jerusalem.

THE THIRD ISRAELI JAZZ FESTIVAL

A host of local artists present traditional and original jazz works, in a wide variety of styles.

Tel Aviv

PRIZE-WINNING CEREMONY – Artists of the Year for various musical instruments; Band of the Year; Discovery of the Year. Performances by all the above, plus jazz excerpts by the Tel Aviv Promenade Orchestra. (Hayarkon Park, Wohl Amphitheatre, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

Haifa

Ezhil Shachem; Arele Kaminsky; Nahum Peperkovitz; Atalia Pinkel, Lior Yekutieli, Liz Magnes, Avner Strauss, and others. (Beit Abba Khoushy, tonight from 9:30 p.m. through the night)

DANCE

Haifa

BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY – Works by Robert North, David Parsons (Haifa Theatre, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

Other

BATSHEVA DANCE COMPANY – Works by Daniel Ezralow, Mark Morris, Gene Hill Sagan (Tiberias, Yad Shitrit, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

PIANO AND CELLO RECITAL – Amnon Silver and Nurit Silver. Works by Dvorak, Schumann, Beethoven and others. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT – Avner Biron, flute; Yehuda Schryer, guitar. Works by Handel, Bach, Mozart, Paganini, Ibert and others. (Zionist Confederation House, Emile Botta, Yemin Moshe, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY – Concert for two organs with Mira Ashkenazi and Eli Freud. Works by, J.S. Bach, J. Ch. Bach. (Gerard Behar, Leo Model Hall, Tuesday)

Tel Aviv

NEW FACES – Varda Kotler, mezzo-soprano; Israel Castoriano, piano, Yotam Cohen, tenor; Benny Pearl, piano. Songs and arias by Mozart, Verdi, Berlioz, Granados. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

Haifa

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY – Juliana Gluck, soprano, Eli Freud, harpsichord. Works by Bach, Handel, Mozart (Elias Church, 43 Meir, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

PICTURE BOOKS, PUPPETS AND SONGS – Ages 3-6 (in English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

SILLY GOOSE – By the Window Puppet Theatre. A fable. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11 a.m. - noon)

STORY-TELLING HOUR – For ages 4-6. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING AND PUPPETS – Ages 3-6 (Harmony House, 17 Yoel Salomon, Tuesday at 4:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

DALIK AND TULIP – Entertainment with the TV characters (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m.)

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES – Theatre based on the Hans Christian Andersen story. (Bat Yam, Mo'etzet Hapoalim, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE KING SLIPPED OFF TO SLEEP – Musical comedy. (Neve Zedek, tomorrow at 5:30 p.m.)

A NEW FAIRY TALE – Musical about an unusual princess. Age 7 and above. (Beit Leissin, Sunday at 4:30 p.m.)

Haifa

STORY-TELLING HOUR – Age 5 and above. (Haifa Museum, Tuesday at 5 p.m.)

Beersheba

TICKLISH LEGENDS – Nonsense versions of fairy tales. Age 8 and above. (Beersheba Theatre, Tuesday, Wednesday at 5 p.m., Wednesday also at 10 a.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ – With well-known musicians (Pargod, today at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

EMIGRANTS – Hava Alberstein sings songs from her new record. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE GOLDEN PEACOCK – Shemtov Levy plays piano, flute recorder and synthesizer. (Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m.)

GUITAR DUO – Jean Claude Jones and Steve Paskoff (Harmony House, 17 Yoel Salomon, Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

KORIN ALAL – Israeli rock. (Pargod, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

LITERATURE OF VIENNESE COFFEE HOUSES – With Brigitte Neumeister, actress of the Austrian National Theatre. (Gerard Behar, Leo Model Hall, Monday at 8 p.m.)

MEIR ARIEL – Sings his songs. (Pargod, Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

MIDDLE OF THE ROAD – Yehoram Gaon sings. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA – (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA – The Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mount Zion Centre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

POETRY READING – With Shelley Elkayam. (Harmony House, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

STANLEY TOBIAS – Singer/guitarist, sings songs in a soul-funk mood. (Harmony House, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ALONE – Yitzhak (Churchill) Klepter presents his music. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 11:30 p.m.)

BALDI OLIER QUARTET – Spanish and gypsy music. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

HANI LIVNE – Sings her songs. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Monday at 9 p.m.)

IMPROVED ONE-TIME EVENING – Special performance with Gidi Gov, Yoni Rechter, Shlomo Bar-Abba, Shlomo Yidov and Muni Moshonov. (Givatayim, Hadar, tonight at 10 p.m.)

JAZZ – Classical style. (Dan Hotel, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

LIKE A GYPSY – With Yigal Bashan and his group. (Herzliya, Daniel Auditorium, tonight at 10:30 p.m.)

THE OLYMPIA BRASS BAND – From New Orleans. (Old Jaffa, El Hanuun, tonight at 9:45 p.m., 00:15 a.m., tomorrow, Monday through Thursday at 10:30 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR – The Sharon Valley Stompers play Dixieland music. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Sunday at 9:30 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – Hanna Laszlo presents skits and songs. (Holon, Rina, tonight at 10 p.m.; T.A., Beit Hehayal, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

MUSICAL MEETING – Ora Zitner sings Sasha Argov songs, accompanied by the composer. (Haifa Municipality, Tuesday at 7 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – See Tel Aviv. (Haifa Theatre, Monday at 8:30 p.m.; Haifa Auditorium, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Others

DUOS AND QUARTETS – Folk music with the Dudaim and the Parvarim. (Tiberias, Yad Shitrit Hall, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – See Tel Aviv. (Pardess Hana, Amphitheatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Ashkelon, Rahel, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

THEATRE

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

AND A TEAR TOUCHED A TEAR – Works of Leah Goldberg. One-woman presentation by Shulamit Adar (Pargod, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

"ELEF ESTER" – Jerusalem Theatre Company production. Life reflected through the eyes of Queen Esther. (Pargod, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

KABUKI NO AND KYOGEN – Zvika Serper presents acting, singing and dancing in classical Japanese style (in Japanese with translation in Hebrew) (Khan, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

MY FAIR LADY – Local version of the famous musical. Starring Rita, Oded Teomi and others. (Jerusalem Theatre, Monday, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m., Tuesday, Thursday at 5 and 9 p.m.)

ROOMMATES IN JERUSALEM – An adaptation of the play *Flatmates* by Shmuel Amid (in English). Presented by new company, Jerusalem Stage. About Jewish-Arab relations. (Tzavta, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

RUZANTE RETURNS FROM THE WARS – By Angelo Beolco. Khan Theatre production. A comedy about war. (Khan, Monday through Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BLACK WAS THE NIGHT – Produced by the Nissan Netiv Acting Studio. A mosaic of moments of melodrama. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow, Sunday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

FLATMATES – By Shmuel Amid. A Jewish teacher and an Arab student are flatmates in Tel Aviv. (Old Jaffa, Israel Experience, tonight at 10:30 p.m.)

FREE COUPLE – by Dario Fo. Beit Leissin production. Comedy about a young couple's sexual experiments. (Herzliya, David, tonight at 10 p.m.)

GHETTO – Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Cameri, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

GOLDIN'S SISTER-IN-LAW – By Shmuel Hasafri. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. A look at contemporary Israeli society. (Habimah, Meskin, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE GOVERNOR OF JERICHO – By Yosef Mundy. A look at contemporary Israeli society. (Rishon Lezion, Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m.)

HELLO AND GOODBYE – By South African writer Athol Fugard. How oppressed people try to hold onto life. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Beit Dagun, Community Centre, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

HIMSELF AND HIS SON – Based on a story by Y.D. Berkowitz. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. A Jewish farmer in a Russian village during the revolution (Kfar Saba, Heichal Hatarbut, Sunday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

HOW TO BE A JEWISH MOTHER IN TEN LESSONS – Comedy by Dan Greenberg. Yuval Theatre production. (Neve Zedek, tonight at 10 p.m.)

INCLINATIONS – Beit Leissin production. A thriller about the triangle between a man and three women. (Beit Leissin, Tuesday, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

ON HIS FACE – By Yonathan Gefen. Songs, monologues, improvisations about confession at bars. (Beit Leissin, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

OUT! – By Danny Horowitz. A theatrical meeting about the distress of refugees (Neve Zedek, Monday, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE PALESTINIAN – By Yehoshua Sobol. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. The story of a young Palestinian woman. (Cameri, Monday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

TEMPORARY SEPARATION – By Hillel Mittelpunkt. Habimah Theatre production. A young couple try to patch up their marriage. (Habimah, Meskin, Monday through Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

THEATRE SONGS – Zaharira Harifai sings songs and tells stories about the theatre. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

BEDUIN LOVE SONG – With Ofra and Itzik Weingarten. Beit Leissin production. Excerpts from Israeli plays about people looking for homes. (Wadi Salib, Monday through Wednesday at 8:30 p.m., Wednesday also at 4:30 p.m.)

BLACK WAS THE NIGHT – See Tel Aviv. (Haifa Theatre, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

FREE COUPLE – See Tel Aviv. (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

GHETTO – See Tel Aviv. (Haifa Theatre, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

HELLO AND GOODBYE – See Tel Aviv. (Wadi Salib, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

Beersheba

MY FAIR COUNTRY – The story of Israel through masks, mime and movement (Beersheba Theatre, tomorrow, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

INCLINATIONS – See Tel Aviv. (Beersheba Theatre, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.

Material for publication must be at *The Jerusalem Post* offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

Rita stars in 'My Fair Lady' at the Jerusalem Theatre

(5:30 p.m.)

(7:00 p.m.)

(6:30 a.m.)

Pool manager (right) *Yisrael Raheli: young, trim and combed.*

(4:45 a.m.)

everyone brings something." Lox and other fish, home-baked cakes arrive. An accordionist entertains. And there's a whole table covered with bottles only. People complain that they can't eat so early in the morning, but Ketzele has to put up a rope to keep them from pouncing on the goodies before it's time.

His hedonism is pervasive. While others claim that regular swimming in salt water keeps them healthy in body and mind, Ketzele says: "I don't think it does anything for you but give you pleasure."

Up on the sun deck is Yisrael Oren, manager of the 30 Kravitz stationery stores, tying his body in knots. "In 1977 a yoga teacher came and taught us for a month or so, and we've continued ever since," he explains. The yoga is of course in addition to swimming, which began for him about 30 years ago, when he stopped smoking and decided to "work with the body a little."

Is it true that most of the early morning swimmers are managerial types? Oren insists that they're a mixture. "Everyone comes for different reasons, but they have something in common: they're people who have had some crisis – illness, or just felt themselves going downhill. And they decided to take themselves in hand."

DURING ITS 30 years, the Gordon Pool has undergone considerable evolution, but the pace of changes seems to be picking up as of late. In his air-conditioned office, Yisrael Raheli explains that it began as a project of Shikun Ovdim in 1956. Ownership was transferred to the municipality two years later, and the city of Tel Aviv leased the property to the present owners – the Einav family and stockholders.

Raheli himself, young, trim and combed, has a background as a physical education instructor and played water polo for Maccabi Tel Aviv and on the national team. He has been the pool's manager for five years. His right-hand man is Pinhas – short, greying under his cap and omnipresent. Pinhas has been at the pool since the opening, and remembers the times the waves dashed the retaining wall apart. He is in charge of the overnight pumping ritual.

The pool was actually built on re-claimed land. "The state said whatever the builders dried out would be theirs," Raheli says. The marina, which is now between the pool and the sea, was built much later.

At first admission was by ticket or multiple-entry cards. When the owners noticed they had a steady clientele, they began to offer membership – which is now up to about NIS 1,000 on the average each year, NIS 650 in the winter.

In the old days there was no hot water and no locker room. But the members demanded better services and eventually, separate locker rooms for themselves. So the pool which began as a somewhat socialist enterprise developed class distinctions. The members have tiled floors, neat shower dividers, decent ventilation, lockers. The non-members have peeling paint, stifling heat and a checkroom. Neither group, it must be said, has seats on their toilets.

But renovations are beginning now. The current members' side will become the non-members' area, and the non-members' side will be re-vamped. The uneven paving of Jerusalem stone outdoors will be replaced. A few potted palms have already made their appearance on the patios.

The biggest shock to the system is the new health club wing added this year. American-style industrial carpeting, bogus botany, air-conditioning, musak, framed prints of women looking fit and, someone apparently thinks, sexy. And that's before you get to the jacuzzis, the aerobics room, massage room, sauna and the Paramount exercise machinery, with a coach on duty.

Now the manegement is offering either separate membership in the pool or club (approx. NIS 825) or combined annual membership for NIS 1125. Raheli is extremely proud of the new, modern wing, though less proud of the state of the pool. Some of the pool veterans are doubtful: Stella, of the 5 a.m. crowd, is afraid the health club is attracting "young men with gold chains and long pink fingernails."

Pending renovations, the members continue to complain that the cost of membership is very high for the paltry services they get. The tarred-and-painted sun roofs get soft in the sun, the painted surfaces – including the pool – are always peeling. One group of long-time members demonstratively left, stalking back to their beach. And can't the management do something about the Saturday crowds of 4,000 complete with picnic coolers and screaming children?

Raheli nods his head at all the familiar criticisms. "The wear-and-tear on everything from the salt air and the wind is tremendous," he says. All exposed metal has to be constantly painted; the pool is painted twice a year. People take long showers to get the salt off – "They do their laundry there and fall asleep" – and the water bills are high. And what about electricity to run the 20 horsepower pumps that empty and fill the pool each day? Running the pool in the winter, when there are fewer swimmers, is particularly inefficient.

As for the Saturday crowds – in the old days, when this was the only pool between Jaffa and Ramat Hasharon, as many as 10,000 people came.

Why not close the pool for the coldest months, or enclose it and make it a popular swimming spot all year round? Raheli patiently shakes his head no. "We have a certain responsibility to keep this an outdoor pool, and keep it open. Some people can't live without it." □

Mohammed Nagy, of the pediatrics department of Ramallah Government Hospital (left) *and Reuven Cheekvash, head nurse in the intensive care department of Hadassah, Mount Scopus* (above). *Jewish nurses at Hadassah's intensive care ward: Harnon Shine* (below left) *and Igal Kapitz* (below right.)

Men in white

Although nursing is still seen as a career for women, an increasing number of men are entering the profession.

Report: Helena Flusfeder.
Photos: Debbi Cooper.

DURING the recent nurses' strike, TV news reports showed demonstration scenes outside the Prime Minister's Office. They were all dominated by female nurses. However, this did not mean that male nurses from Israeli hospitals were not there. It was just, as one male nurse from Hadassah Hospital said: "We were not visible, because we are fewer."

Nursing is still largely considered a female career. According to Nurit Ben-Dov, head of the Nursing Division of the Ministry of Health, male nurses in government services in Israel make up between 8-10 per cent of the nursing profession (compared with 2-3 per cent some years ago). She estimates the number at not more than 2,000.

Although comparable numbers in the West Bank are on a much smaller scale, male nurses there make up about 39 per cent of the nursing profession. Although Arab society considers nursing to be a strange choice of career for a male, it does offer the opportunity to get away from an agricultural and non-professional background.

Reuven Cheekvash came to Israel 14 years ago from the Soviet Union, where he had already studied in medical school for over four years. After entering medical school here in the third year, and serving in the army, he gradually moved away from the idea of qualifying as a doctor. "Too much time had gone by to resume medical studies and I decided to study nursing." He considers the profession to be "really close to being a doctor."

However, he described his situation during an eight-month course in intensive-care at Hadassah Hospital, Ein Kerem as strange, "since I was alone with 20 girls." It is the same for him in the intensive care unit in Hadassah Mt. Scopus. Although he is head nurse, he is the only male among the ward's 12 nurses.

Ben-Dov says that society is still "trapped in social stereotypes," and that "unless we as a society (both health professionals and people in general) change the way we classify certain professions as male and female, some areas will remain more difficult for men to enter." She was referring especially to single-sex units such as gynecology and delivery rooms. She adds that it is acceptable, even among many Orthodox Jews and Moslems, to have a male doctor as a gynecologist, but "it is more difficult when it comes to a nurse."

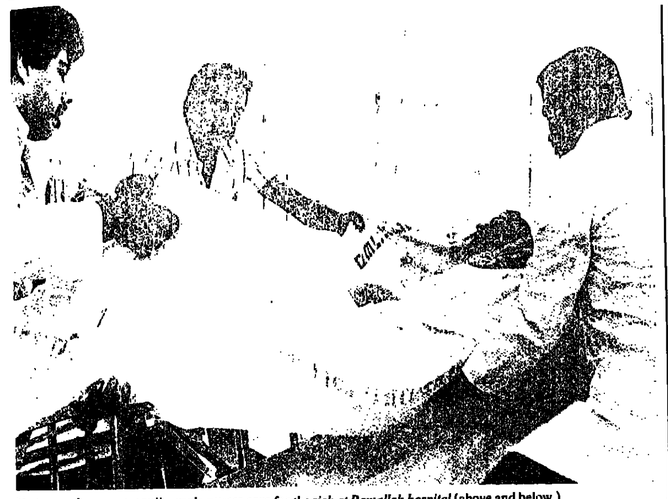
"If you see a male in a new-born unit, although everyone will accept that he has paternal feelings, still the term 'nurse' is usually applied to a woman." She emphasizes the need for greater education in order to change such social attitudes.

Ben-Dov notes that male nurses tend to work in intensive care units, surgical and psychiatric departments and that greater numbers are also being accepted in geriatric wards. This was because they were attracted to units with "a lot of technology involved."

A PARALLEL trend for specialization is also apparent among male nurses in the Arab sector, according to Zila Acker, Chief Area Nursing Supervisor for government health services in the West Bank. The trend among male Arabs had changed from "a lot of male attendants to many more professionally-trained nurses."

According to Acker, Arab men perceive university as difficult to enter, and "nursing is a profession; it has status."

Mohammed Nagy, who works in the pediatrics department of the



"Just as gentle as a woman" – male nurses care for the sick at Ramallah hospital (above and below.)

Ramallah Government Hospital, takes a different point of view. He has worked at the hospital for years, after qualifying at the Hebron Practical Nursing School. Nagy, who has become an "expert" in connecting intravenous infusions (sometimes due to staff shortages he is left in charge of 32 beds) says there is a problem among practical nurses. "There is no way of advancing. If I work here for 100 years, I'd still be a practical nurse."

Masod Issat, from the village of Eilaboun near Tiberias, recently qualified as a registered nurse and works in the pediatrics department of Hadassah Hospital, Mt. Scopus. "Men can do well in the profession," he says, though society, and Arab society in particular, sees it differently.

"People don't recognize the concept of 'male nurse.' It doesn't exist in their vocabulary. A nurse for them is immediately associated with a woman. In their eyes, a male nurse is considered 'half-a-doctor.' They think he shouldn't be doing certain kinds of jobs, such as washing patients."

Many of his friends who studied with him, says Issat, are not happy with the realities of nursing. "They think it's a profession for women, not for men, and want to leave." He too is thinking of changing, "because of the salary, although I like the profession itself." He is thinking about setting up a private company to provide nursing services in the Arab sector.

As for patients' attitude, Issat says: "There are people, both Jewish and Arab, who prefer to turn to a female nurse, because they're used to a woman. But the Arabs here turn to me because of the language. But when they talk to me, they call me doctor, even though they know I'm a nurse."

Patients show more respect to him as a man doing this kind of work than they would show to a woman, he says.

Issat himself believes that "women are basically better suited to the profession. Usually women are more sensitive and the profession requires a lot of gentleness, compassion and patience."

Others in the wards did not agree with Issat about the suitability of men as nurses. Shoshana Lehavi, general nurse at Hadassah, Mt. Scopus, does not see a difference between male and female, Jewish or Arab nurses. She feels it is good for a patient to have both men and women to turn to.

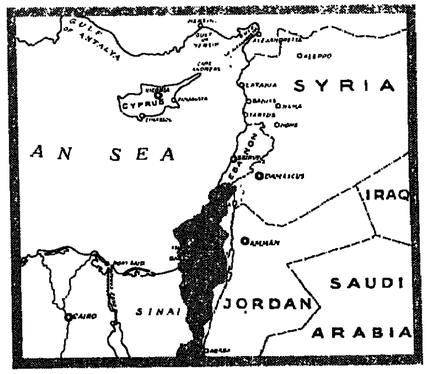
While Teresa Ben-Yehuda, a nurse in the hospital's pediatrics department notes that "some men are just as gentle as women," she draws the line at midwifery. She has a strong preference for women there.

Several mothers, whose children were being cared for in the pediatrics department, did not feel there was a difference between male and female nurses when it came to caring for their offspring.

Khoury Bassim, originally from the Galilee and who studied in Safed Hospital, is now head nurse in the internal medicine department at Hadassah, Mt. Scopus and was involved in negotiations in the recent nurses strike. He speaks of the problems of male nurses: "It's hard work and the salaries are low...if the salary stays like this, I'll have to think twice about it."

Yet Bassim, like so many others in his profession, is totally committed to his work. At the end of the interview, he quietly mutters; "Even without money, I'd still work with the sick." □

When money talked, atlas shrugged



With the noblest of intentions, undoubtedly, the proud profession of cartography is doing some strange things to the world: they're taking it upon themselves to obliterate the State of Israel from the face of the Earth.

From the country that helped put us on the map, some major atlas publishers have now taken us off it. British cartographers, including such major firms as Philips and Bartholomew's, are employing people to blacken out all references to Israel in the index and on the maps themselves. Meanwhile, in France, the Michelin people have issued a map of — well, *most* of the Middle East. It *must* have been a silly mistake, but a label with the map's legend appears *precisely* where Israel is reputed to be. As these products bring their companies no shekels but many dinars and riyals, it seems that, even if the facts are wrong, the customer is always right.

If your friends and relatives overseas are depending on foreign sources alone for the true picture of Israel, they may be getting a distorted view — or none at all. They should be getting the news as it is, from a responsible source; they should be reading **THE JERUSALEM POST INTERNATIONAL EDITION.**

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A city founded by giants

Abraham Rabinovich

Huge stones like those in the gateway of Yarmut may have led spies to think that it was inhabited by giants.

THE 12 Israelites who spied out the Land of Canaan might be forgiven retroactively, on the basis of a current archeological dig, for a bit of hyperbole they told Moses and the children of Israel, even though the Bible tells us that the Lord took a dimmer view of their alarmist report.

In their report, they got the part about a land of milk and honey right, and even brought back solid documentary evidence about the land's richness – in the form of grapes, pomegranates and figs – to their brethren waiting in the desert of Paran. Where they went astray was in reporting that the land was inhabited by giants, the sons of Anak. "We were in our own sight as grasshoppers," reported 10 of them, warning against any attempt to enter the Promised Land. "They are stronger than we." Only Caleb and Joshua Bin-Nun dissented and, of the 12, only they would survive the long ensuing wandering in the desert.

Archeologist Pierre de Miroschedji believes that the spies were not "spreading evil reports" as the Bible says but that they had been misled by the sight of the enormous stones used in the walls of ancient cities, whose ruins dotted the countryside.

This kind of Cyclopean masonry has now been uncovered by Miroschedji at his dig at Yarmut in the Judean foothills. Such enormous city walls were more than 1,000 years old when the spies came and must have been an object of awe to them. The spies may even have taken shelter in such ruins, as they presumably avoided inhabited places. "It would have been easy for them to conceive of the cities as being built by a race of giants," says Miroschedji.

The spies may therefore have mistaken shadow for substance, probably not the first time spies have done that and certainly not the last.

Anthropologists in the past century have failed to find any evidence that the land was ever inhabited by giants – abundant human remains that have been uncovered have all been of normal dimensions. In the broader historical sense, however, the spies were right. A race of giants had built those ancient cities they saw, a race of cultural giants who executed what may have been the most significant revolution in human affairs the Near East has witnessed to this day – the urban revolution in which men gave up a semi-nomadic or village existence to settle in cities.

IT HAPPENED about 5,000 years ago in this part of the world. Archeologists term it the Early Bronze Age, but it was in fact a "Golden Age" in the march of civilization. In Mesopotamia and Egypt urbanization had happened much earlier. There geography had dictated that the population be organized into large groupings in order to harness great river systems for irrigation purposes. The Jordan River was no kin to the Nile or the Euphrates and the population of this region continued to follow a largely pastoral, nomadic pattern of life – a Third World existence between the two superpowers of antiquity. (The backwardness of the region, relative to those two foci of civilization, was cultural as well as material – it would be 1,500 years after the invention of writing in Mesopotamia before the art of writing arrived here.)

Sometime before 3,000 B.C.E., the pattern changed, due to a shift in perception and changing needs. Ever growing numbers of pastoral folk began to leave the semi-arid zones of the northern Negev and elsewhere and to settle down to a sedentary life further north. Agriculture rather than the herding of sheep and goats would become the economic mainstay; a Mediterranean type of agriculture based on vine, olive, wheat, vegetables and animal husbandry. For the first time, towns began to form and soon after that walled cities.

If primitive man made fire by rubbing sticks together, Early Bronze man made civilization by rubbing people together in the confined space of cities – an act that released the wondrous human energies and neuroses that have brought us in a straight line to where we are today.

TEL YARMUT, a place virtually unknown to the public, is emerging as one of the most dramatic sites to witness this turning point in history. It is located some five kilometres south of Beit Shemesh at the end of a dirt track that runs one kilometre from the main road. The tel has been identified as the site of the biblical city of Yarmut, one of the confederation of five city-states that tried to halt the invading Israelites under Joshua at Gibeon north of Jerusalem.

That biblical city, however, was a virtual hamlet compared to the Early Bronze city that occupied Tel Yarmut almost 2,000 years earlier. It covered less than one-tenth the site of the earlier city whose history is a mystery to us.

Except for a brief probe by Amnon Ben-Tor of the Hebrew University in 1970, the site was unexplored until Miroschedji launched his dig in 1980 on behalf of the French Research Centre of Jerusalem and the Hebrew University. His excavations have continued annually since then.

The earliest settlement uncovered on the site was a village founded about 3,200 B.C.E., when the population began to become sedentary. Archeologists have termed this still non-urban period Early Bronze I. The pottery that has been excavated shows that the village gave way to a walled city about 2,950 B.C.E. All through the country, walled cities were beginning to rise in this period known as Early Bronze II. Many of these sites, such as Megiddo and Ai, would become the tels or construction mounds upon which subsequent cities would be built.

"This is the period when the human landscape of the Bible was shaped," says Miroschedji.

Yarmut was one of the first cities to emerge in the country and one of the largest. The 160 dunam site was 10 times the size of contemporary Jericho and more than twice as large as Megiddo. (The strategically located Jericho was the outstanding exception to the non-urban character of the region before the Bronze Age, having been established in the seventh millennium BCE.)

WITH NO PREVIOUS experience of building city walls, the builders of Yarmut experimented boldly as they tested engineering principles. The massive walls would be reinforced two or three centuries later with an even more massive outer wall sited 28 metres to its front, the space in between being filled in to create a defence ring with an incredible thickness of almost 40 metres. The outer wall, which included blocks more than three metres long and weighing several tons, probably rose 10 metres. In places it is still preserved up to seven metres. Some of the successful construction features they adopted would be retained, such as the header and stretcher principle – laying stones alternately perpendicular and parallel to the line of the wall in order to bind better.

One of the basic design principles of fortified cities was adopted already by those first builders - laying out the ramp approaching the city gate so that the visitor, presumably carrying a shield in his left hand, exposes his vulnerable right side to the guards on the wall.

Atop the wall complex, Miroschedji found the remains of massive platforms, 30-40 metres long and more than 10 metres wide, which apparently were designed as battle platforms from which the defenders would launch their missiles in time of war. Similar platforms have been found in the contemporary city of Ai.

The appearance of walled cities reflects not only the emergence of cohesive urban societies but the parallel development of societies engaged in war. "There were no walls before," notes Miroschedji, "because there was no need for walls. Now there is a military profession with its own hierarchy."

The centrally directed planning at Yarmut, evidenced by the city wall, is reflected inside the city as well by extensive terracing that provided an orderly urban pattern to the sloping site. These terrace walls are often several metres high and demonstrate that the residents were not just settling on the site but moulding it to their needs. "This impressive network is the earliest example in the Holy Land of a type of urban layout that still characterizes nowadays many towns and villages of Judea and Samaria," says Miroschedji. Near the lowest part of the city, the presence of large kilns in proximity to each other may indicate an industrial area.

In addition to stout defences and a good view, residents of Early Bronze Yarmut enjoyed large houses – a combination of elements modern city dwellers might envy. Residential units apparently consisted of a courtyard, one or two rooms up to 25 square metres in size and a small storage room. The houses were grouped in small clusters with their own paved streets, a pattern favoured by some of the most innovative town planners today.

Arad and other major cities founded at the same time as Yarmut disappeared at the end of Early Bronze II, about 2650 B.C.E. For Yarmut, however, the golden Early Bronze Age would continue until the end of Early Bronze III, about 2350 B.C.E., when it suddenly ceased to be occupied. There is no evidence of any violent attack being connected with the abandonment of the city.

The site would remain unoccupied until the Israelite period, when it emerges for the first time into history in the biblical tale of the 9th century B.C.E. Probes by Miroschedji have shown that the site covered only some 15 dunams.

Far more interesting to us is the 160 dunam Early Bronze city of Yarmut whose tale is lost forever in the mists of pre-history, a city about which we know virtually nothing except that it was founded by giants.

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

DRINKING coffee from porcelain cups rather than styrofoam throw-aways is one of the pleasures of visiting the French-run excavations at Yarmut. Another is the section supervisors – mostly young French female archeologists who manage to look stunning despite the boots on their feet and layers of dust.

The excavation is financed by the French Foreign Ministry as part of an unusual policy of scientific sponsorship that covers French-led excavations in more than 100 countries. The ministry shares sponsorship for Yarmut and four other French digs in Israel with France's National Centre for Scientific Research through the French Centre for Research in Jerusalem.

Dr. Pierre de Miroschedji, leader of the Yarmut dig, has been part of the centre's team in Israel since 1972. He is married to Batya, an Israeli, with whom he picnicked on the still undug Yarmut Tel when they were courting. They have two sabra children. Before the Islamic revolution in Iran, Miroschedji carried out archeological surveys and excavations in that country.

The archeologist would like to expose the ancient walls of Yarmut to their full height if he can find additional funding. The French Foreign Ministry's contribution covers only research, not restoration.

Fair dues to Sadat

MAN OF DEFIANCE: A Political Biography of Anwar Sadat by Raphael Israeli, with the collaboration of Carol Bardenstein. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 314 pp. £18.95.

THE PROPHET AND PHARAOH: Muslim Fundamentalism in Egypt by Gilles Kepel. London, Al Saqi Books. 260 pp. £5.95.

THE STUDENT MOVEMENT AND NATIONAL POLITICS IN EGYPT by Ahmed Abdalla. London, Al Saqi Books. 285 pp. £8.95.

Nissim Rejwan

ANWAR AL-SADAT, who was president of Egypt for eleven fateful years, has been unlucky in his biographers. After his assassination on October 6, 1981 the two main books written about his life and his career were highly critical, and often extremely biased. Each in his own way, David Hirst of *The Guardian* and Mohammed Hasanein Heikal, who had been removed by Sadat from his editorship at the leading Cairo daily, *Al-Ahram*, were thoroughly negative in their appraisals of his policies and conduct. A correction was needed, a work that would give Sadat, who admittedly was far from infallible, his due as a leader and as a realistic statesman who achieved the breakthrough, concluded a peace treaty with Israel, and regained Sinai for Egypt.

Man of Defiance provides this corrective. Raphael Israeli, whose two previous works on Sadat including the three-volume *The Public Diary of Anwar Sadat* – were very critical of his actions, and rather sceptical about the sincerity of his pronouncements, has now produced a fair-minded, well-written and carefully researched "political biography" of the man.

Working in collaboration with Carol Bardenstein, who appears to be responsible for much of the field work and for the interviews, Israeli makes it clear in a brief preface that he and his collaborator "...decided to write an 'inner' and 'subjective' rather than 'outer' and 'judgemental' biography of Sadat, the point being that it is no less important to comprehend why he acted as he acted than to pronounce a sometimes unwarranted verdict on the quality of his reasoning or the results thereof." One has to assume, Israeli explains, "that Sadat, like many other statesmen, acted in good faith and that his inner concerns, shaped by innate inclinations and the circumstances in which he made his decisions, reflect the traits of his personality much more than the events which he generated, or in whose stream he was sometimes helplessly swept along."

Though I am not quite sure what to make of the opposition set up here between "inner" and "subjective" and "outer" and "judgemental," I do think Israeli and Bardenstein have produced a workmanlike account of Sadat's political career and achievements. (It is not at all clear, by the way, why the chapter dealing with Sadat's peace initiative, and the conclusion of a peace treaty between Egypt and Israel, should be called "The Peace Gamble.")

Its authors do forewarn us that this is "a political biography," and its readers will learn more about Sadat the leader and statesman, and about the fortunes of the Egyptian state and society during most of his mature life, than about Sadat the man, though a good deal is written about him as a son and husband, a father and a friend.

IN THE Preface to Gilles Kepel's *The Prophet and Pharaoh*, Professor Bernard Lewis points out that in recent years Islamic revolutionaries achieved two spectacular successes: the overthrow of the Shah in Iran, and the assassination of Sadat in Egypt. However, the movement in Egypt has received far less attention than the Iranian one, most probably because it removed only the man but not the regime. Yet Egypt is the cradle of Moslem extremism, at least of its Sunni variety.

Gilles Kepel, a French political scientist and Arabist, traces the Egyptian Islamist movements only as far back as the early 1950s. He begins with the life and works of Sayyid Qutb, whom Kepel associates with the rebirth of Islamic fundamentalism, which he calls "Islamicism" also. A wealth of material on the new movements, including Jama'at al-Takfir wa'l-Hijra, Jama'at al-Tabligh, Ja'amat al-Muslimin and the student Islamicist groups Ja'amat Islamiyya, is surveyed, and summarized from printed sources not easily available even in the Arabic original.

The degree of fanaticism is positively frightening. Abd al-Salem Faraj, a leading ideologue of the movement depicted here whose members planned and carried out Sadat's assassination, writes in one of its tracts: "The Prophet proclaimed the construction of the Islamic state and the re-establishment of the caliphate. This was God's order... Today a question must be asked: Do we live in an Islamic state? This would be true only if the laws of Islam held sway... The laws that rule the Moslems today have been infidel laws since the definitive disappearance of the caliphate in 1924, the eradication of all the laws of Islam and their replacement by laws imposed by the infidels... it is impiety to allege that such a system of law is the basis of a government founded on the Koran and the Sunna of the Prophet; it is imperative to combat the infidel until he is brought to govern in accordance with the injunctions of God and His Prophet, from which one must not depart even in the slightest."

It is to be noted that the term "infidel," usually reserved by Moslems for unbelievers, here refers to the Moslem ruler, and by implication even to the heads of the Moslem religious establishment. Needless to say, there is little logic or consistency in these and similar slogans. However, as Professor Lewis remarks in his Preface, "At a time when imported institutions are breaking down and imported panaceas are failing to produce the promised and expected results, such doctrines have a powerful appeal."

AHMED ABDALLA'S *The Student Movement and National Politics in Egypt* is a systematic, stage-by-stage account of the student movement in Egypt, and of the role university students have played in national politics there since the early 1920s. It contains also a great deal of information about the educational system in Egypt, especially at university level, and in particular since the Free Officers' revolution of July, 1952. It was in the wake of that revolution that university doors were opened for the first time to the Egyptian masses. Hundreds of thousands of the sons and daughters of workers, peasants, and lower-middle class employees enrolled in academic institutions at every level. This quantitative growth has not in any sense been matched by a qualitative one: the contrary, in fact, is true. Figures for the academic year 1983-84 provide some indication of the tremendous growth: some 500,000 students attended the various institutions of higher learning; 86,000 new students were admitted; the total university budget totalled E£ 370m.; the teaching staff was 36,000, with an average teacher-student ratio of 1:19; some 50,000 students lived in university hostels.

A good deal of field work and intensive interviewing has gone into the making of this book. Ahmed Abdalla, who has studied both at the universities of Cairo and of Cambridge, was himself president of the Higher Students Committee of Cairo University which led the students' uprising of January, 1972. He was tried as a student activist the following year. In addition to surveying the attempts made by students to influence national policies both at the domestic level and in foreign affairs, he describes the sociological composition of the student body, physical and social conditions in the universities, and shifts in educational policy during the last three decades. This makes the book essential reading for students of the contemporary Egyptian scene. □

Forceful relations

THE PARTY AND THE ARMY IN THE SOVIET UNION by Yosef Avidar. Jerusalem, Magnes Press. 340pp. No price stated.

THE SEVEN AGES OF THE BRITISH ARMY by Field Marshall Lord Carver. London, Weidenfield and Nicolson. 332pp. £12.95.

ISRAELI SOCIETY AND ITS DEFENSE ESTABLISHMENT: The Social and Political Impact of a Protracted Violent Conflict edited by Moshe Lissak. London, Frank Cass, 152pp. £18.00.

Gerald M. Steinberg

THE RELATIONSHIP between the Army and civil society is a central determinant of both domestic and international politics. Armies can form a political elite, lead or prevent revolutions, consume enormous resources, and even, on occasion, fight wars. Thus, the analysis of the role of military forces and their interactions with the civil political system is of undeniable importance.

In the Soviet Union, the Army is one of four loci of political power, along with the Communist Party, the government, and the internal security system (the KGB). As Yosef Avidar explains, the changing coalitions and relationships among these four entities determine Soviet domestic and foreign policy.

Beginning with the Bolsheviks and the formation of the Red Army under Trotsky, Avidar traces the changing interactions between the Army and the Party. Throughout Soviet history, the Party sought to control the military through an independent hierarchy of *Zampolits*, placed in all units. Command was divided between the professional military and the party representative, leading to confusion and lowering military capabilities. This conflict ultimately led to Stalin's purges, and the effects on the Army became immediately evident during the Nazi invasion. In order to reassert the priority of professional leadership, command was unified, and, in 1943, 30,000 former political officers suddenly found themselves assigned to combat units.

With this background, the author focuses on the 1950's, following Stalin's death and the rise of Khrushchev. During this period, the Army, led by Marshal Zhukov, supported the latter's efforts to concentrate control. After using the Army in support of the elimination of Beria, the secret police chief, Zhukov became Minister of Defence, and was given a seat on the Politburo. At the same time, however, this active involvement in Party and government affairs was perceived as a threat to the centrality of political and party control, which was established by Lenin. In other words, in his success, Zhukov also laid the foundation for his own subsequent demise.

While this story has been told before, Avidar's analysis provides much new material, and avoids the polemics which colour standard American accounts of this subject. As the Israeli ambassador to the Soviet Union in the mid-1950s, the author was close to the events he describes, and had access to many of the people involved. Also, for perhaps the first time, the knowledge and experiences of Soviet Jewish emigrés has been tapped. Nevertheless, there is much that remains hidden; but, in contrast to other authors in this area, Avidar acknowledges the uncertainties, and informs the readers when he resorts to his own judgement. As a result, this study deserves a wide audience.

IN CONTRAST to Avidar's relatively narrow focus, Carver's study of the British Army attempts to cover some 350 years. He divides this period into seven shorter eras, each embodied in a single military leader. Yet he finds it hard to say anything interesting on such a broad subject. Indeed, the former Chief of the British Defence Staff spends most of his time summarizing battles and campaigns from Cromwell and the Civil War to the Falklands.

Here and there, some recurring themes are briefly encountered like echoes of a misplaced chorus. Relations between the Army, the Crown and Parliament were problematic from the start, and continue to be a subject of controversy in the unresolved debate on the conduct of the Falklands Campaign. In addition, Carver stresses the development of regimental ties and the nourishment provided by such leaders as Marlborough. This theme crops up again in the Falklands, where British officers and their troops, although far from home and fighting for a dubious goal, acquitted themselves well on the battlefield. It is a shame that Carver's focus on the details of the conflicts led him away from a careful study of these interesting questions.

The size and importance of the military establishment in Britain continues to wane: Israel has been forced to develop a powerful one. As a result, civil-military relations have important political implications here as well. Seven articles dealing with various aspects of these relations are presented in the volume edited by Lissak. As an edited work, this book lacks the coherence found in the volumes on the Soviet and English Armies, but several pieces are of interest. Most important are the analyses presented by Lissak and Peri of the links between the IDF and Mapai in the early years of the state. Although in little danger of becoming the type of Party organ which the Red Army became, the IDF was politicized from the beginning by Ben-Gurion. And the military leadership frequently "created facts" running counter to the instructions of the Cabinet, its nominal superior. Nevertheless, the democratic norms of the State and various internal balances generally maintained the stability of the system and limited this sort of tampering. Detailed studies of the role of the military in policy-making during the 1967 Six Day War, and the more recent Lebanon War, when the system of balances broke down, complement the more general studies.

On a somewhat different issue, Baruch Kimmerling deals with the mechanisms developed within Israeli society to cope with the periodic wars and unending conflict. Kimmerling argues that Israeli society switches back and forth periodically between two systems. During war or major crises, it is largely mobilized and militarized. Between wars, however, the society quickly returns to routine and normalcy, and focuses largely on domestic issues. This ability to change gears, it would seem, has, at least to date, prevented Israeli society from becoming militarized or militaristic. The seemingly unending Lebanese entranglement may, however, have seriously upset this system. □

Misunderstandings

YOM HAREFAIM (Day of the Ghosts) by David Shahar. Tel Aviv, Am Oved. 191 pp. No price stated.

Jeffrey M. Green

DAVID SHAHAR is an extremely original novelist. Though widely acknowledged to be a major voice in Hebrew fiction, he is an idiosyncratic and somewhat obscure presence in the literary firmament. That, perhaps, is because the centre of his novels is so far from what appears to be central in modern Israeli life. Certainly he is not one of the reigning literary pundits whose opinion is sought on every topic of current concern.

Day of the Ghosts, like much of Shahar's other fiction, revolves around events in Jerusalem during the 1930s. The two main characters are Leah Himmelsach, a "revolutionary" intellectual, and her husband, Berl Raban, a Canaanite poet who wrote under the pen name of Eshbaal Ashtaroth. These characters are meant to be familiar to the reader, for *Day of the Ghosts* is the fifth novel in Shahar's series called "The Temple of the Broken Vessels," also termed a "Lurian" after an enigmatic presence in the works, Gabriel Luria.

Since I have read three of the other four books, I don't know whether this one could stand alone. My impression is that one may enter the Lurian through any gate, since the series is not strictly chronological. In fact, rigid chronology would seem to be a distortion of reality in Shahar's fictional world. The past constantly bursts into the present, and episodes from earlier volumes crop up in later ones.

Shahar frequently begins his fiction with an odd tableau, some anomalous situation which demands an explanation. Then he goes back in time to show how that odd situation came about. In *Day of the Ghosts*, the starting point is a coincidence: two of the narrator's friends, who are translating Ashtaroth and writing about him in English, read some lines of Ezra Pound's out loud, and the poetry happens to express exactly what the narrator had been thinking at the time.

Shahar mixes his own words with quotations from the fragmentary Canto CXV:

> "I said to myself: Everything's falling apart.
> She said: 'In meiner Heimat / where the dead walked / and the living were made of cardboard.'
> He said: 'When one's friends hate each other / how can there be peace in the world?'
> She said: 'If there is no love at home, there is nothing.'
> He said: 'And of man seeking good, / doing evil.'"

These lines, the opening words of the novel, also point to its main concerns, for this unit of the Lurian is mainly concerned with misunderstanding, ranging from mere academic confusion to a tragic collision of values.

THE ACADEMIC misunderstanding is related to Pound's influence on Ashtaroth. Helen, the narrator's friend, interviewed Leah Himmelsach and wrote up the interview for *Commentary*. She quoted the poet's wife (since deceased), who claimed to have introduced her husband to Pound, and that the American modernist had indeed influenced the Hebrew archaist. The narrator, however, has a distinct childhood memory of the moment when Leah Himmelsach first heard of Ezra Pound, proving that her husband, by then estranged from her, could never have been influenced by him. The editors of *Commentary* refuse to print the narrator's letter correcting that misapprehension. They prefer the self-serving recollections of the poet's wife to the narrator's disinterested devotion to truth.

Another set of misunderstandings is political. The narrator's return to Jerusalem is marred by a vociferous argument that arose in the plane and continued in the taxi from the airport. The narrator leaves the cab as soon as possible and returns to his room on foot. It is late Friday afternoon, and he soon finds himself in the midst of an even more frenzied political turmoil. Ultra-Orthodox militants have laid by an arsenal of stones, invited the major TV networks, and, as soon as the sun sets, they begin hurling rocks at passing cars. Presently the police come, and the demonstrators make certain that their arrests are seen and heard the world over, thereby discrediting Zionism. That demonstration reminds the narrator of one against the Mandate in which he took part as a child. The policeman bashed him in the head: "I fell at their feet with my head split, dripping blood – I thought I understood – even understood the Englishmen's reaction. Now I know I don't understand. I can only look – choose a good vantage point and write down everything my eyes see and my ears hear." (p. 24).

Although this passage would appear to define the narrator's attitude, in fact we are constantly told things that he could have neither seen nor heard. Berl Raban's trip to the court of the Shah of Iran, a long and amusing episode, is a case in point. In Iran the misunderstanding is cultural and absolute. Berl went only because he had hoped to acquire firsthand knowledge about the ancient Persian religion from the few surviving fire-worshippers. As a Canaanite, he is deeply interested in archaic rites smacking of idolatry. His plans come to nothing, however. Through his overly solicitous translator he becomes so entangled in court protocol that he can do nothing but fume in frustration.

Later, when the Persian translator passes through Jerusalem, on his way to Egypt on a royal mission, Berl becomes embroiled in yet another misunderstanding: what does a royal Iranian emissary expect from a night in Jerusalem? Clearly not a tour of the Hinnom Valley with Berl. Then, at dinner in the Persian's official residence, Berl sees a ghost, so effectively described that it raised the hair on the back of my neck. What exactly does he see? What does it mean? The narrator offers no explanation, yet the title of the book seems to be connected with the apparition.

THE LAST two-thirds of the book are devoted to the personification of misunderstanding, Leah Himmelsach, and her "mounting of the barricades" to bring the revolution and free the exploited Arab victims of British capitalist imperialism.

With her transparent pretensions, Leah is an embarrassingly grotesque woman, an exponent of dialectical materialism in a world where that ideology makes no sense. She is set against Daud, the devoted chauffeur of the Supreme Court Justice. Reacting to Leah's cant, Daud reflects, "There is love in the world, and there is honour in the world" (p. 184).

A similar grotesque is Professor Yakov Talmi, who, for all his learning, allows himself to be cheated out of a small fortune in gold coins. Daud, in a long internal monologue, cannot grasp how studies can leave someone so stupid about life.

Worse than self-defeating blindness to character is the pain Leah inflicts on her best friend, Brunhilde, a bashful, sensitive violinist. While Brunhilde is dying of cancer, Leah, in keeping with her ideology, tells her friend the truth. Brunhilde never plays her violin again after that, dying in miserable depression, deprived of her one solace in life.

Along with simple human decency, love, and honour, Shahar speaks of the exaltation of certain privileged moments, such as this vision of his childhood-: "The light became so clear that everything began trembling with crystalline notes, and a feeling of happiness filled me as though a good dream had come true, as though I had entered a fabulous castle, and yet I felt that the castle was opened within me, as though I weren't a single boy, a little creature staring at the world around him, but the contrary: all of Jerusalem and the mountains around it, including the space surrounding the mountains and the heavens, all that was within me" (pp. 20-21).

SHAHAR'S WRITING seems to aim at penetrating reality to reach the moments of truth beyond it, and his books are full of eccentric seekers, otherwise known as "Jerusalem idlers." Influenced by conventional views of who is important, one wonders why Shahar chose to hold up this constellation of marginal characters before his readers. What did their deeds contribute to the creation of modern Israel? He seems to imply that something that was here under the British Mandate was spoiled by political Zionism (as well as Arab nationalism). I don't mean to suggest that these novels are an elaborate form of nostalgia. They do what only fiction of the highest order can do: they create a significant world which enriches our own.

The language of these books is difficult, rich, complex in texture, and rewarding, showing what can be done with Hebrew by a master. The structure of the novels is as convoluted as the author's long paragraphs, sometimes seeming disjointed, forcing the reader to be attentive and patient. There are moments when I felt that Shahar had gone too far, lost control over his materials, and spent too much time on an episode that doesn't warrant so much attention, yet my reservations are far outweighed by admiration. Like his other devoted readers, I anxiously await his next work. Will it be yet another wing of the Temple of the Broken Vessels, or will he begin another edifice? □

Universal missions

THESE THREE books reflect Christian-Jewish relations in three: very different periods of their development. *Rebecca's Children* starts at the very beginning with its account of Judaism in the Roman world and the birth of Christianity. It suggests that the same period saw both the emergence of Christianity and of rabbinic Judaism (which in some ways could be seen as a new religion, according to the author, especially after the destruction of the Second Temple). The two are then compared to the twin sons of Rebecca, Jacob and Esau. Like them, they fought already in the womb, were reared in the same environment, and should be seen as fraternal twins, each claiming the birthright while choosing opposing ways of preserving the family heritage.

REBECCA'S CHILDREN: Judaism and Christianity in the Roman World by Alan F. Segal. Harvard University Press. 207 pp. $20.00.
ERASMUS AND THE JEWS by Shimon Markish. University of Chicago Press. 203 pp. $25.00.
MORE STEPPING STONES TO JEWISH-CHRISTIAN RELATIONS compiled by Helga Kroner. New York, Paulist Press. 235 pp. $7.95.

Geoffrey Wigoder

The author, who teaches the history of religion at Barnard College, Columbia University, is well-versed in the late Second Temple period, which he analyses with refreshing insight, within a social, economic and political context. He characterizes the message of Jesus, that with repentance all are equal before God, as typical of all sectarian apocalypticism of the time. It was Paul who channelled apocalyptic beliefs into non-apocalyptic areas. Various factors accounted for the spread of Christianity, crucial among which was its ability, unique among Jewish sects of its time, to attract gentiles from a variety of milieus outside Judea, and unify them into a single group, bringing together Jewish and gentile converts with its teachings.

THE RABBIS, says Segal, for their part transformed Judaism from a national ideology to a Hellenistic spiritual community, a major evolutionary step. For both Judaism and Christianity, election and universalism were related, but each found it hard to understand the other's concept, with each interpreting election to legitimate its own community while adhering to its ideals of universality.

Based upon their respective histories, they designed different ways of understanding their universal missions. Christianity understood itself to be the universal proselytizing religion for world salvation: Judaism saw itself as a kingdom of priests in a culturally plural world. Within this general framework, Segal gives a stimulating picture and analysis of a critical era in the history of civilization.

MARKISH'S BOOK brings us to the world of the Reformation. The figure of Erasmus has until recently been little more than a footnote in Jewish history. In contrast to the extreme anti-Semitism of Martin Luther (which had a long-term impact), Erasmus was perceived as altogether milder and as having had little effect. The first study of the subject appeared less than 20 years ago, and now we have a full-length book by Shimon Markish, son of the great Russian Yiddish poet, Peretz Markish, who began his researches in the USSR (an unlikely locale for Erasmus studies). He was the first translator of Erasmus into Russian, and has maintained his particular studies for many years in Geneva, where he now lives and teaches.

His book is enriched by an *Afterword*-demurrer by the American Jewish thinker, Arthur A. Cohen, who feels that Markish's verdict on Erasmus's Jewish views is too gentle. According to Markish, Erasmus's world outlook inevitably incorporated the anti-Judaism current in his day – any other approach would have been unthinkable – but he was not much kinder to contemporary Christians. He feels that it is as unfounded to speak of Erasmus's hatred of Jews as of his sympathy for them – he was indifferent to living Jews and had no interest in them ("let them swarm in their dens"). His few anti-Jewish jibes were the stock-in-trade of the folk view about Jews in his time.

Cohen concludes that in fact Markish's research shows Erasmus to be thoroughly anti-Jewish. He suggests that Markish's yardstick for measuring anti-Semitism is the crude example he himself encountered in the USSR, and that he is not sufficiently attuned to the more sophisticated but equally deadly anti-Semitism of the theologians, of whom Erasmus was a typical example, even if he was preferable to Luther, and never, for example, advocated violence against the Jews. But still he helped perpetuate the stereotype of the Jew as an ignorant, blaspheming sinner, which was to have such tragic consequences.

THE HISTORIC changes in Christian attitudes to Judaism and Jews since World War II, and especially over the past twenty years, can best be measured by the many relevant official statements issued by Christian churches of all denominations (except the Orthodox and Eastern churches). Here we encounter revolutionary innovations, which in effect contradict doctrines consistently propounded over the previous nineteen centuries. This innovatory thought includes the recognition of Judaism as a living – not a fossilized – faith, the condemnation of all forms of anti-Semitism, and an effort to erase what has been termed "the teaching of contempt" from Christian prayers, textbooks, catechisms.

In 1977, Helga Kroner published a selection of these documents in *Stepping Stones to Further Jewish-Christian Relations*. She now continues this valuable service in a new volume covering the decade 1975 to 1985. These documents are even more impressive than the former selection in that they are prepared to go further. Of particular significance is the publication of Professor Tommaso Federici's 1977 statement on the mission and witness of the Catholic Church. Although not issued by the Vatican, it received the imprimatur of all levels of the Vatican, and is an approved statement expounding the new thinking on a subject which in practice has been expressed through the discontinuation of Catholic mission to the Jews.

Helga Kroner's volume is prefaced by three invaluable commentaries, by Bishop Jorge Mejia from the Catholic standpoint, Alice L. Eckardt from the Protestant, and Rabbi Mordecai Waxman from the Jewish. They provide excellent summaries of what has been achieved and what remains to be done, and suggest directions for future progress.

It is significant of the asymmetry of the dialogue that, as against these dozens of documents, no Jewish denomination or group has attempted to present a Jewish view of Christianity in the world of today. This so far has not been called for, as it is not required by the exigencies of Judaism, which has no link of causality or interrelation with Christianity, and no historical guilt. The preparation of such a statement would be bitterly divisive, and highly problematic. But we may not be able to ignore indefinitely an increasing desire in Christian dialogue circles for some sort of Jewish acknowledgment that we have entered a new era in Jewish-Christian relations. □

Death of a poet

Gabriel Motzkin

I FIRST met Dan Pagis when I was 14 years old, and he, 30 years old at the time, was my literature teacher.

Normally, a teenager considers 30 to be old, but there was something childlike about Dan. This quality and a forceful personality enabled him to exercise authority even over a mass of unruly Israeli adolescents. We knew he was young; indeed, he looked as if he came from somewhere else. He was thin, with light blond hair and sunken cheeks.

Of our teachers, he had by far the widest horizons, yes he taught, but never insistently. Dan's class was one of the few that let in the world, but the world he let in was diffident.

For many years I lost touch. It was Dan who finally looked me up. That was one of his traits. Dan would seek people out, and they would respond, touched as if he were their closest friend. Then he would retreat, leaving behind the intimation that any contact would be at his discretion.

He looked me up when I was studying in Berkeley, indeed twice, in different living circumstances, as if he were interested in seeing people as their realities changed. And yet there was something random about this interest; it was not as if he or you knew when he would drop by.

DAN ONCE objected to my playing a Mozart clarinet concerto on the stereo, explaining that he had studied the clarinet as a child, and he did not want to be reminded.

Suddenly, his famous past was there, the past he never talked about, but which everybody knew, for he wore the past like a stigma, a sign on which the other had to focus even while Dan himself appeared to ignore it. I mean the years he spent as a child in German camps, the Holocaust which imposed a caesura in his life, which divided the real Dan Pagis who had been a German-speaking child in the Bukovina, in Czernowitz, from that person who began anew as a 15-year-old in 1945. That evening, seeing I loved the Mozart clarinet concerto, he then said to me that I should play it if I wanted to. Dan never felt that the Dan who began to live after 1945 could impose his wants on others, for there was some question about the claims this Dan was entitled to place before the world.

There were three Dans; the child Dan who lived before the Holocaust, that was the secret Dan, whom nobody knew; the child Dan who endured the Holocaust, the Dan his poems would declare as the real living Dan; and the Dan who lived for 40 years from 1945 to 1986, the Dan who could never be sure that the life he was living was not just a dream dreamt by some child in a camp somewhere who imagines a better, more rational world to escape his situation. If the Holocaust were such a fissure in his existence, then what could one make of such a life after death? If the camp were real, then the Nazis in it were also real; if they were human, then perhaps their victims were not, for humans could never behave in such a terrible way to other humans. If Dan wasn't human, then he must be dead, for once in some unremembered but felt past, he had been alive and human.

In a seminar I was giving at Berkeley about Jewish consciousness since World War II, I devoted a class to his poetry, and asked him to be present while we discussed what he had written. I accused him of being a ghost, of writing his poems in the conviction that he had physically died long ago, and that the irrationality he was confronting was the irrationality which he attributed to life after death. He grew very intense, his eyes widened, his response was enigmatic. I could not tell whether he was moved, or whether he was responding with that protectively gentle, mordant irony which was his trademark in direct exchange.

Dan was apparently interested in the form of things, while I had long ago resolved to ignore it, intuitively convinced that essence exists behind forms. From that time on, our conversations would often turn to the Holocaust, and also to the way we should relate to Germany and to the German cultural tradition, a tradition which had so powerfully imprinted modern Jewish and Hebrew culture. Dan was never reluctant to read German poetry, to acknowledge his indebtedness as a poet to German antecedents. The music of the German language was in his mind, and his personal history could not dim his enthusiasm for beauty.

Last summer, I returned to Germany, and Dan visited me there for a week. We did not avoid the theme we had in common, our German problem. One evening, we were together with several friends. One of them began telling of his experiences as a German child in Russian deportation camps after World War II, the helplessness he had felt in those years. He too at 50, like Dan, still radiated that softness of a child who gently knows that no one will ever hear him crying. The atmosphere became heavy. One woman there turned rigid while Reinhard, our German friend, bore his witness. It later turned out that her grandparents had starved to death in the siege of Leningrad; she was inured to German suffering. That was not Dan's reaction. He, whose mother tongue had been German, reached out to this other lost child, for here was a German who, unlike other Germans, was a bruised innocent, a man with whom Dan could share his imagination.

AFTERWARDS, we walked together through the German village in the night. He told me that he tried to forget Germany for many years, to live as if his past were really sometime else. It could not work, he said; this ignoring could only lead to breakdown. He had found that it was a difficult path, one which could corrupt if not carefully trodden, but there was no choice.

Dan insisted on the concreteness of his past. It was the physical image of his tormentors' humanity which had been so terrifying, and he would never refuse this image of humanity to anyone. He never sought to forgive. Rather, Dan was in search of his own humanity for his whole life. While he was fearful, he never shrank from the painful challenge of this quest.

No one who ever spoke with Dan can ever forget the occasion. He was distant from all and yet hundreds felt close to him. That was so because of his diffident openness to others, because some quality about him both accepted and addressed your inner non-social being, because of his tolerant fascination with your sensibility.

Sometimes funerals tell about a man. When Prof. Dan Pagis of the Department of Hebrew Literature of the Hebrew University died over a month ago, so many accompanied him who had had no business with him, who felt close after one or two conversations, because they had met someone quite unlike anyone else in their experience, one who had made so many open up, not in what they said, but in how they felt. Talking with him was like defining a way of living. By giving that sensation to so many, he had gained their love. Cicero once said that we weep for ourselves when we weep at funerals. Those who buried Dan wept for him. □

A novel in rhyme

THE GOLDEN GATE by Vikram Seth. London, Faber and Faber. 307 pp. £9.95.

Richard Penniman

WHAT'S the last novel you've read written in the 14-line rhyming stanzas of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*? Can't think of one? Don't fret. Opportunity knocks in the pleasant, pliant shape of Vikram Seth's verse-novel, *The Golden Gate*.

This is a fine tale from the kingdom of Yuppieland, the San Francisco Bay Area.

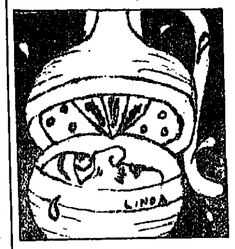
John's looks are good. His dress is formal.
His voice is low. His mind is sound.
His appetite for work's abnormal.
His plastic name tag hangs around
His collar like a votive necklace.
Though well-paid, he is far from reckless,
Pays his rent promptly, jogs, does not Smoke cigarettes, and rarely pot,
Eschews both church and heavy drinking,
Enjoys his garden, likes to read
Eclectically from Mann to Bede.
(A surrogate, some say, for thinking.)
Friends claim he's grown aloof and prim.
(His boss, though, is well-pleased with him.)

IN SHORT, the prototypical Yuppie: – hard-working, health-conscious, materialistic and spiritually numb. Others inhabit this novel novel who are more Hippieish than Yuppielike. John's Japanese friend, Janet, sculpts along feminist lines during the day and drums in a rock band (Liquid Sheep) at night. Then there's friend, Phil, a Jewish radical from Berkeley (is there any other kind?) who quits his hi-tech job at a nuclear research plant and joins the No Nukes set.

Intrigue ensues when Phil has an affair with John's girlfriend's brother. John finds out and is repulsed. John's girlfriend, Liz, is repulsed by John's prejudicial repulsion and ends up marrying Phil. Licking his wounds and vowing undying enmity, John returns to his sculptress/drummer, Janet, who unfortunately dies in a plane crash. If the plot sounds a bit too whimsical for your liking, be assured that the writing is sublime, and that Vikram Seth's heart is strong and big. I enjoyed *The Golden Gate*, and I believe you will too. □

Putting on the squeeze

THE FIFTH COLUMN
Matt Nesvisky



"Israeli industrialists...have accused the government of failing to squeeze the best possible deal out of the Americans concerning the construction of the Voice of America transmitter in the Arava." - The Jerusalem Post.

"I'M SORRY," says the American negotiator, "but 50 per cent of the construction work is all we can allow you. This is a major high-tech facility, which means we have to maintain the strictest quality control."

"You're worried about quality?" cries an incredulous Moshe Tapuz. "Look at your Cameroonians. Very high standard people – and when they want a Hilton built, who do they come to? Us Israelis!"

The American sighs. "Frankly, the CIA tells us that all those black African nations didn't break off relations with you because of the Yom Kippur War. It was because the roof leaked at the Nairobi Hilton, the balconies tended to snap off at the Kinshasha Sheraton, the floor tiles curled up at the Ramada Brazzaville, the –"

"Lousy Arab labour!" the Israeli negotiator says. "Pure sabotage! But don't worry, we won't make that mistake again. We want this VOA contract for Jewish jobs. You'll get world-renowned Israeli craftsmanship, nothing less."

"All right," the American says. "Fifty-five per cent of the construction and that's as high as I'm authorized to go."

"Plus we get the contract for providing guards and doing *sponja*?"

"Guards and *sponja*. Faitsenough. But that's it."

"You Yanks drive a hard bargain. But I agree."

"You do? Thank God!! After 16 months of negotiations, you mean I can tell my government we finally have an agreement in principle on the construction of the VOA station?"

"Absolutely. All that remains now is to work out the *compromis*."

"Beg pardon?"

"The *compromis*. That's just a little document we draw up to define certain questions."

"What kinds of questions?" the American asks warily.

"Like what about reciprocity? America gets its Voice in the Arava. We expect a Kol Yisrael broadcasting facility in Queens, with the capability of jamming cab radios in all *yored* taxis."

"I'm afraid our Federal Communications Commission would take strong objection to that, Mr. Tapuz."

"Well, if that's the case, I'm sure we can agree on some cash compensation. Let's leave that for the arbitrators to decide, all right? And please, don't call me Mr. Tapuz. I'm just a simple citrus grower. So just call me Squeezer. Everyone does. Fine. Now we have to deal with the *compromis* on the environmental issue."

"Environmental issue?"

"Yeah. Our Nature Protection Society is complaining that your VOA transmitter is going to broadcast right through a major bird migration route. They say that with your lasers and satellite bouncers and whatnot, we're going to have birds dropping all over the Negev. So what are we going to do about all those bird droppings?"

"Well," the American frowns, "what do you suggest?"

"How about 50 cents a bird?"

"Sounds reasonable."

"Buck and a quarter for raptors? They're on the endangered species list."

"Eighty-five cents."

"We're going to miss those raptors. They eat snakes and mice and all sorts of other *treif* things that are forever polluting our deserts."

"All right, a dollar a raptor. But that's it."

"It's a pleasure doing business with you." Moshe Tapuz smiles. "Of course, we could chase off all those birds ourselves. Like if we had a couple of dozen Lavi jet fighters screaming up and down the Arava every day?"

"As I've told all the other negotiators, Mr. Squeezer, I'm simply not authorized to go into jet fighters."

"Okay, okay, we'll leave that for the arbitrators. Now there's just the little matter of the annex to the *compromis*."

"Annex...to the *compromis*?"

"Oh, yeah, every *compromis* gotta have at least one annex. We're very big on annexes around here. So we'd like to build an annex onto the VOA transmitter."

"What kind of...annex did you have in mind?"

"One that would house a central bus terminal for Tel Aviv."

"But – you already have a central bus terminal in Tel Aviv."

"That disaster area? Hell, nothing can be done with that eyesore. We plan to declare it a Third World Theme Park – you know, something like your Colonial Williamsburg? No, we need a brand new bus station, and we figure we could tack it on your central VOA station."

"But the VOA station will be out in the Arava!"

"It's not much farther out than Kennedy International is from 42nd Street. People can take sheruts from there to T.A. The point is, we'd finally get the central bus station built. Of course, we'd expect you to take on 80 per cent of the costs –"

"Fifty."

"Sold. But Israeli firms get 75 per cent of the contracts for the classrooms."

"Classrooms?" The American gags. "What classrooms?"

"The classrooms in the secret annex to the annex. Every annex has to have a secret – aw, look, while you Yanks can afford to go building your rock and roll stations all over the world, our Israeli kiddies need 900 new classrooms, right now."

"Six hundred classrooms."

"Eight hundred," says Tapuz. "And as a bonus, the Mossad will wire a little surprise to Gaddafi's tractor."

"Seven hundred. And American maintenance persons get the *sponja* contract."

"Wow, and they call me the Squeezer. But you win. Now about moving the Sonesta from Taba to Ashdod. We figure we could do it by rail..." □